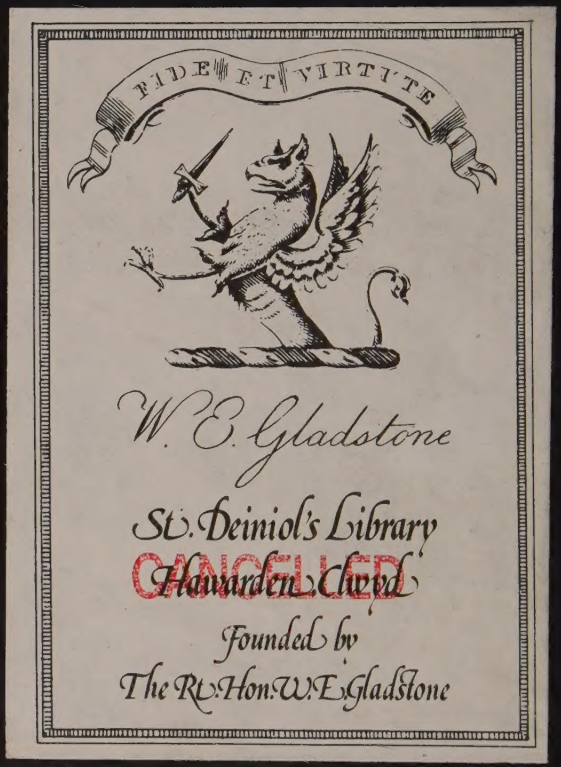
WINCHESTER COLLEGE

HYMN BOOK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WINCHESTER COLLEGE
HYMN-BOOK

Printed in Great Britain

PREFACE

I WISH to thank all those, and they are many, who have helped in the choice of Hymns or Tunes for this revised edition of the 'Hymnarium in usum Wiccamicorum' published in 1910. They have given their help generously: the responsibility for any mistakes is mine.

I would also acknowledge with gratitude the care and kindness of the Staff of the Oxford University Press.

INFORMATOR.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE,
March 1928.

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INFORMATOR.

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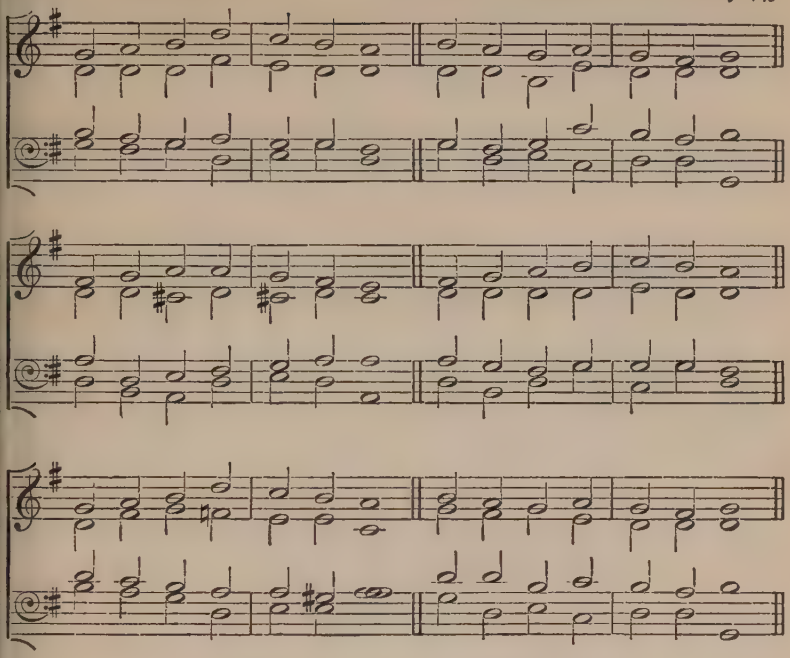
MORNING

CASSEL. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) *Erbaulicher Musikalischer Christen-Schatz*, 1745.



William Bright, 1824–1901.

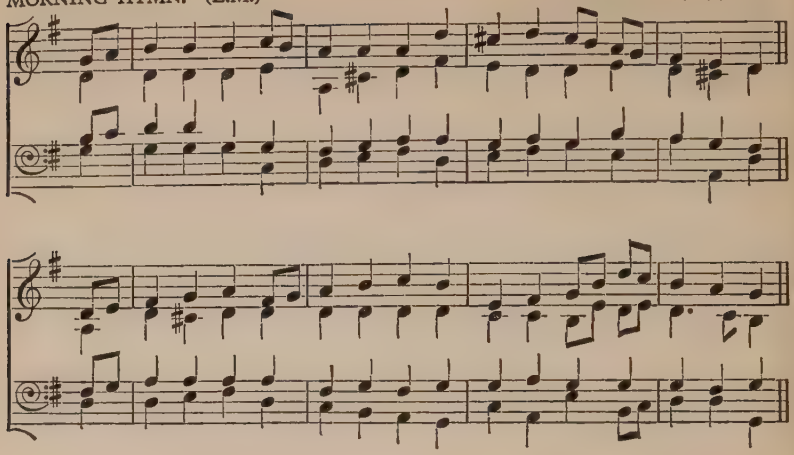
AT thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with thy cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4. Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart:
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth thy praise.

MORNING HYMN. (L.M.) F. H. Barthélémon, 1741–1808.



Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711.
Written for the use of Winchester Scholars, 1695.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

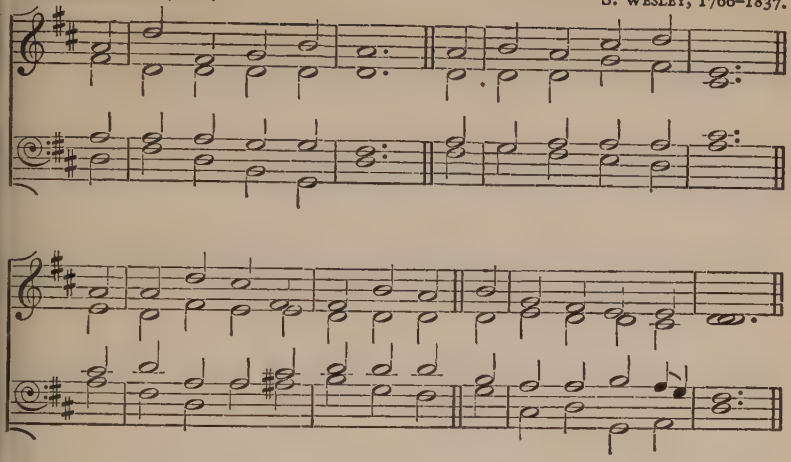
2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heav'n's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BETHLEHEM. (S.M.) S. WESLEY, 1766–1837.



Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

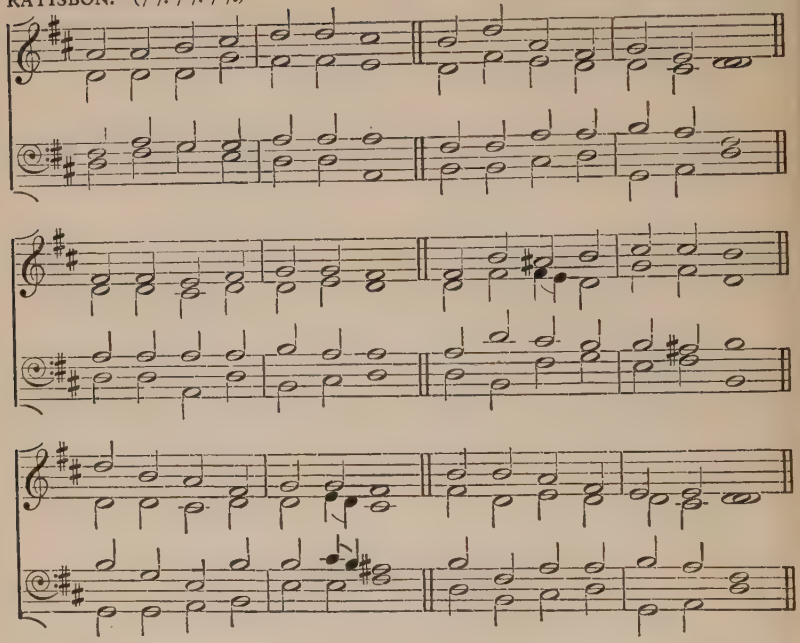
BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgements just ;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord ;
And men securely trust.

4. While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

RATISBON. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) J. G. WERNER'S *Choralbuch*, 1815.



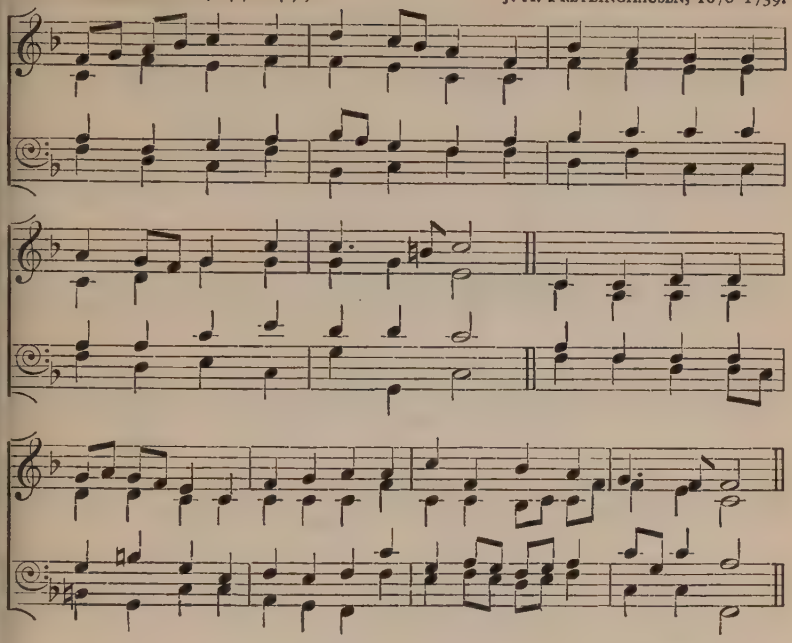
Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

MEINE ARMUTH. (8 4 7. 8 4 7.) J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1670–1739.



F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654–99. *Tr. H. J. Buckoll.*

COME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to him who made this splendour
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

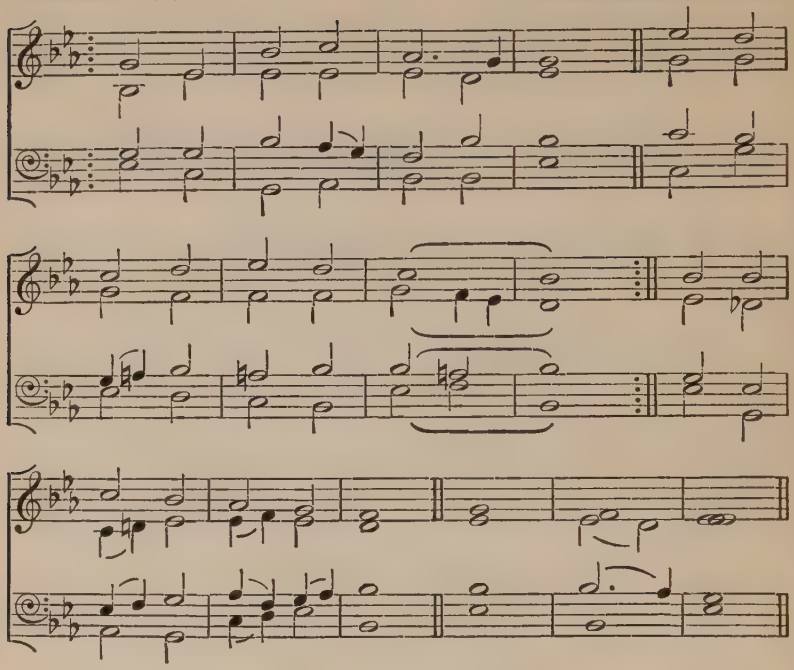
2 Gladly hail the light returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that he thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5. God the Father's gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing
Fairer than the fairest day.

DAYSPRING. (7 7. 7 7. 7 3.) J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1670–1739.



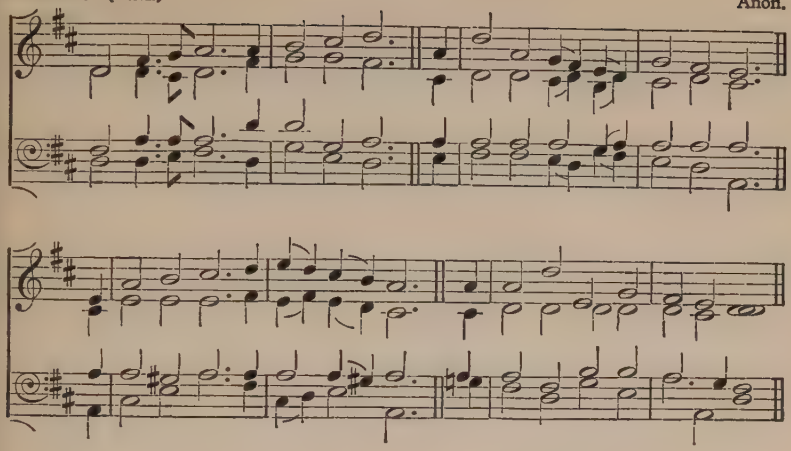
C. Knorr von Rosenroth, 1636–89. *Tr. C. Winkworth*, 1855.

DAYSPRING of eternity,
Brightness of the light divine,
As the daylight fills the sky,
Let thy beams upon us shine,
Scattering with their glorious might
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Lies the soft refreshing dew,
Let thy Spirit's freshening power
Dry and fainting hearts renew;
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3. Let thy fire of love destroy
All our earthly taint and leaven;
Wake our souls to love and joy,
Kindling like the eastern heaven;
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life hath set.

TRURO. (L.M.) Anon.



Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

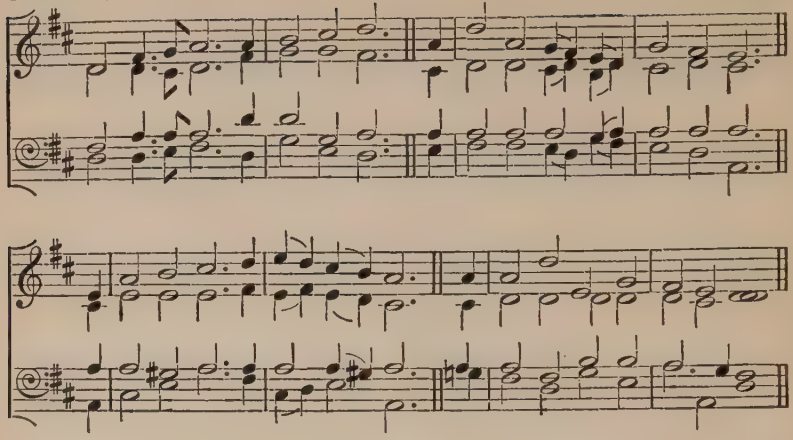
2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works thy presence find,
And gladly do thy holy will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day :

5. For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with holy joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

TRURO. (L.M.) Anon.



Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circùit of his race begins ;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way !

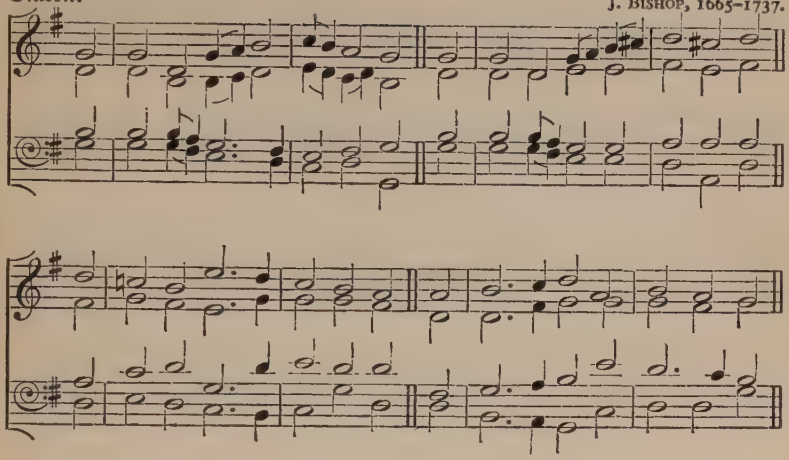
4 But I shall rove and lose the race
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

5. Give me thy counsel for my guide ;
And then receive me to thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this !

BISHOP. (L.M.)

Unison.

J. BISHOP, 1665–1737.



Ancient : possibly 5th cent.

IAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

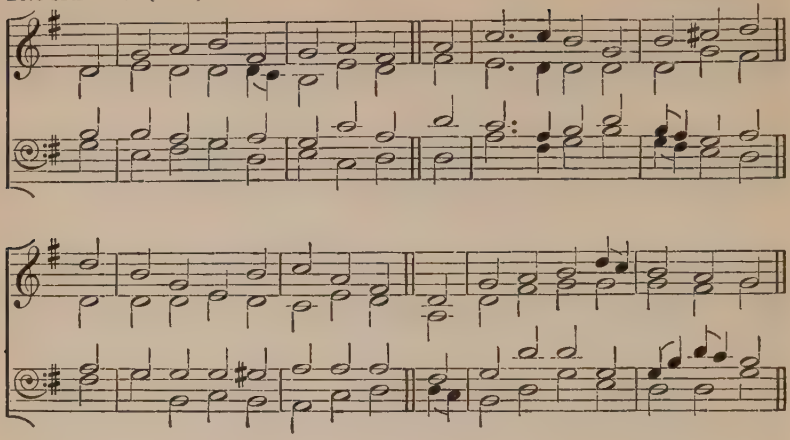
2 Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet ;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

3 Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia ;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas :

4 Ut cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

5. Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum.

BROCKHAM. (L.M.) J. CLARK, 1669–1707.



F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97.

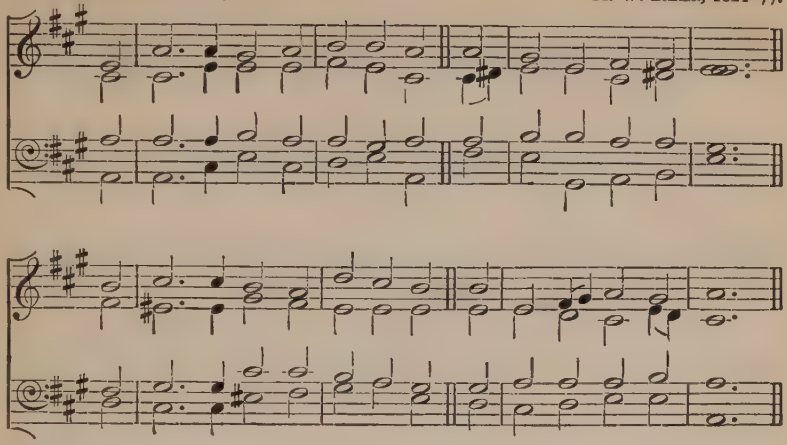
LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts,
Fresh energy to do our parts;
Yet, whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do.

3 O Lord of Light! 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God, we cry for thee.

4. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song his Name adore
Through Heav'n's great day for evermore.

ST. TIMOTHY. (C.M.) H. W. BAKER, 1821–77.



Sir H. W. Baker, 1821–77.

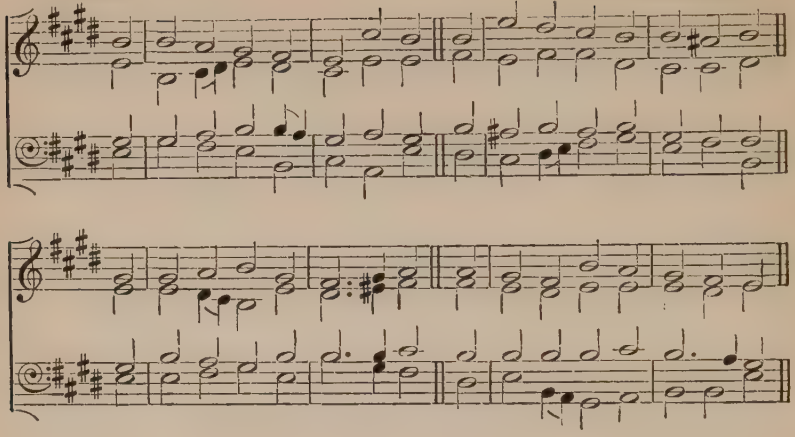
MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy Holy Name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to thee,
That as thou willest I may live,
And what thou willest be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesu's Name.

4. My Father, for his sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless ;
And lead me by thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

MELCOMBE. (L.M.) S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



J. Keble, 1792–1866.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

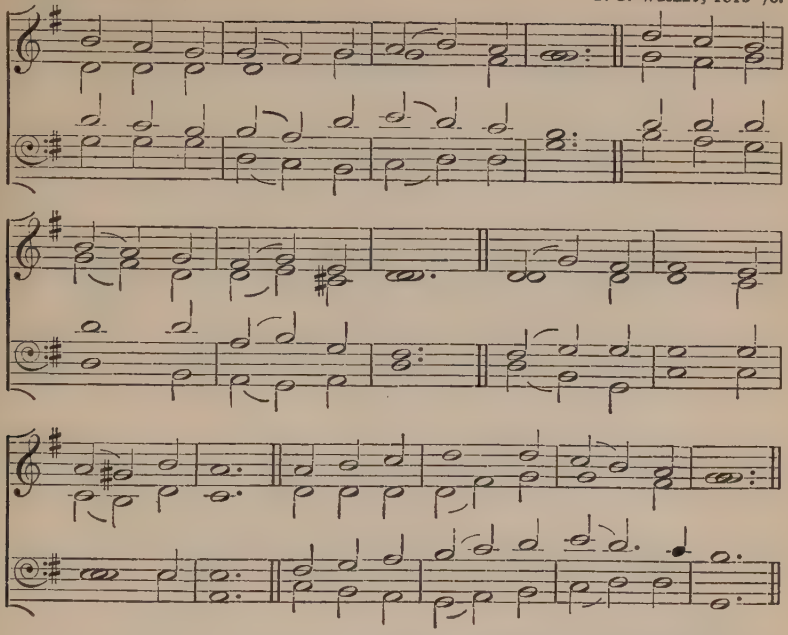
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5. Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

MORNING. (L.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711.
Written for the use of Winchester Scholars, 1695.

WAKE and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

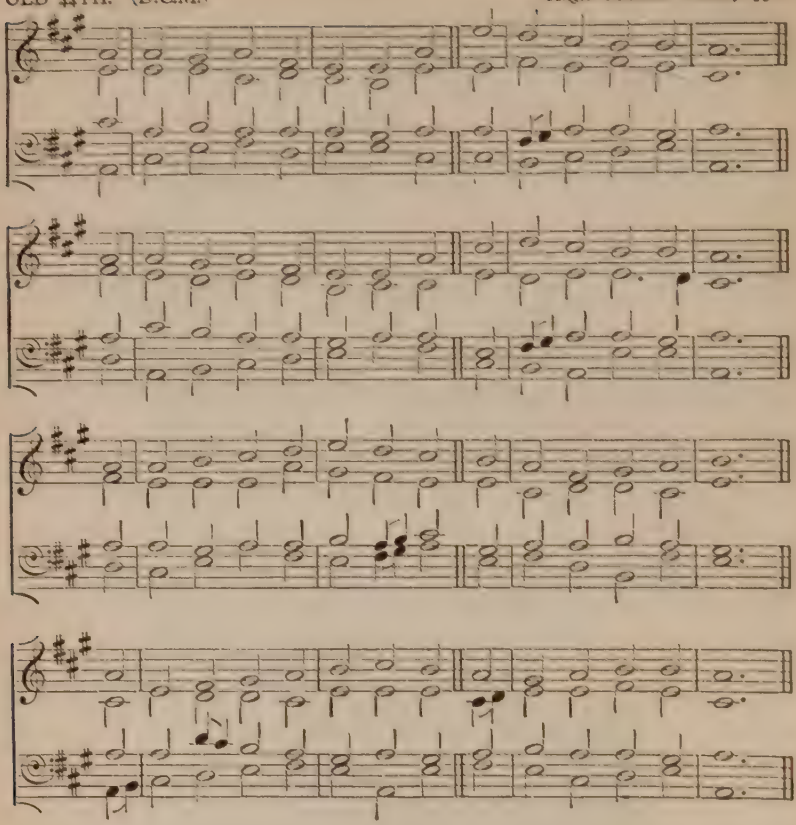
2 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

OLD 44TH. (D.C.M.) *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1556.



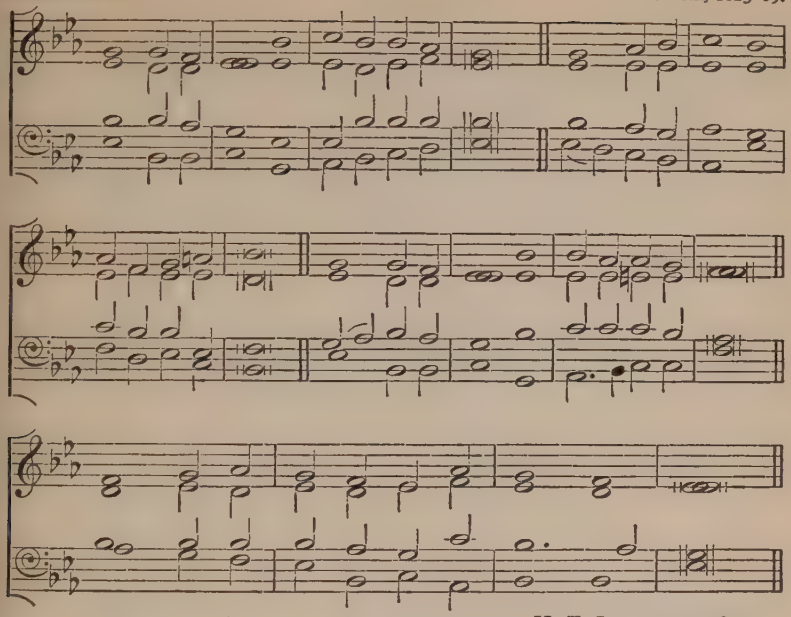
G. Gascoigne, c. 1525–77.

YE that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east;
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To Heav'n's Almighty King.

2 And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space;
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face;
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessèd face to see above,
Heav'n's better, brighter sun.

3. God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free;
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come;
Lord, be a place, a portion mine,
In that bright blissful home.

EVENTIDE. (10 10. 10 10.) W. H. MONK, 1823–89.



H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

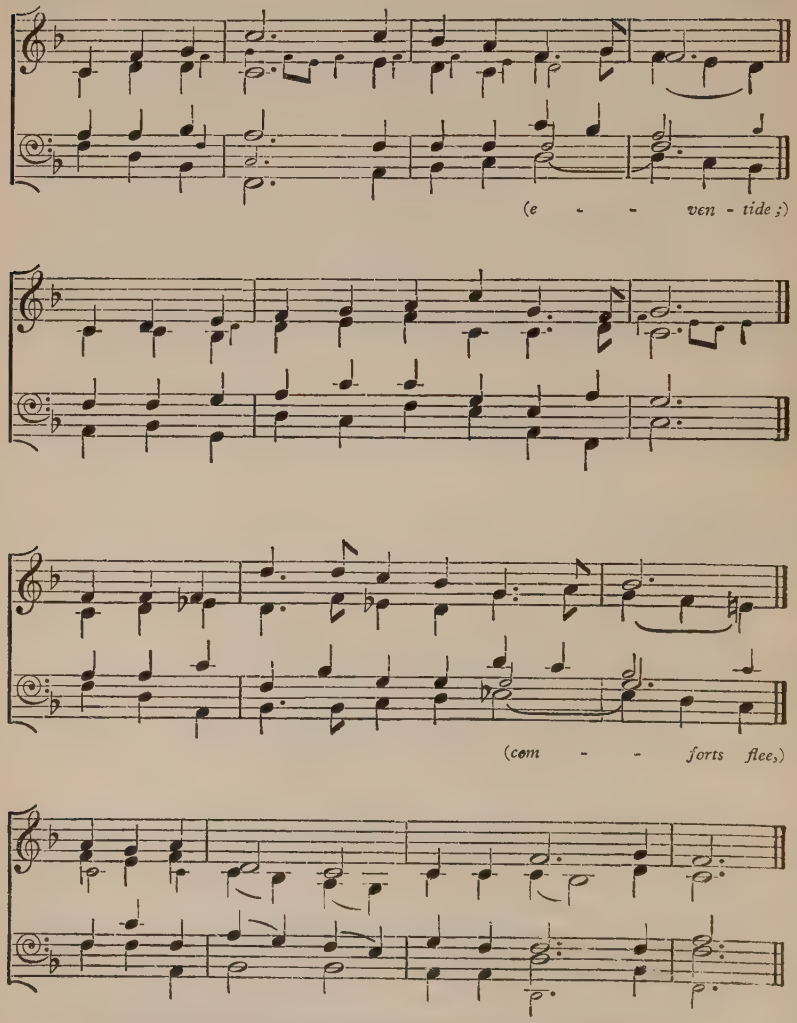
3 I need thy Presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Second Tune.

WINTON. (10 10. 10 10.) G. Dyson.



(This tune may be sung either in *Unison* or in *Harmony*. The small notes are to be played in both cases.)

(*Copyright*, 1928, *by Edward Arnold & Co.*)

H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

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3 I need thy Presence every passing hour;
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Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
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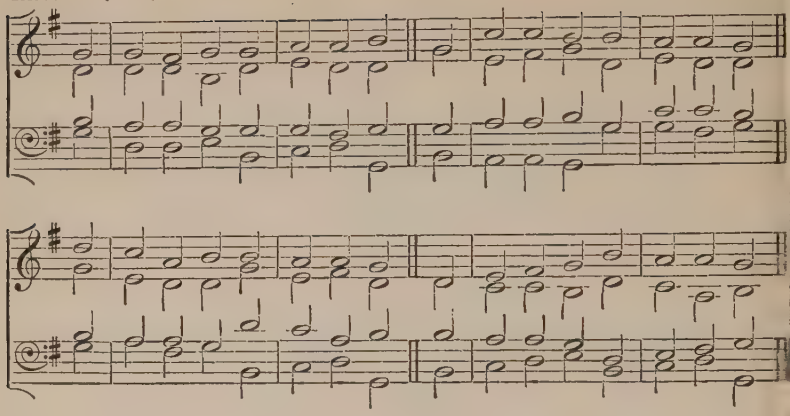
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

CANON. (L.M.) T. TALLIS, 1520–85.



Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711.
Written for the use of Winchester Scholars, 1695.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

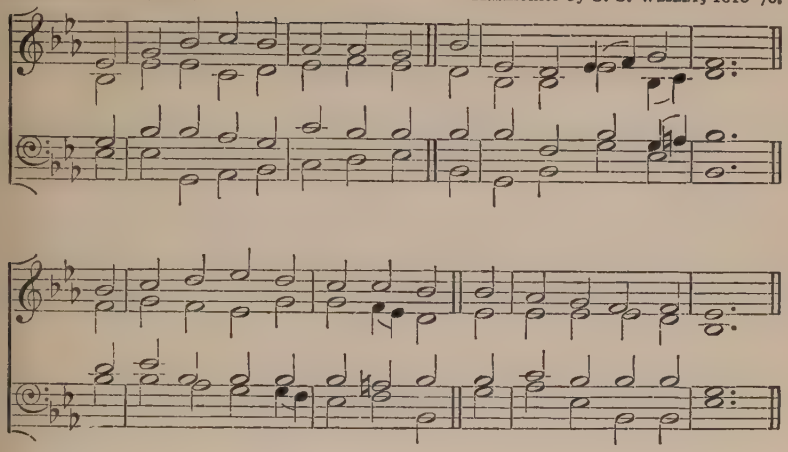
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BRIGHTON. (C.M.) Harmonies by S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



William Bright, 1824–1901.

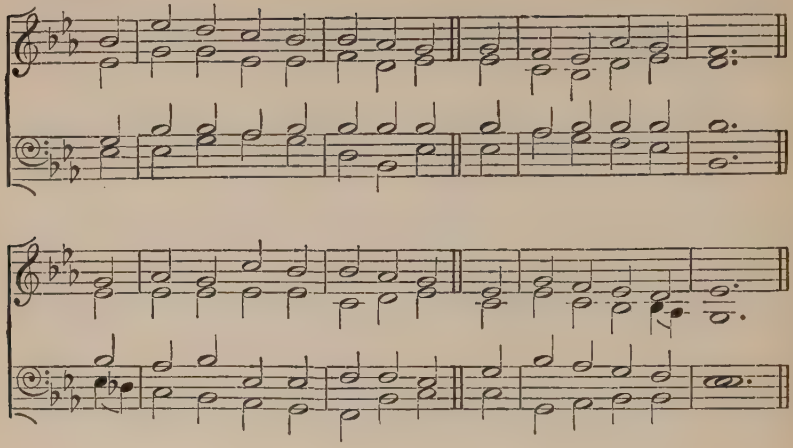
AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to thy knee;
Here lingering still we ask for nought,
But simply worship thee.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what thou art.

3 For thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4. O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine!

ST. PETER. (C.M.) A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



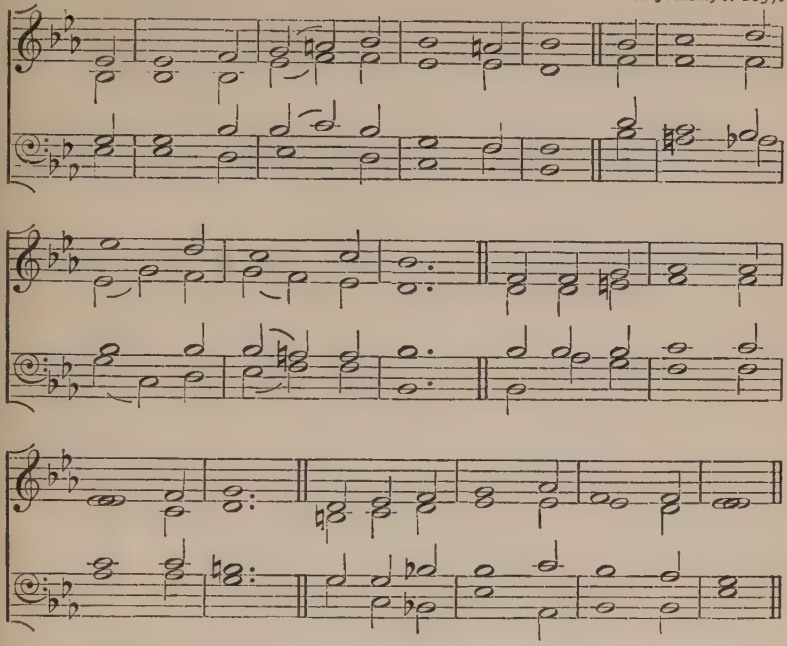
C. Coffin, 1676–1749. *Tr. J. Chandler*, 1837.

AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 Lord, on the Cross thine Arms were stretched
To draw thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.

3. All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.

ANGELUS. (L.M.) G. JOSEPH, *c.* 1657.



H. Twells, 1823–1900.

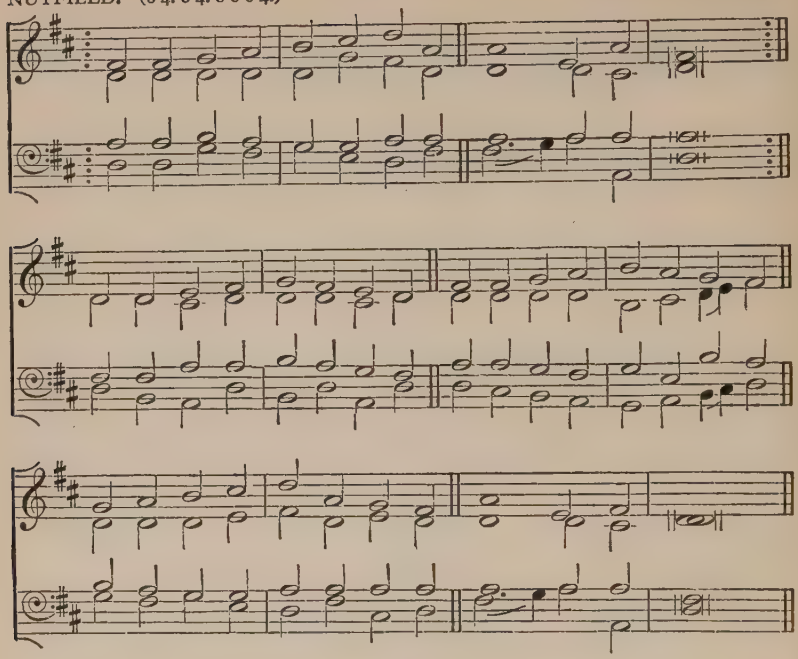
AT even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met,
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

3 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

4. Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

NUTFIELD. (8 4. 8 4. 8 8 8 4.) W. H. MONK, 1823–89.

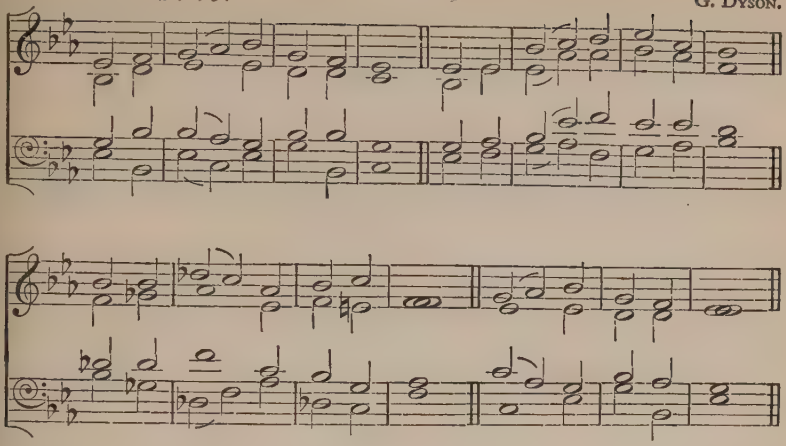


Stanza 1, *Reginald Heber*, 1783–1826,
and Stanza 2, *Richard Whately*, 1787–1863.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

KINGSGATE. (7 7. 7 5.) G. DYSON.



R. H. Robinson, 1842–92.

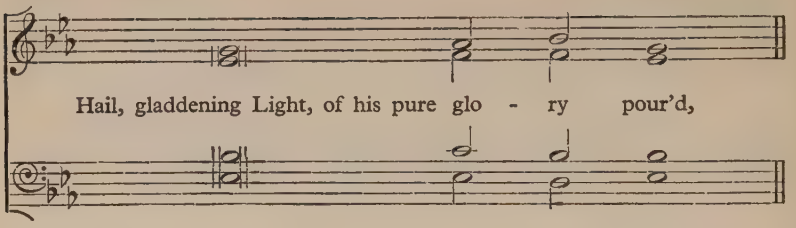
HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

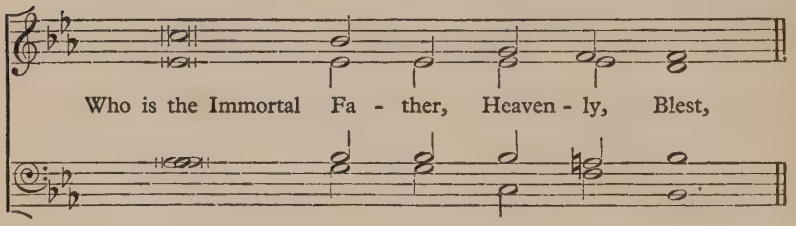
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

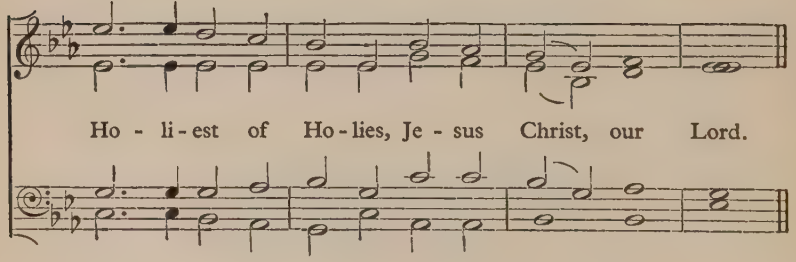
3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

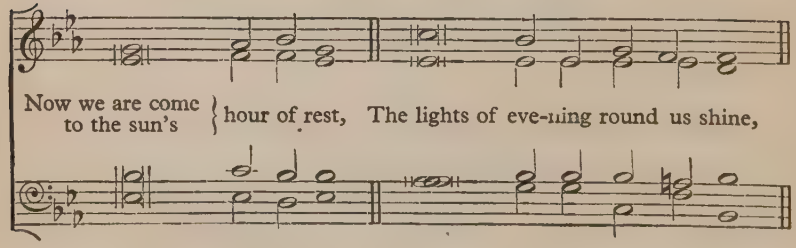
4. Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

SEBASTE. (Irregular.) J. STAINER, 1840–1901.









We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.

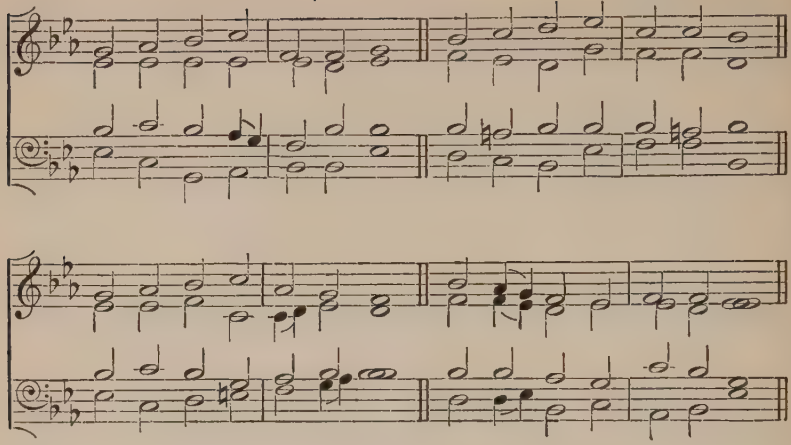
Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fil - ed tongue,

Son of our God, Giv-er of life, A - lone! . .

There-fore in all the world thy glo - ries, Lord, they own.

From Greek hymn sung in the ancient Church at the Lighting of the Lamps. It is quoted by St. Basil (4th cent.) as of unknown date and authorship. Tr. J. Keble, 1834.

SONG 13. (7 7. 7 7.) O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.



Anon. (3rd cent.) *Tr. W. Bright.*

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης.

LIGHT of gladness, Beam divine
From the Glory's inmost shrine,
Where in his immortal rest
Reigns thy Father ever blest;

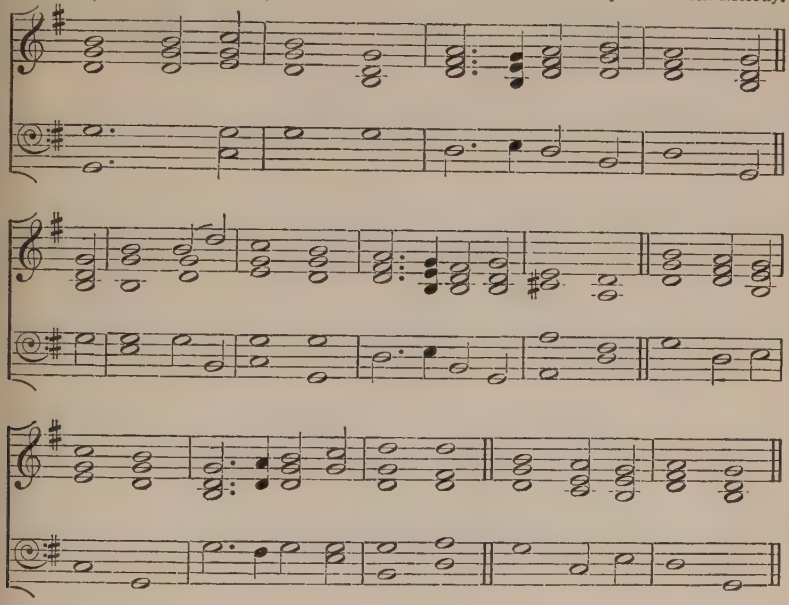
2 Jesus Christ, our hymn receive:
Sunset brings the lights of eve;
Day is past, and night begun;
Praise we Father, Spirit, Son.

3. Night and day for thee is meet
Holy voices' anthem sweet,
Ringing through the world abroad,
'Hail, life-giving Son of God!'

DIVA SERVATRIX. (11 11. 11 5.)

Unison.

Bayeux Church Melody.



Petrus Herbert, d. 1571. *Tr. C. Winkworth,* 1855.

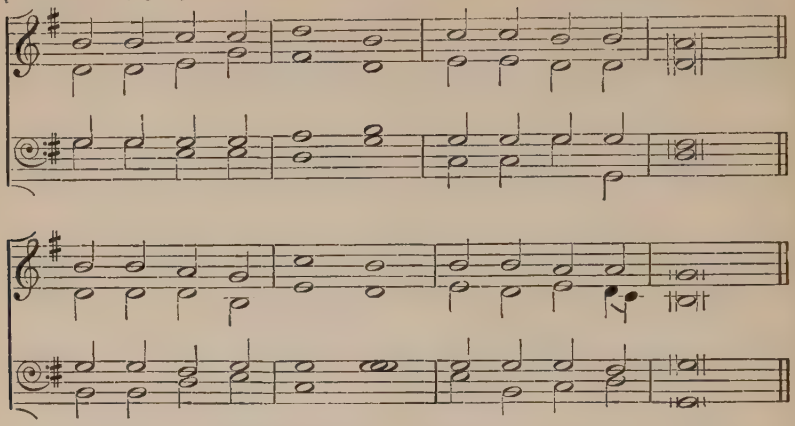
NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
For he will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, Protector, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4. We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

EUDOXIA. (6 5. 6 5.) S. BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924.



[*By permission of A. W. Ridley & Co.*]

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834–1924.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

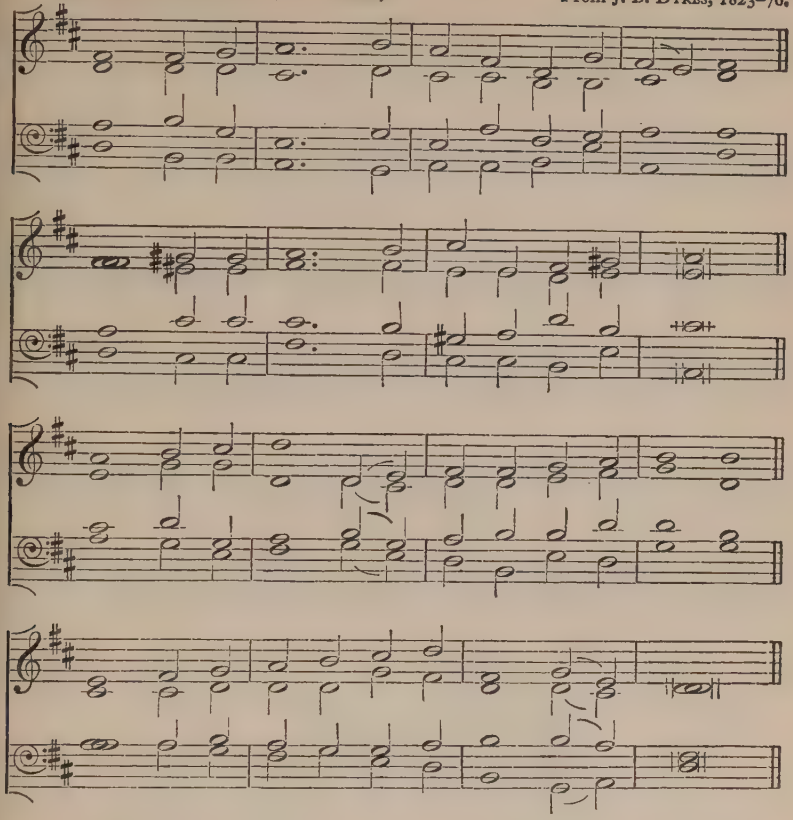
3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6. When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

STRENGTH AND STAY. (11 10. 11 10.) From J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.



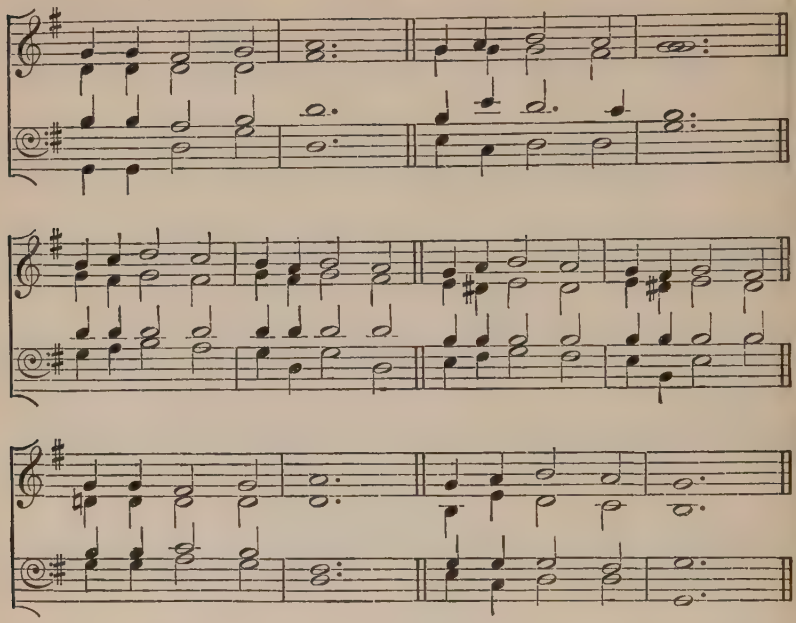
Ascribed to St. Ambrose, 340–97. *Tr. J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort.*

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

3. Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

ROCHELLE. (5 5. 8 8. 5 5.) A. DRESE, 1620–1701. Arranged by S. S. WESLEY.



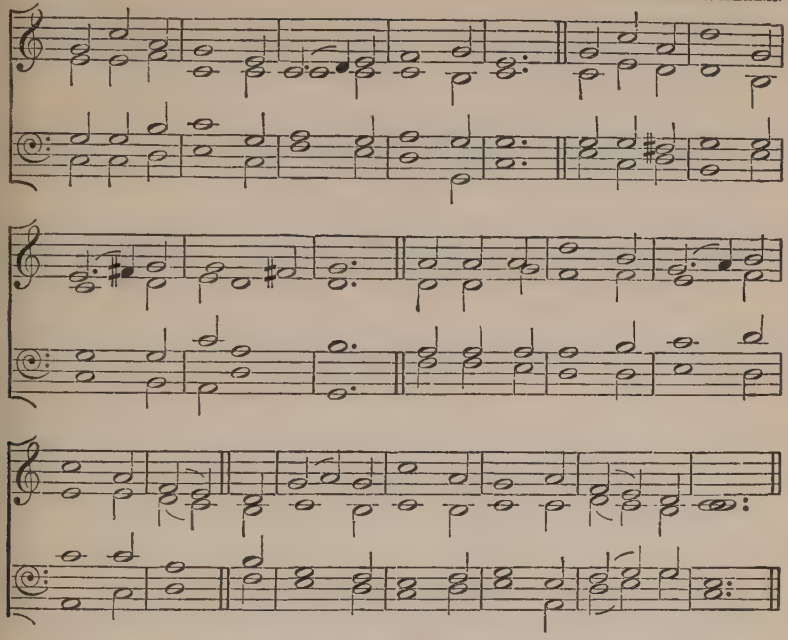
W. Romanis, 1824–99.

ROUND me falls the night;
Saviour, be my light:
Through the hours in darkness shrouded
Let me see thy face unclouded;
Let thy glory shine
In this heart of mine.

2 Earthly work is done,
Earthly sounds are none;
Rest in sleep and silence seeking,
Let me hear thee softly speaking;
In my spirit's ear
Whisper, 'I am near'.

3. Blessèd, heavenly Light,
Shining through earth's night;
Voice, that oft of love hast told me;
Arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;
Thou thy watch wilt keep,
Saviour, o'er my sleep.

MAGDA. (10 10. 10 10.) R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



[*Copyright*, 1925, *by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

J. Ellerton, 1826–93.

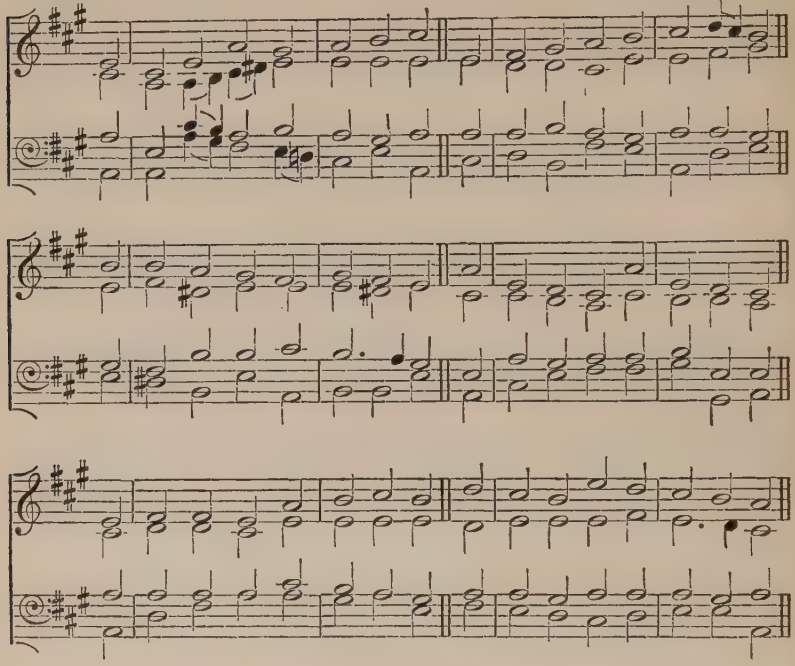
SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

LUCERNE. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) *Würtemberger Gesangbuch.*



F. W. Faber, 1814–63.

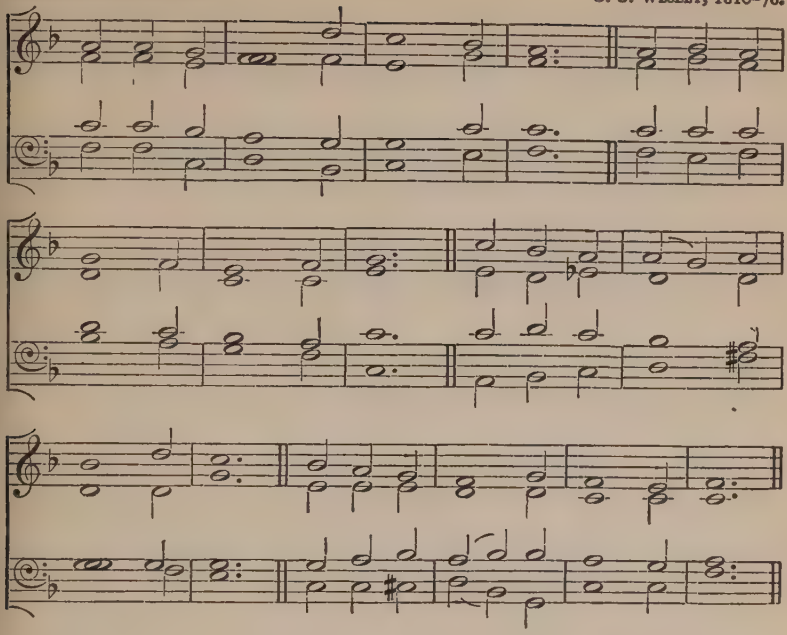
SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Jesus, and our all:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

WINSCOTT. (L.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



J. Keble, 1792–1866.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

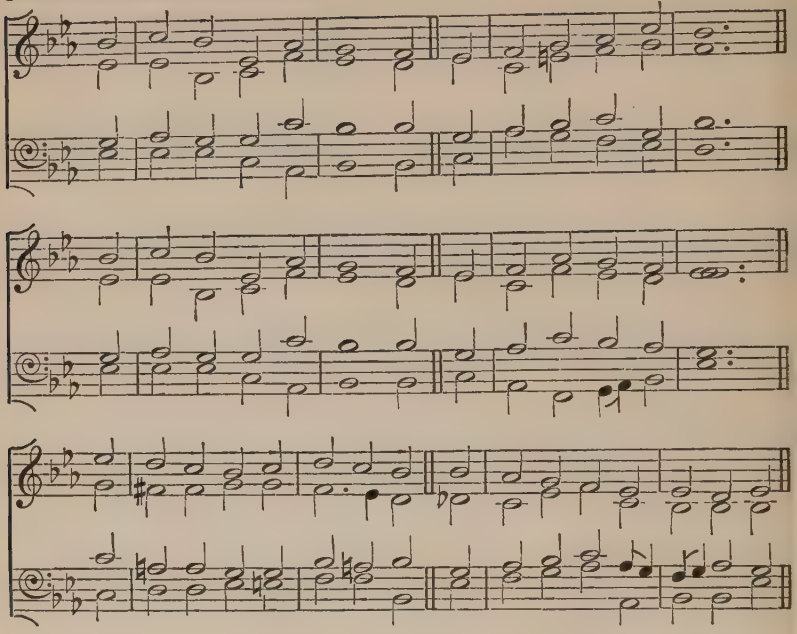
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.

ST. ANATOLIUS. (7 6. 7 6. 8 8.) A. H. BROWN, 1830–1926.



Anatolius, 8th cent.? Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee;
I pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

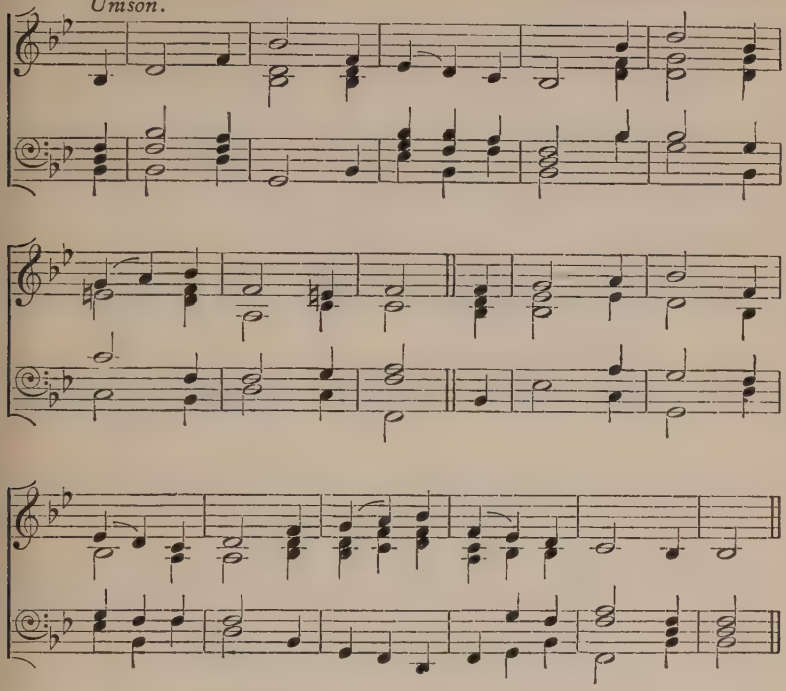
2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4. Be thou my soul's preserver,
For thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesu, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM. (L.M.) Grenoble Church Melody.

Unison.



Before 8th cent.

TE lucis ante terminum,
Rerum creator, poscimus,
Ut solita clementia
Sis praesul ad custodiam.

2 Procul recedant somnia
Et noctium phantasmata,
Hostemque nostrum comprime
Ne polluantur corpora.

3. Praesta, Pater omnipotens,
Per Iesum Christum Dominum
Qui tecum in perpetuum
Regnat cum sancto Spiritu.

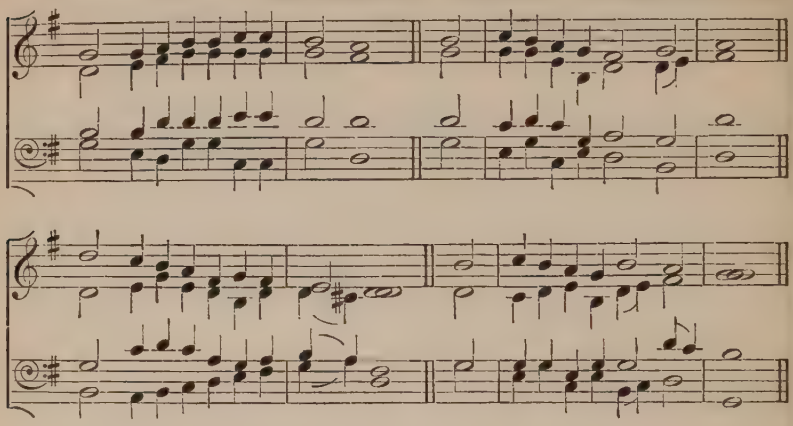
Translated by J. M. Neale, 1818–66.

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with thy wonted favour thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.

2 From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and fantasies;
Tread under foot our ghostly foe
That no pollution we may know.

3. O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU. (9 8. 9 8.)
Melody adapted by L. BOURGEOIS for the *Genevan Psalter*, 1543.



J. Ellerton, 1826–93.

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

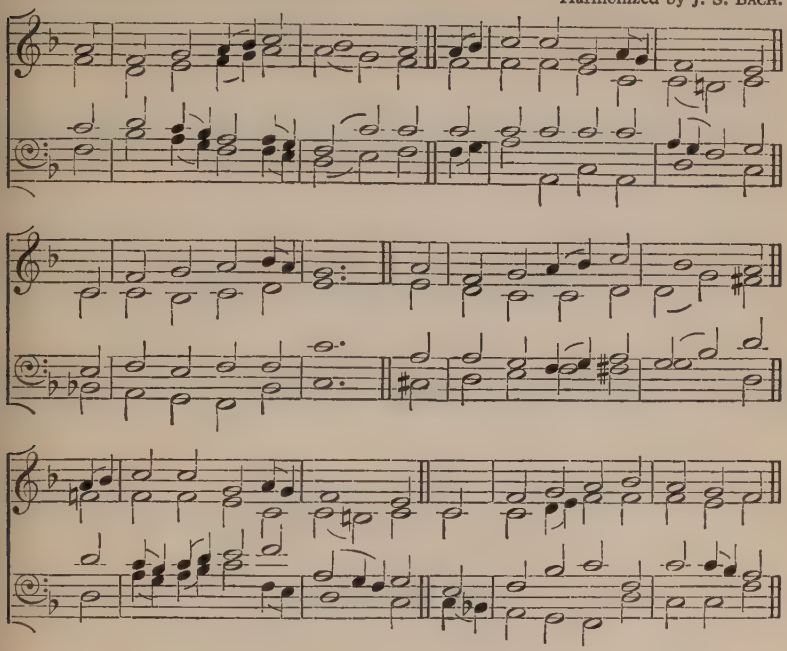
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5. So be it, Lord; thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

NUN RUHEN ALLE WÄLDER. (7 7 6. 7 7 8.)

H. Isaac, *c.* 1490.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach.



P. Gerhardt, 1607–76. *Tr. Y. H.*

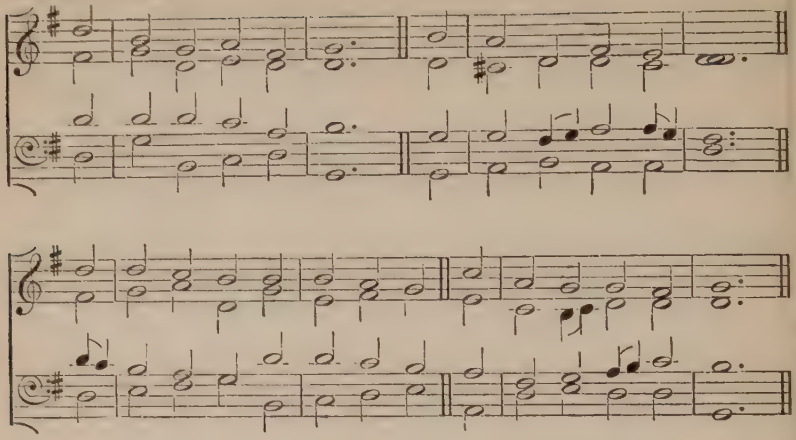
THE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:
Let us, as night is falling,
On God our Maker calling,
Give thanks to him, the Giver good.

2 Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

3 His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4. Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

EBFORD. (S.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



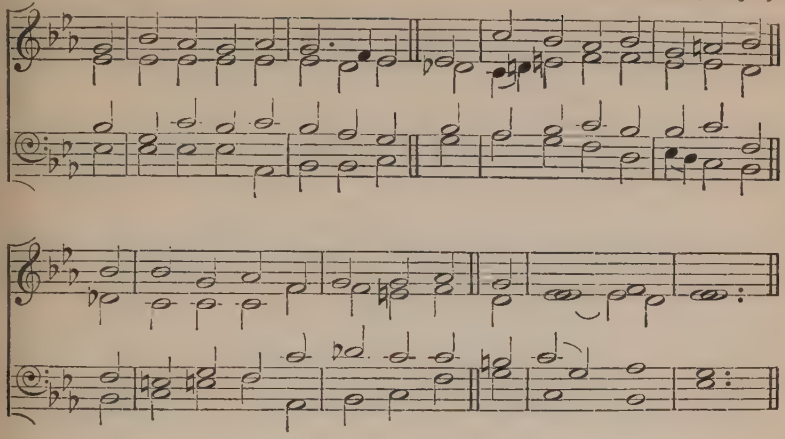
St. Ambrose, 340–97. *Tr. W. J. Copeland.*

THE fiery sun is gone,
O never-waning light,
All-holy Three, thrice-blessèd One,
Shed forth thy Presence bright.

2 To thee our lauds at morn,
Our vespers rise at even;
O grant us, hence by Angels borne,
To join the chant of Heaven.

3. To the great Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be addrest.

ST. GABRIEL. (8 8. 8 4.) F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825–89.



G. Thring, 1823–1903.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

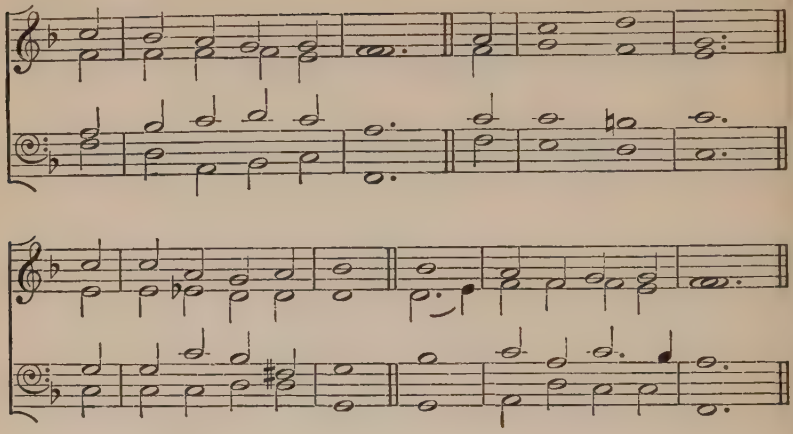
2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging Angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5. Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

ST. COLUMBA. (6 4. 6 6.) H. S. IRONS, 1834–1905.



From a Latin Hymn of the 18th cent. Tr. E. Caswall, 1858.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

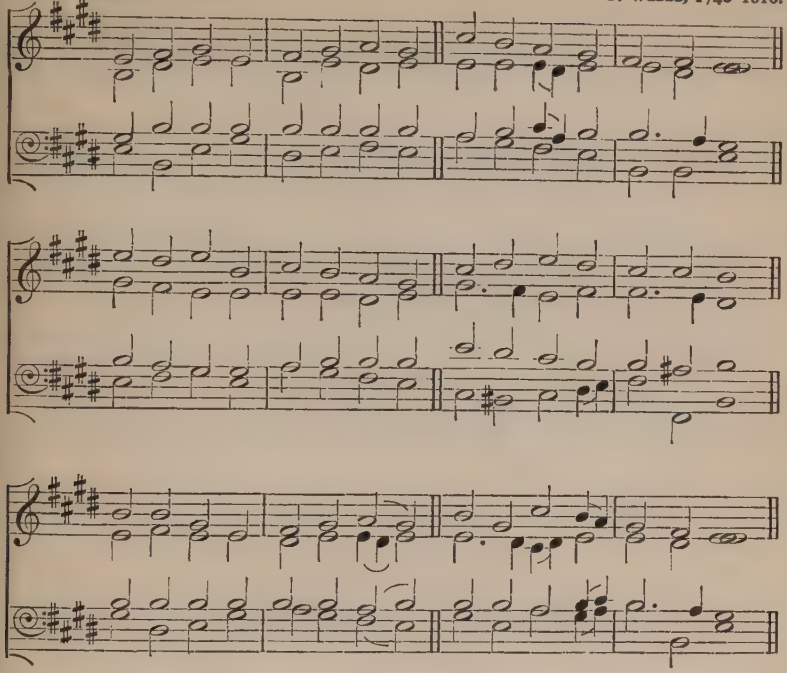
4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7. One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine;
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

ST. THOMAS. (8 7. 8 7. 7 7.) S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.

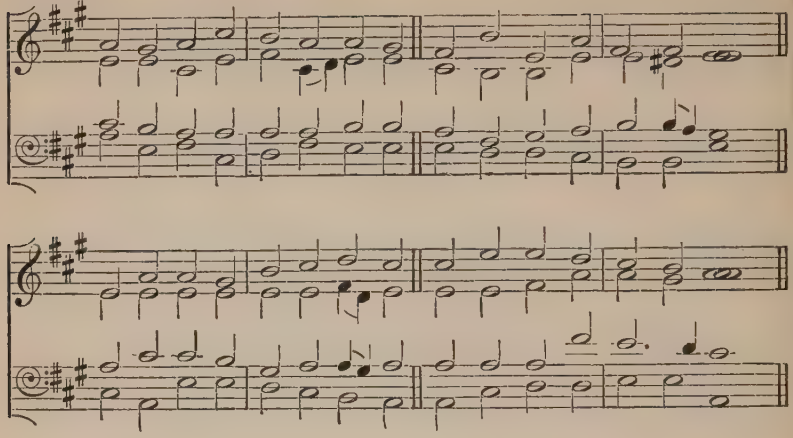


Thomas Kelly, 1769–1854.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesus, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

REDHEAD NO. 46. (8 7. 8 7.) R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

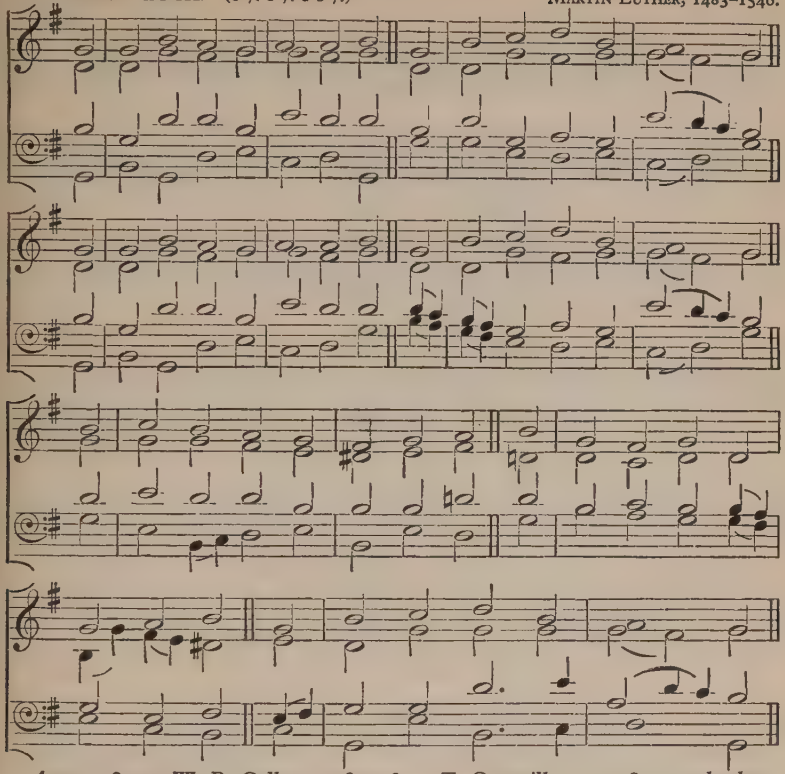
COME, thou Saviour long expected,
Born to set thy people free;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4. By thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

NUN FREUT EUCH. (8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7.) MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546.



Anon., 1802. *W. B. Collyer*, 1782–1854, *T. Cotterill*, 1779–1823, *and others.*

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

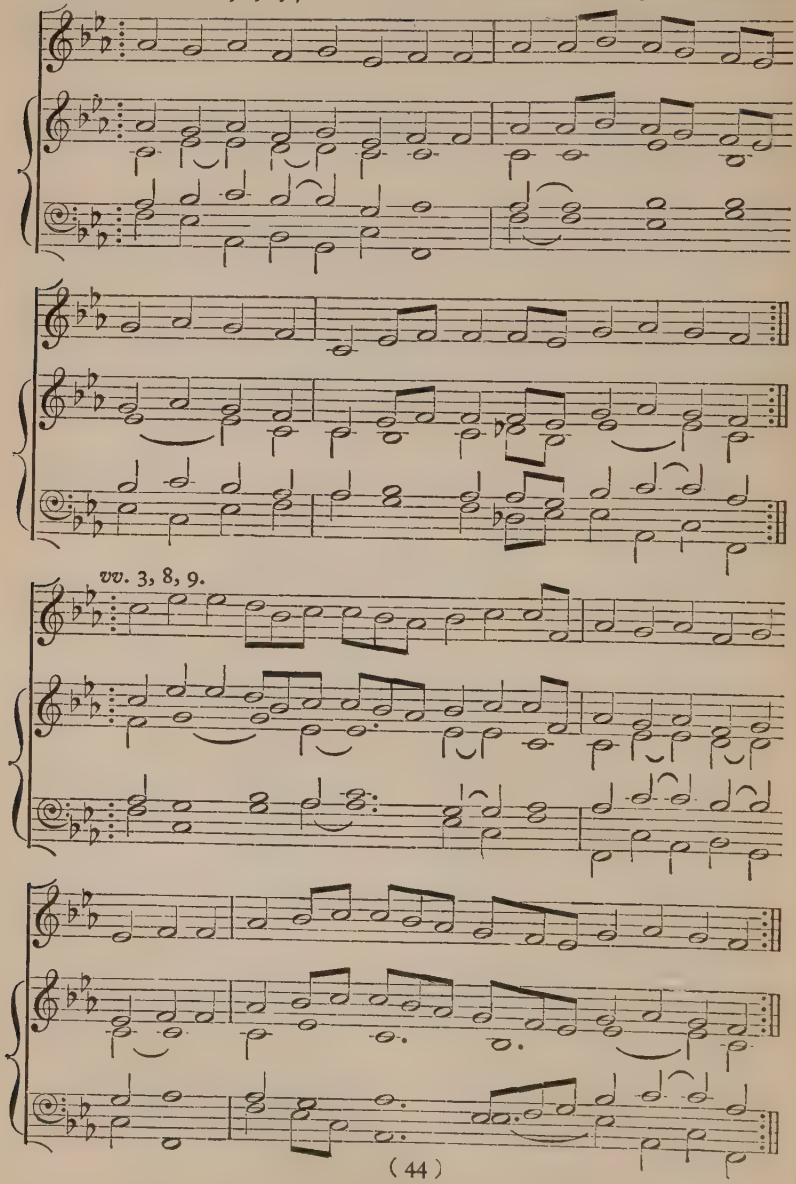
2 The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Th' ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before his throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

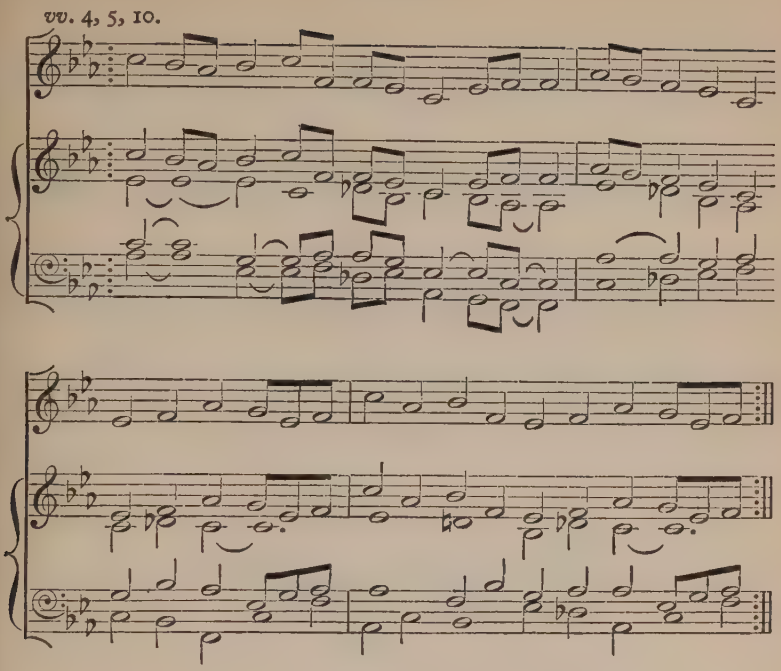
4. Great Judge, to thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet thee.

PLAIN-SONG.

Unison. *Verses* 1, 2, 6, 7. Solesmes. Set by E. T. SWEETING.



vv. 4, 5, 10.



Thomas of Celano, 1208–75.

DIES irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

2 Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

3 Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

4 Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus iudicetur.

5 Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

6 Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix iustus sit securus ?

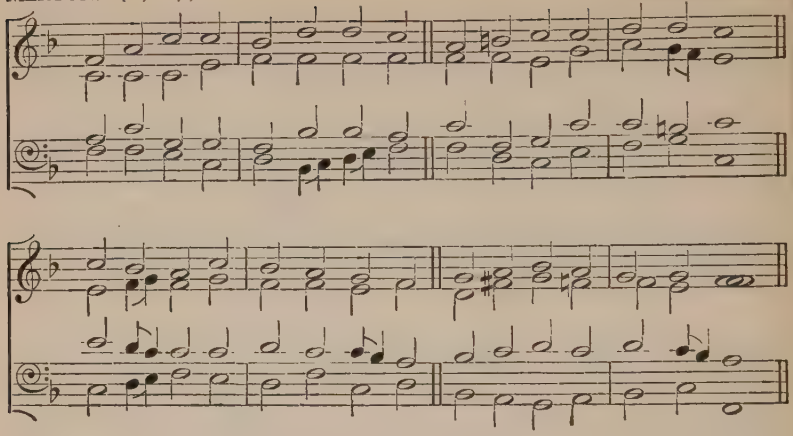
7 Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons pietatis.

8 Recordare, Iesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae :
Ne me perdas illa die !

9 Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

10. Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.

MERTON. (8 7. 8 7.) W. H. MONK, 1823–89.



From an ancient Latin Hymn. Tr. E. Caswall, 1849.

HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
' Christ is nigh,' it seems to say ;
' Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day ! '

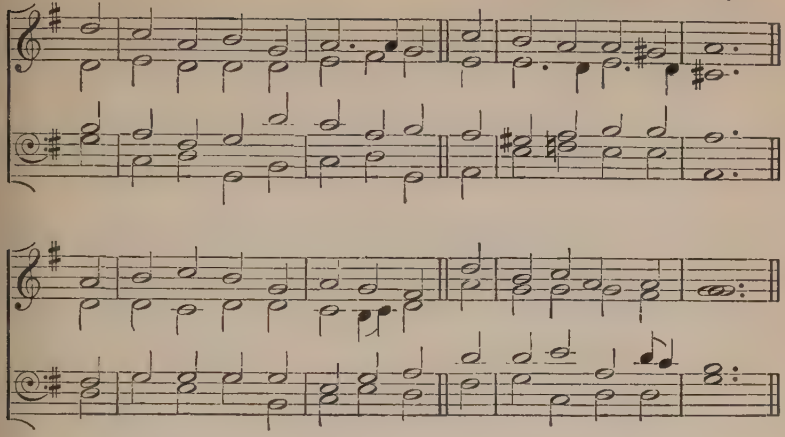
2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven ;

4 That when next he comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With his mercy he may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5. Honour, glory, might, and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

BRISTOL. (C.M.) T. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



P. Doddridge, 1702–51.

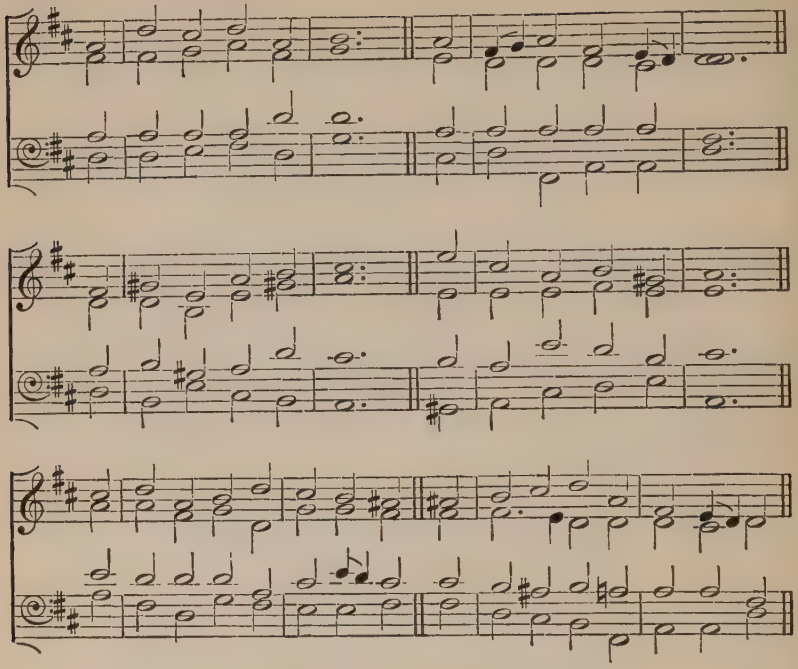
HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

4. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd Name.

CROFT'S 136TH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



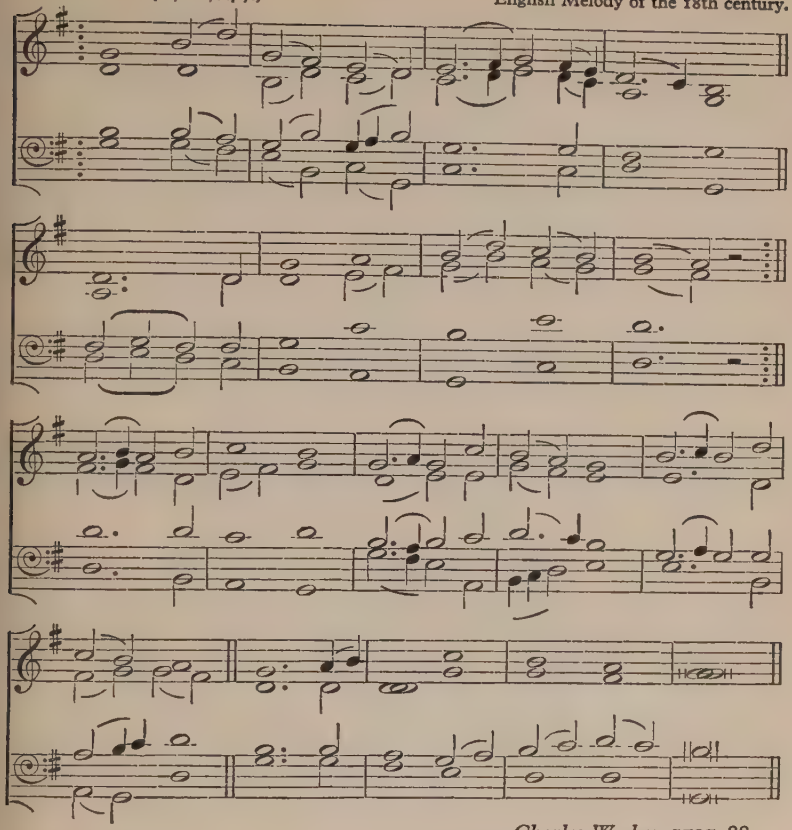
From Latin of C. Coffin, 1676–1749. *Tr. Isaac Williams*, 1839.

LO! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high
And judgement nigh
From opening skies.

2 May thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgement come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath
And deathless doom.

3. O God, with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint, and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice blessèd Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing thy praise
Eternally.

HELMSLEY. (8 7. 8 7. 4 7.) English Melody of the 18th century.



Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
God appears, on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him, [Tree,
Pierced and nailed him to the
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

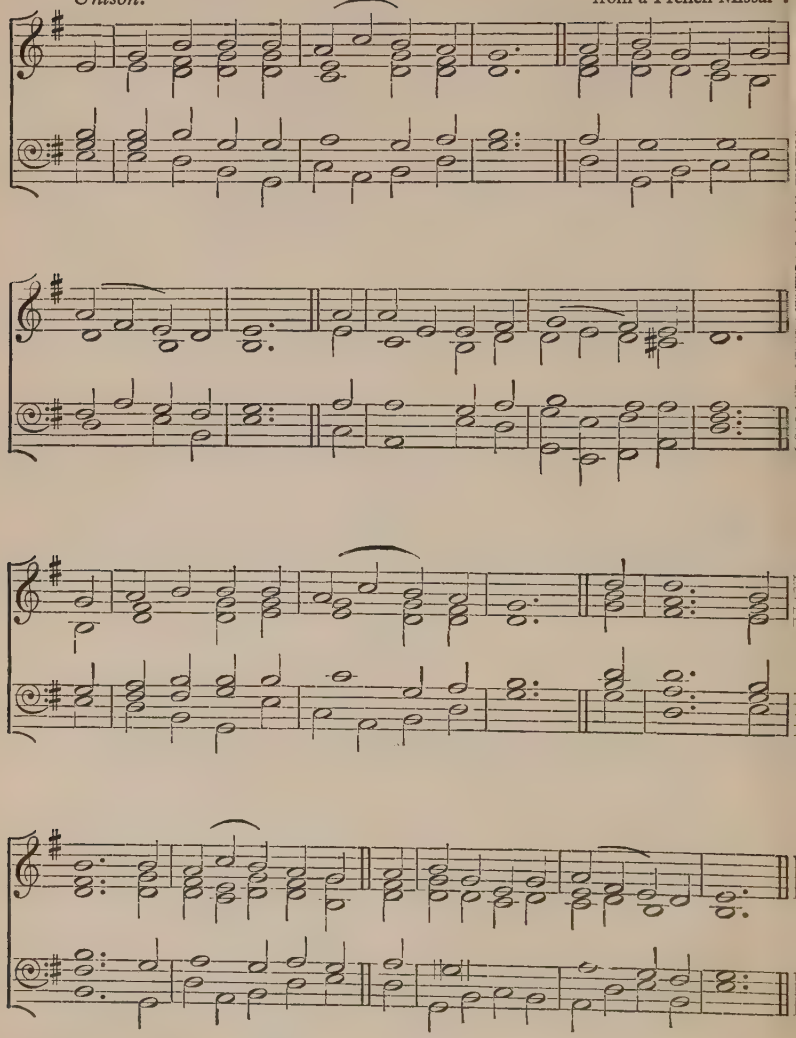
3 Those dear tokens of his Passion
Still his dazzling Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4. Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

VENI EMMANUEL. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.)

Adapted by T. HELMORE
'from a French Missal'.

Unison.



From a Latin hymn of the 12th cent., based upon the Advent Antiphon. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1852.

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

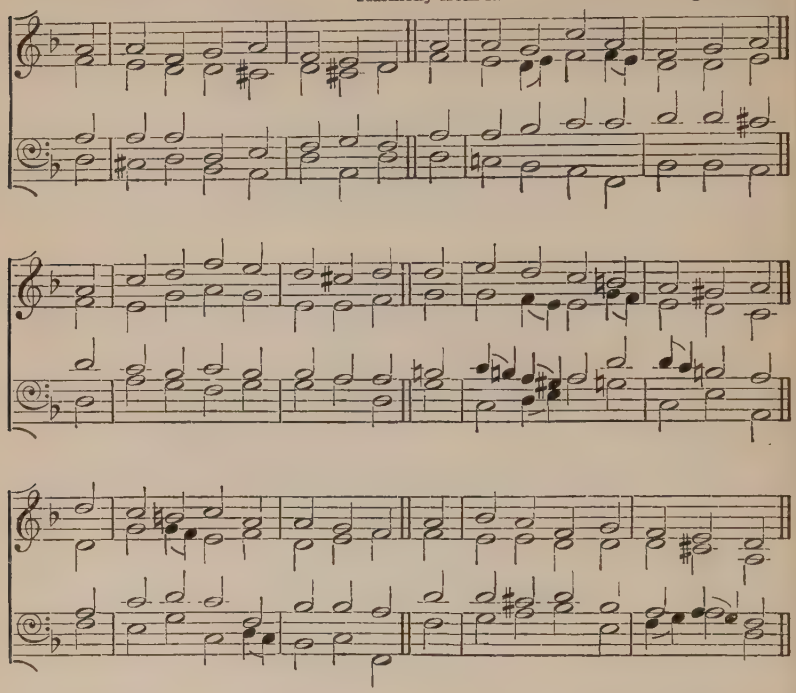
3 O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our Heavenly Home:
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5. O come, O come, thou Lord of Might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

VATER UNSER. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.)

? MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546.
Harmony from MENDELSSOHN'S *Sixth Organ Sonata.*



L. Tuttiett, 1825–97.

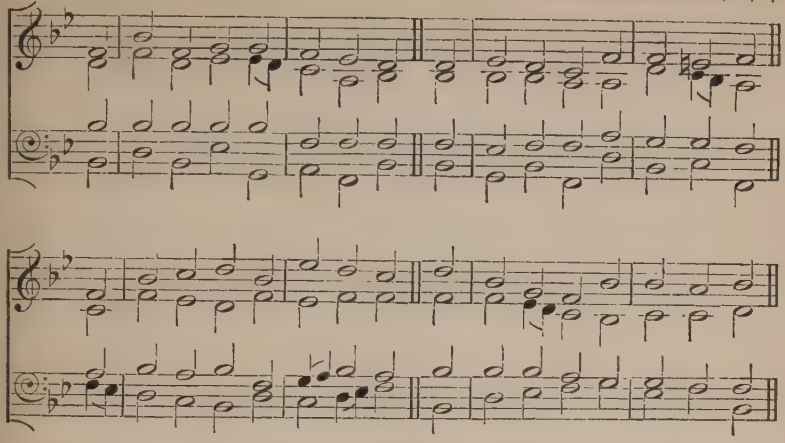
O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee;
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4. O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come: for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

WINCHESTER NEW. (L.M.) From CRASSELIUS, 1667–1724.



From the Latin hymn of C. Coffin, 1676–1749. *Tr. J. Chandler,* 1836.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

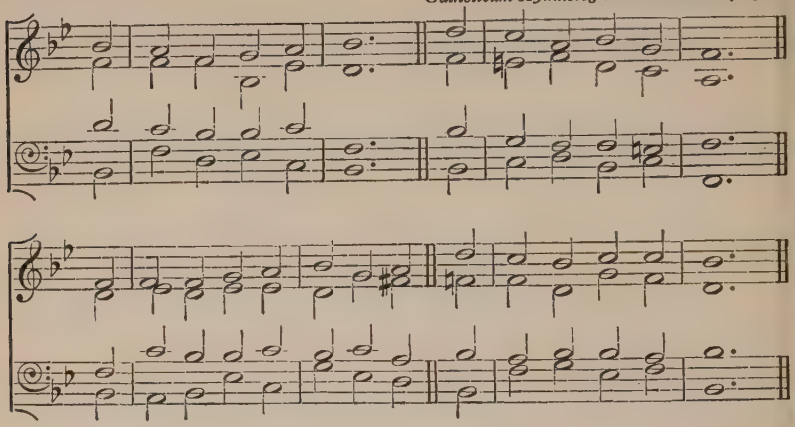
3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5. All praise, Eternal Son, to thee
Whose Advent sets thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

NARENZA. (S.M.)

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793–1870.
Catholicum Hymnologium Germanicum, 1587.



P. Doddridge, 1702–51.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

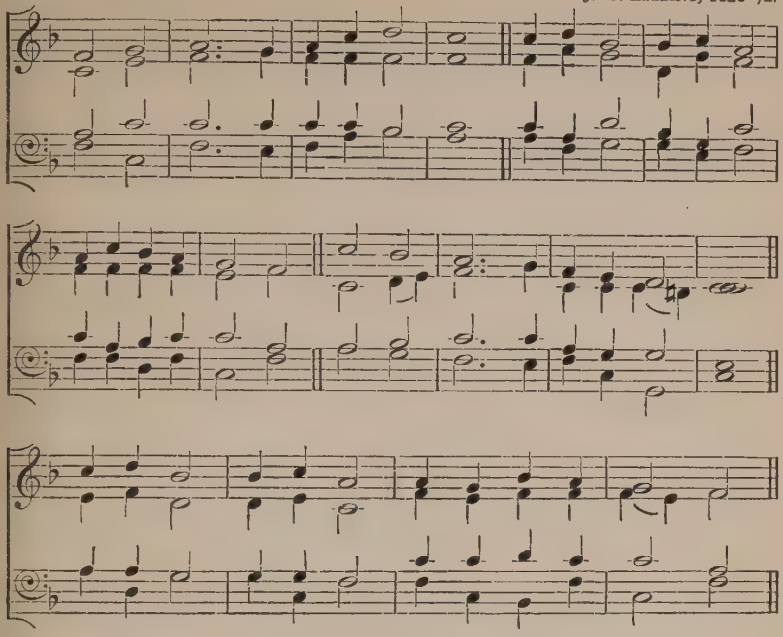
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5. Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand;
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

CHORALE. (8 3 3 6 D.) J. G. EBELING, 1620–72.



Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76. *Tr. C. Winkworth*, 1855.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

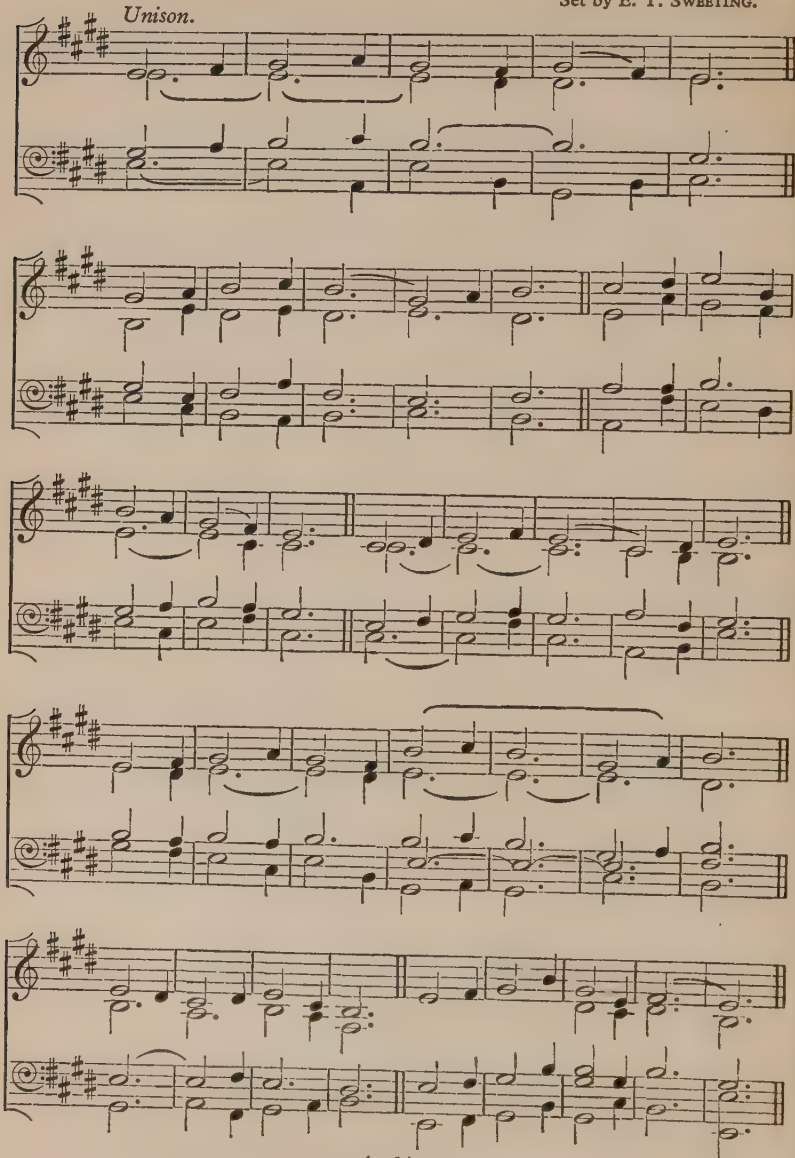
2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
'Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come! from all that grieves you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you.'

3. Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love him who with love is yearning:
Hail the star
That from afar
Bright with hope is burning.

CORDE NATUS. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7 7.)

Melody from a 13th-century MS.
Set by E. T. SWEETING.

Unison.



Prudentius, 348–413.

ECCE quem vates vetustis
Concinebant saeculis,
Quem prophetarum fideles
Paginae spoponderant,
Emicat promissus olim ;
Cuncta conlaudent eum,
Saeculorum saeculis.

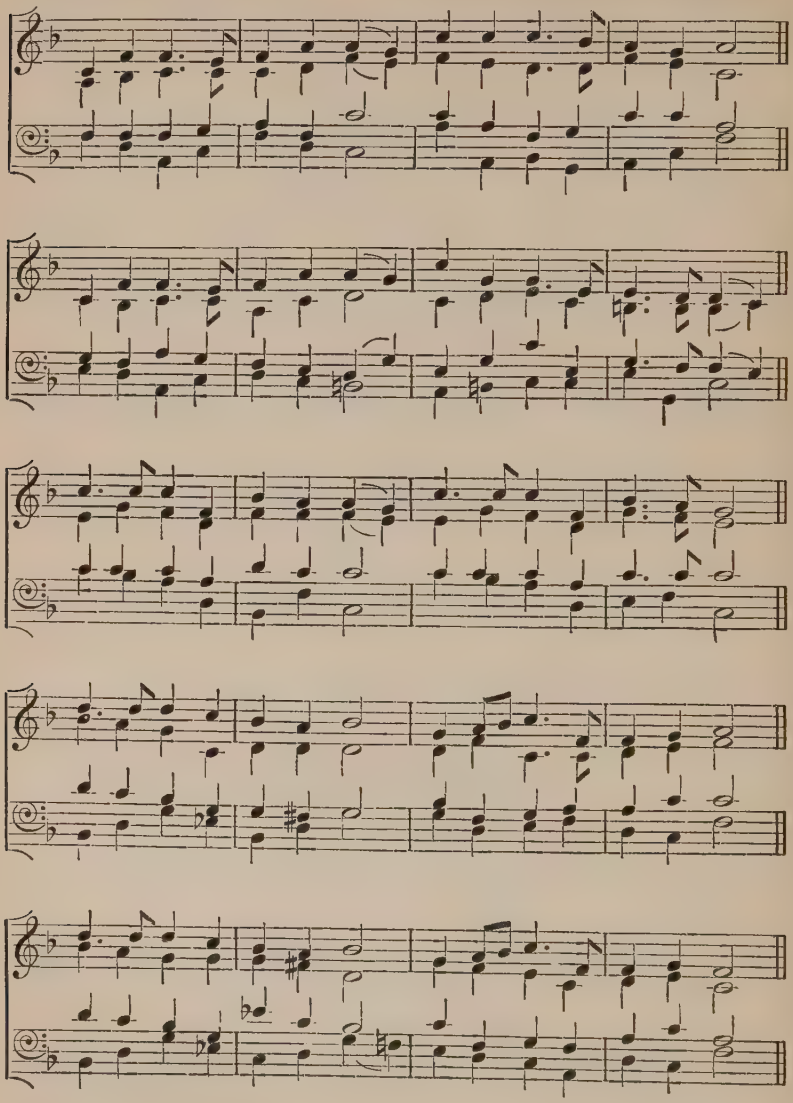
2 Psallat altitudo caeli,
Psallite omnes angeli,
Quidquid est virtutis unquam
Psallat in laudem Dei,
Nulla linguarum silescat,
Vox et omnis consonet,
Saeculorum saeculis.

3 Macte Iudex mortuorum,
Macte Rex viventium,
Dexter assidens Parenti
Summa nactus robora,
Omnium venturus inde
Iustus ultor criminum,
Saeculorum saeculis.

4 Te senes et te iuventus,
Parvulorum te chorus,
Turba matrum virginumque,
Simplices puellulae,
Voce concordes pudicis
Perstrepant concentibus,
Saeculorum saeculis.

5. Tibi, Christe, sit cum Patre,
Hagioque Spiritu,
Hymnus, melos, laus perennis,
Gratiarum actio,
Honor, virtus, et victoria,
Regnum aeternaliter,
Saeculorum saeculis.

FESTGESANG. (7 7. 7 7. D.) Melody from MENDELSSOHN'S *Festgesang*, 1840.



Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the Angelic host proclaim,
' Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail, the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesu, our Emmanuel.
Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace !
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

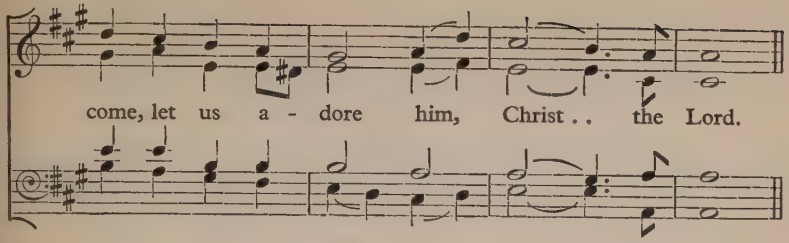
ADESTE FIDELES. (Irregular.) Anon.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy-ful and tri - um-phant, O
2. God of . . God, . . Light of . . Light, .
3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
4. Yea, Lord, we greet thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
Lo! he ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb;
Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of hea - ven a - bove:
Je - su, to thee be . . glo - ry given;

Come and be - hold him Born the King of An - gels;
Ve - ry . . God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
'Glo - ry to God . . . In . . the . . high - est';
Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing.

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, O



Anon. French or German Author, 17th or 18th cent.
English translation, Canon Oakeley, 1852.

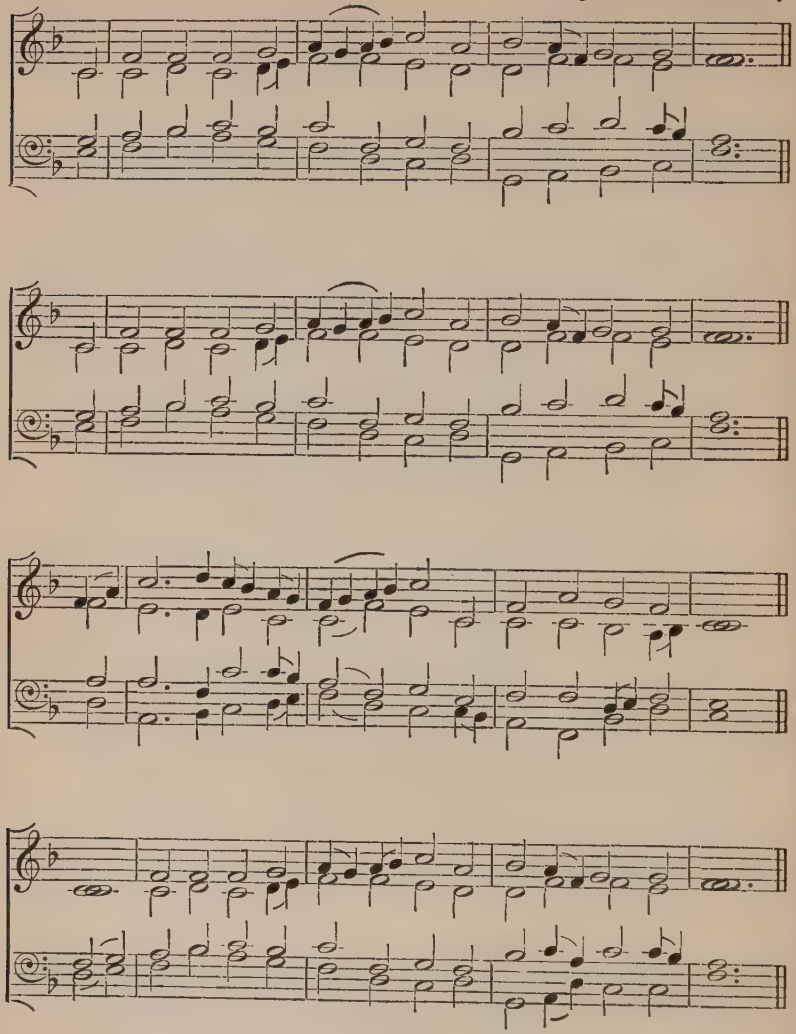
ADESTE fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem ;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant Puellae viscera ;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3 Cantet nunc io
Chorus Angelorum ;
Cantet nunc aula caelestium,
Gloria
In excelsis Deo ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4. Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria;
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

FOREST GREEN. (D.C.M. Irreg.) English Traditional Melody.



Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1835–93.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

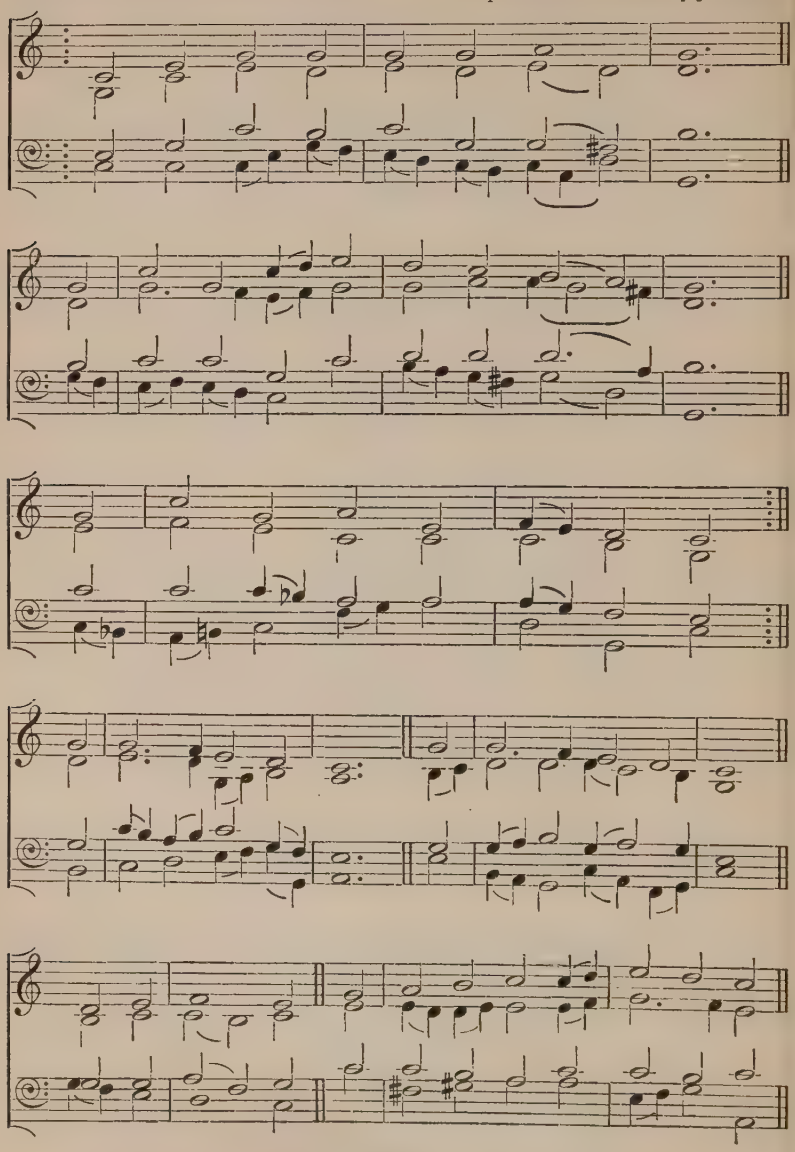
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

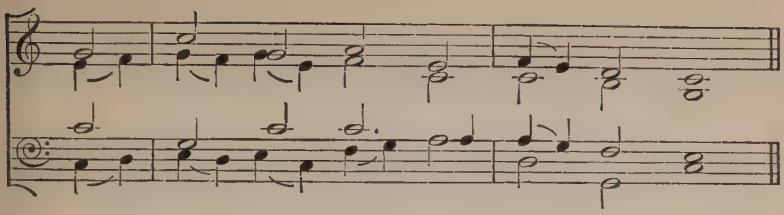
4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

5. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

WACHET AUF. (8 9 8. 8 9 8. 6 6 4. 8 8.)

Melody by P. NICOLAI, 1556–1608.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.





P. Nicolai, 1556–1608. *Tr. F. C. B.*

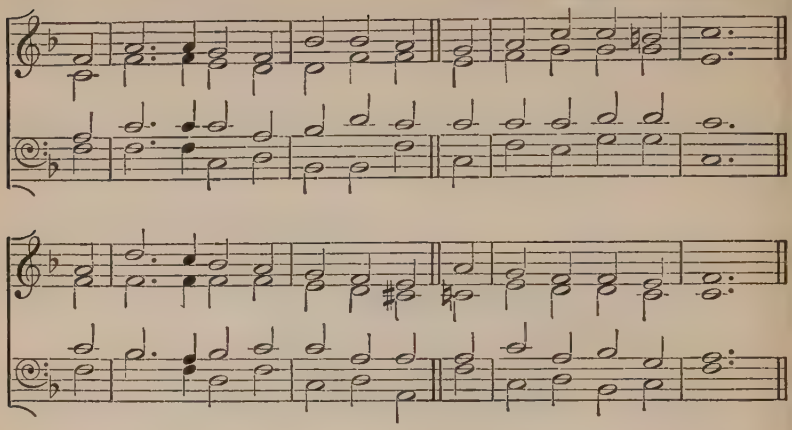
WAKE, O wake! with tidings thrilling
The watchmen all the air are filling,
Arise, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight strikes! no more delaying,
'The hour has come!' we hear them saying.
Where are ye all, ye virgins wise?
The Bridegroom comes in sight,
Raise high your torches bright!
Alleluia!
The wedding song
Swells loud and strong:
Go forth and join the festal throng.

2 Sion hears the watchmen shouting,
Her heart leaps up with joy undoubting,
She stands and waits with eager eyes;
See her Friend from heaven descending,
Adorned with truth and grace unending!
Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.
Now come, thou precious Crown,
Lord Jesu, God's own Son!
Hosanna!
Let us prepare
To follow there,
Where in thy supper we may share.

3. Every soul in thee rejoices;
From men and from angelic voices
Be glory given to thee alone!
Now the gates of pearl receive us,
Thy presence never more shall leave us,
We stand with Angels round thy throne.
Earth cannot give below
The bliss thou dost bestow.
Alleluia!
Grant us to raise,
To length of days,
The triumph-chorus of thy praise.

WINCHESTER OLD. (C.M.)

ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1529. Harmony adapted from THOMAS RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



N. Tate, 1652–1715.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;)
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

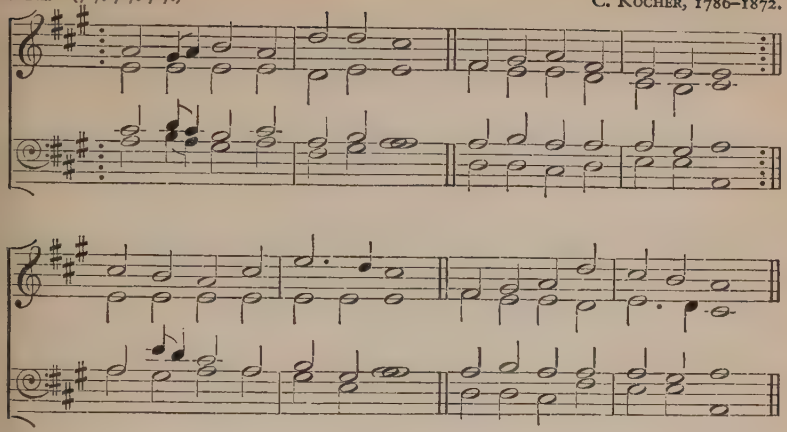
3 'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

6. 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.'

DIX. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) C. KOCHER, 1786–1872.



W. C. Dix, 1837–98.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

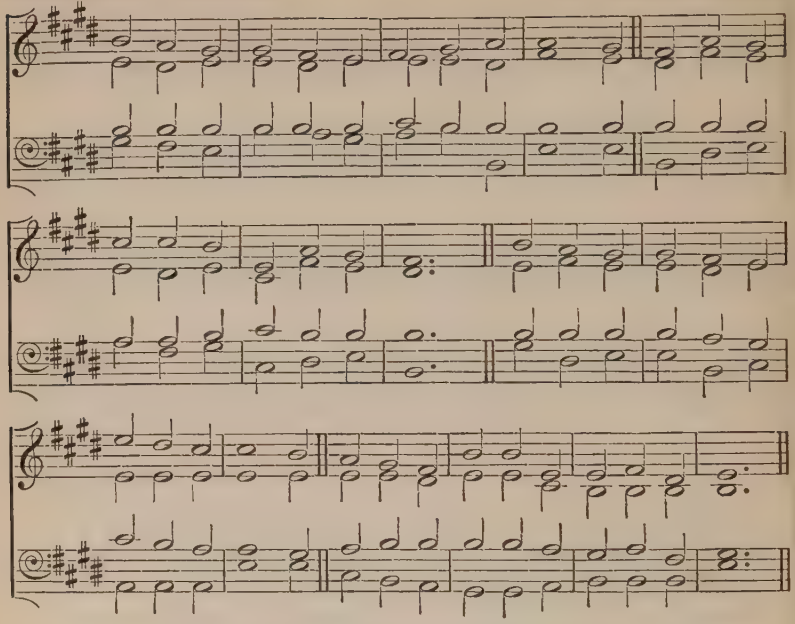
2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom Heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5. In the heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

SPRINGFIELD. (11 10. 11 10.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

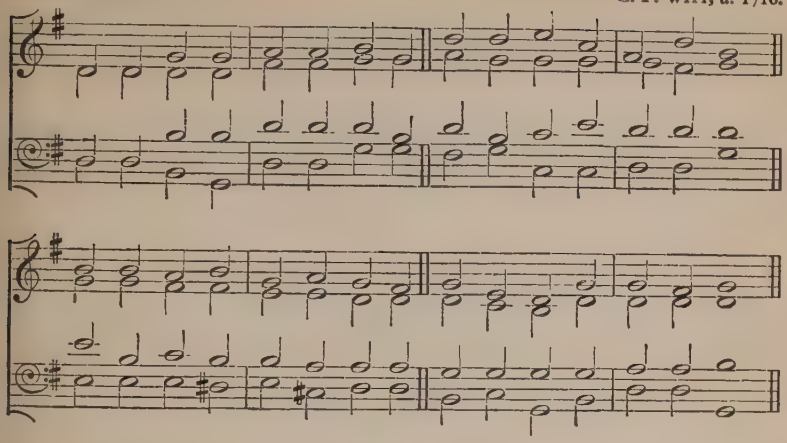
2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his Head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

STUTTGART. (8 7. 8 7.) C. F. WITT, *d.* 1716.



Prudentius, 348–*c.* 413. *Tr. E. Caswall and others.*

EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from Heaven
Came to rule his Israel.

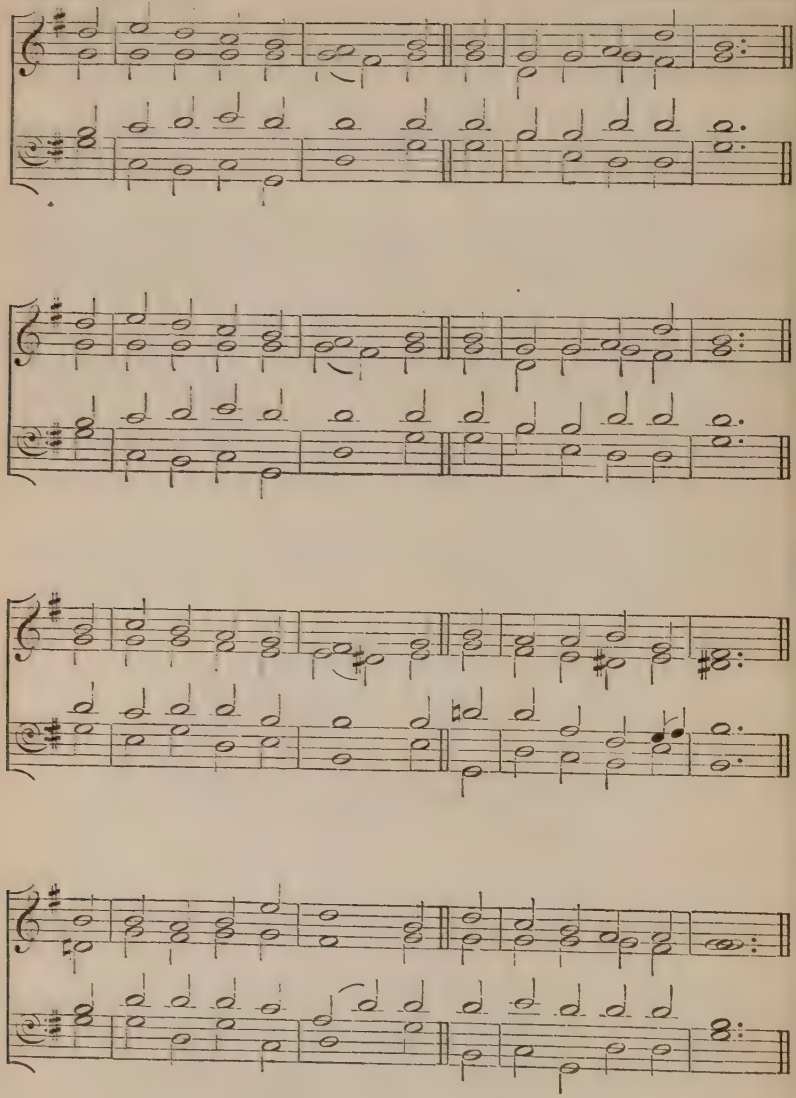
2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at his cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulchre foreshows.

5. Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

CRÜGER. (7 6. 7 6. D.) J. CRÜGER, 1598–1662.



J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

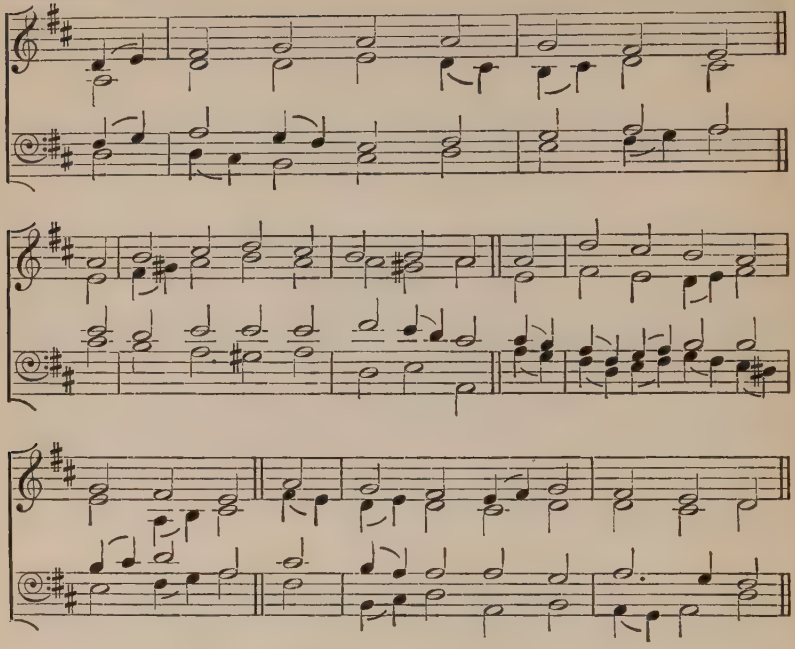
3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5. O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love.

EISENACH. (L.M.)

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586–1630.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



St. Ambrose, 340–97.

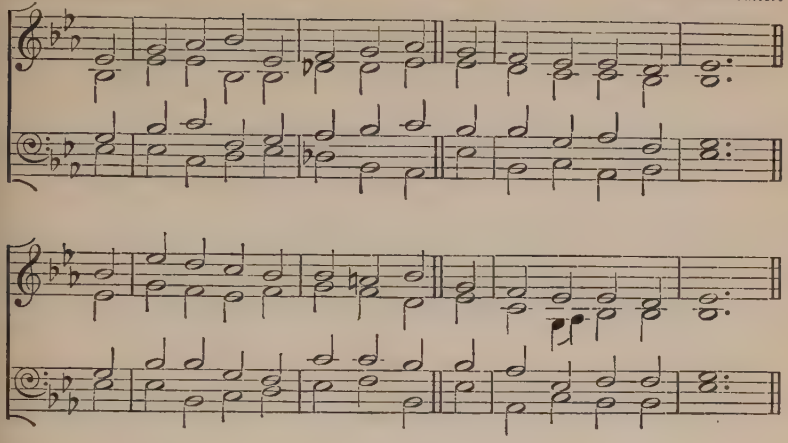
SPLENDOR Paternae gloriae,
De luce lucem proferens,
Primordiis lucis novae
Diem dies illuminans:

2 Verusque Sol, illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti:
Iubarque sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

3 Laetus dies hic transeat,
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridies,
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

4. Qui te revelas gentibus,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre cumque Spiritu
In sempiterna saecula.

DUNDEE. (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter.*



J. Morison, 1749–98.

THE race, that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

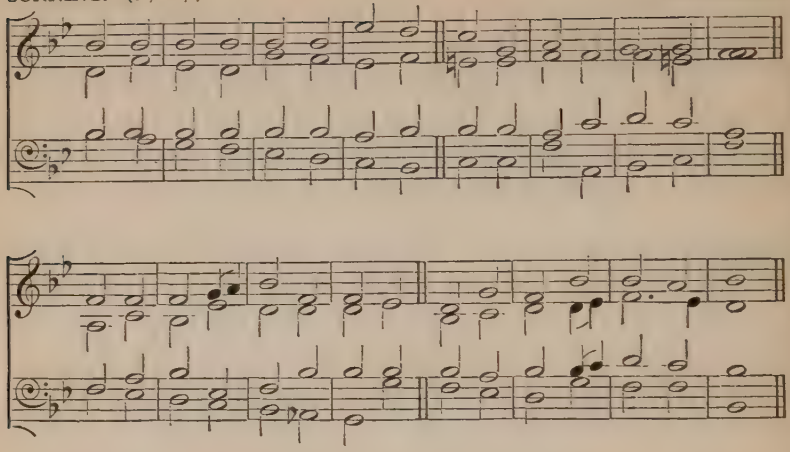
3 For thou our burden hast removed
And quelled the oppressor's sway;
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of Heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6. His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

SONNING. (8 7. 8 7.) W. GREGORY.



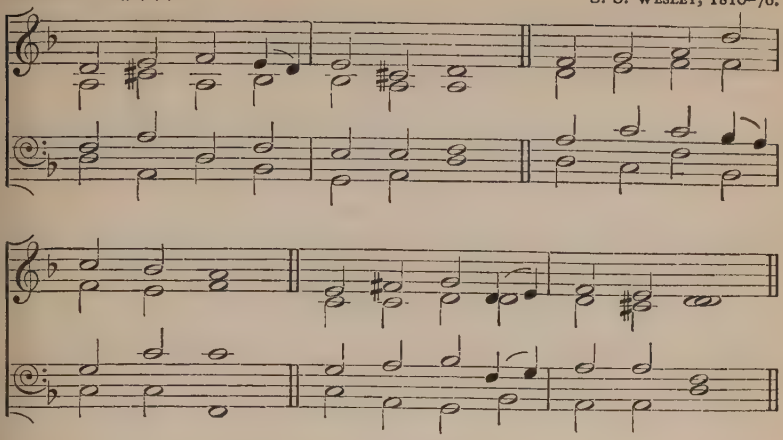
T. Kelly, 1769–1854.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious;
He will reign through endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light:
Night to day then shall be changèd,
Heav'n shall triumph in the sight.

3. Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.

WESTON. (7 7 7.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



I. Williams, 1802–65.

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

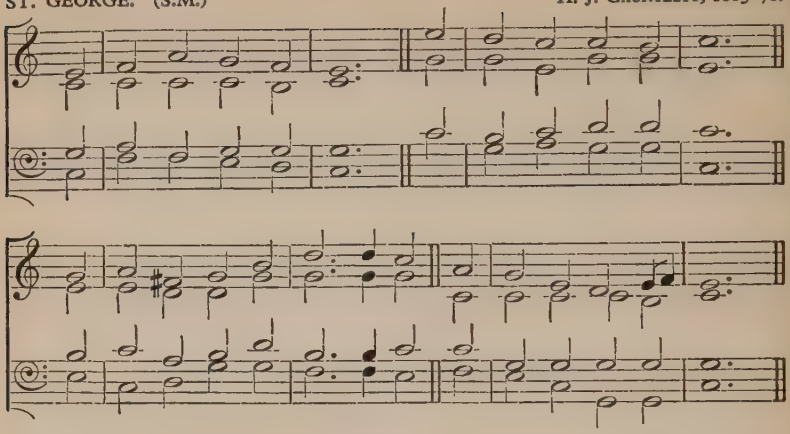
3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die;

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forgo.

6. Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy Face.

ST. GEORGE. (S.M.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



Bp. Synesius, 375–430. *Tr. A. W. Chatfield.*

Μνώεο Χριστέ.

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be thou my health and life.

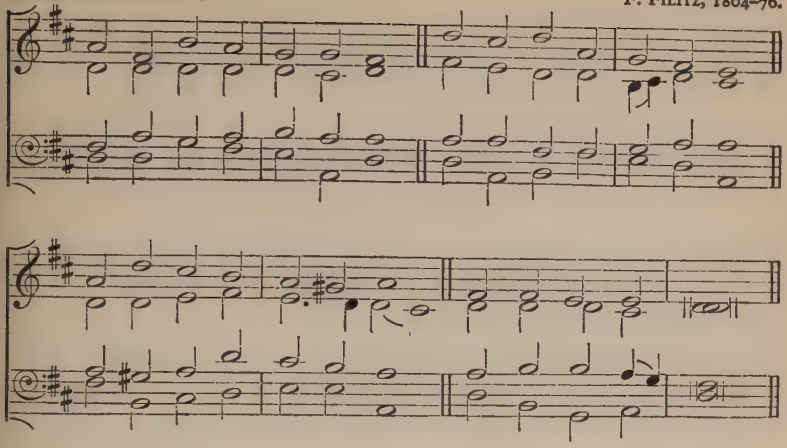
4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be thou nigh.

6. Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

CAPETOWN. (7 7 7. 5.)

F. FILITZ, 1804–76.



Reginald Heber, 1783–1876.

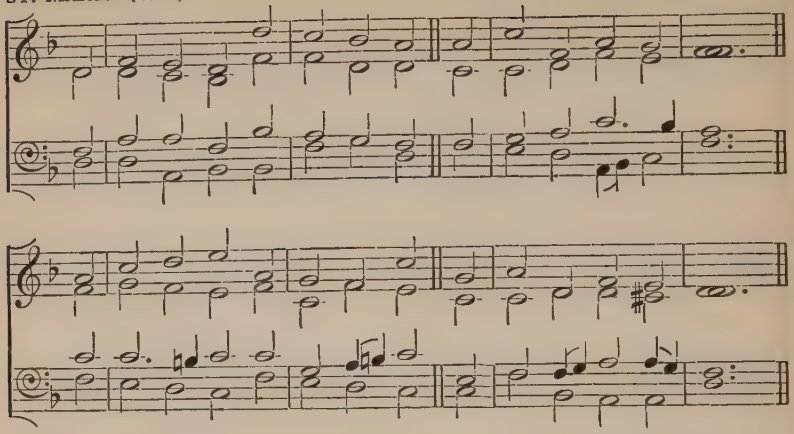
LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4. Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry,
Jesus, hear and save.

ST. MARY. (C.M.) PRYS'S *Psalter*, 1621.



J. D. Carlyle, 1758–1804.

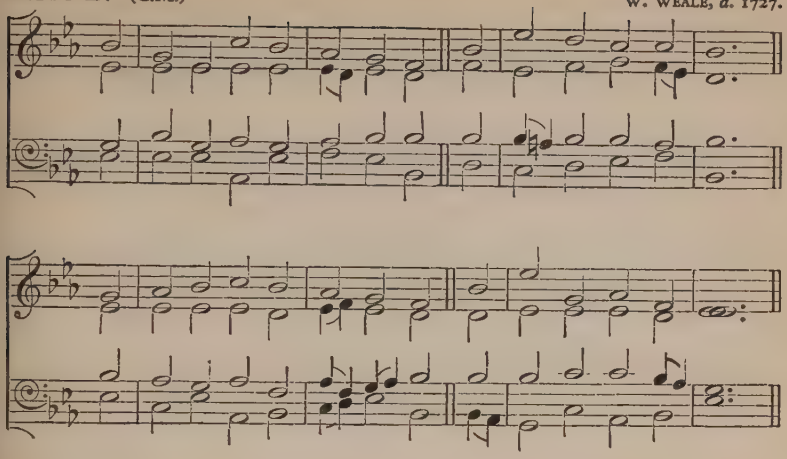
LORD, when we bend before thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

4. May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

BEDFORD. (C.M.) W. WEALE, *d.* 1727.



H. H. Milman, 1791–1868.

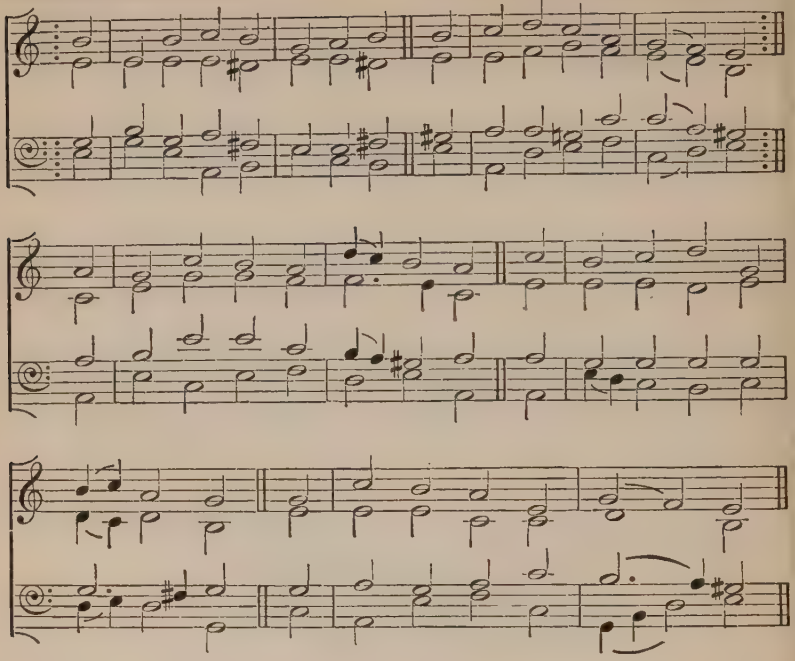
O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4. O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in Heav'n to be.

CHORALE. (8 7. 8 7. 8 8. 7.) *Geistliches Gesangbüchlein*, Wittenberg, 1524.

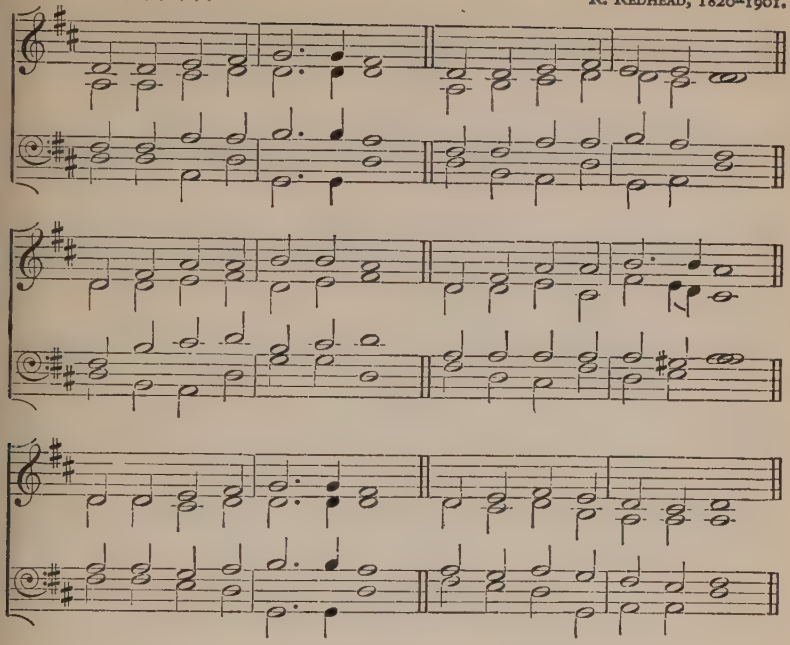


From M. Luther's version of Ps. cxxx, 1523. *Tr. C. Winkworth*, 1855.

OUT of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord, hear me, I implore thee;
Bend down thy gracious ear to me,
Let my prayer come before thee.
If thou rememb'rest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Who may abide thy presence?

2. Though great our sins, and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth;
Our kind and faithful Shepherd, he
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

PETRA. (77.77.77.) R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



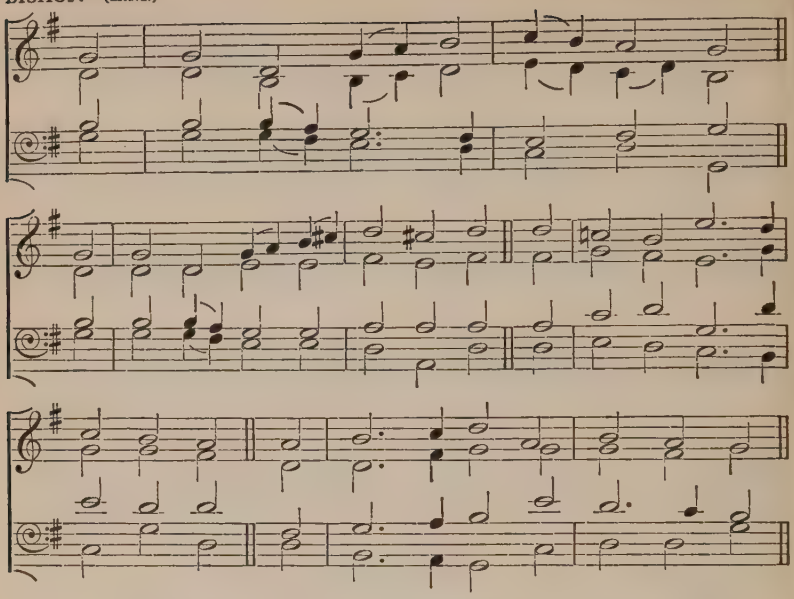
A. M. Toplady, 1740–78.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling:
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy Judgement Throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

BISHOP. (L.M.) J. BISHOP, 1665–1737.



Metrical version of Ps. cxxx, *probably written for Winchester College.*

TE de profundis, summe Rex,
Iehova! supplex invoco;
Intende voci supplicis:
Ad te precantem suspice.

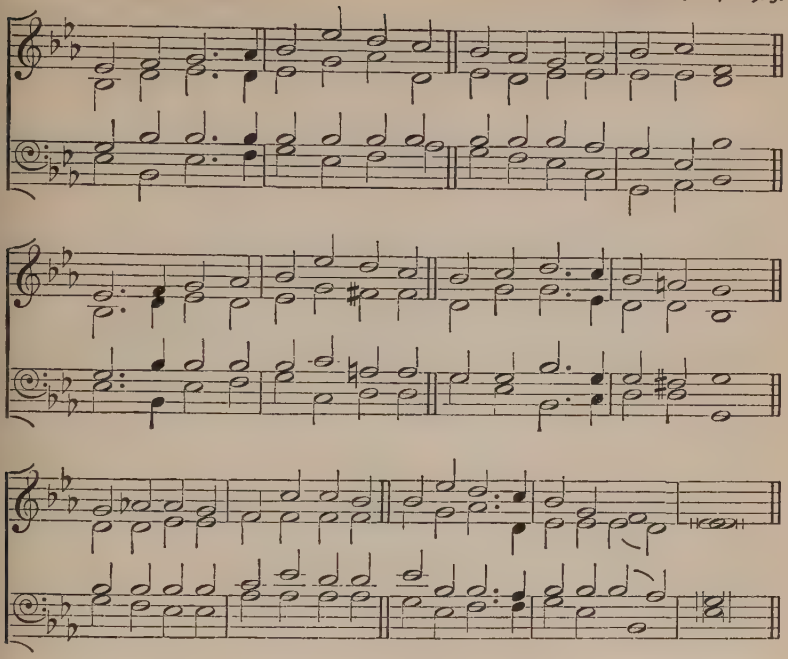
2 Delicta si peccantium
Severus observaveris,
Quis sustinebit impius?
Piusve quis non deficit?

3 Tibi paterna lenitas:
Hinc te veremur filii:
Te sustinemur unico
A lucis orto sidere.

4 Fiduciam tantamque spem
In te reponit Israel,
Tuo, Deus, qui sanguine
Peccata mundi diluis.

5. Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Sanctissimo
Et nunc et in perpetuum.

SHAWFIELD. (8 7. 8 7. 8 8.) W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1842–1923.



F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97.

THOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to thee and to thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought and thou hast found us.

2 Oft from thee we veil our faces,
Children-like to cheat thine eyes;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves ourselves disguise:
'Neath the web we've woven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

3. O most Merciful, most Holy,
Light thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever thine, thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost, but thou hast found us.

ST. THEODULPH. (7 6. 7 6. D.) MELCHIOR TESCHNER, *c.* 1613.

FINE.

D.C.

From the Latin of St. Theodulph of Orleans. 9th cent.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

3 The company of Angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply:
All glory, &c.

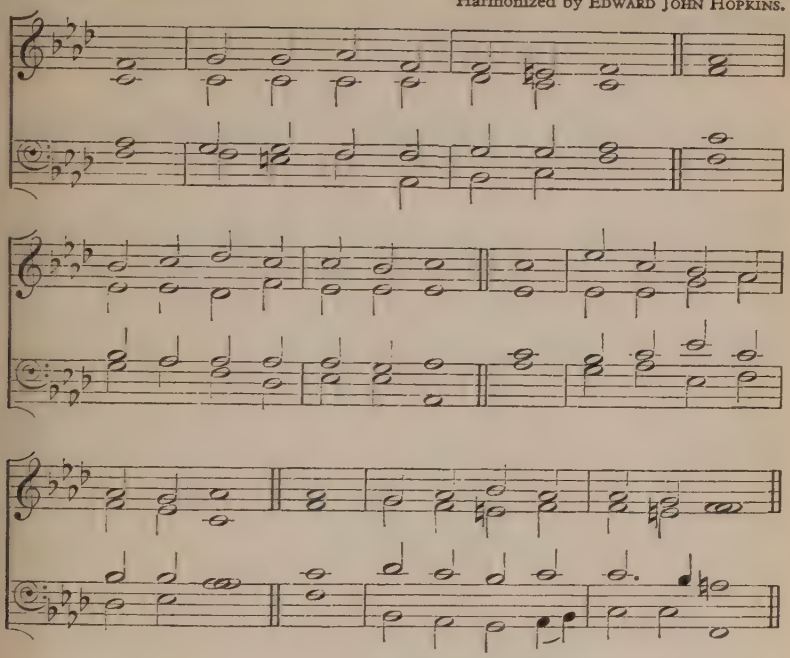
4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
All glory, &c.

5 To thee before thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6. Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c.

PLAYFORD. (L.M.)

ALLISON, *Psalmes*, 1599.
Harmonized by EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97.

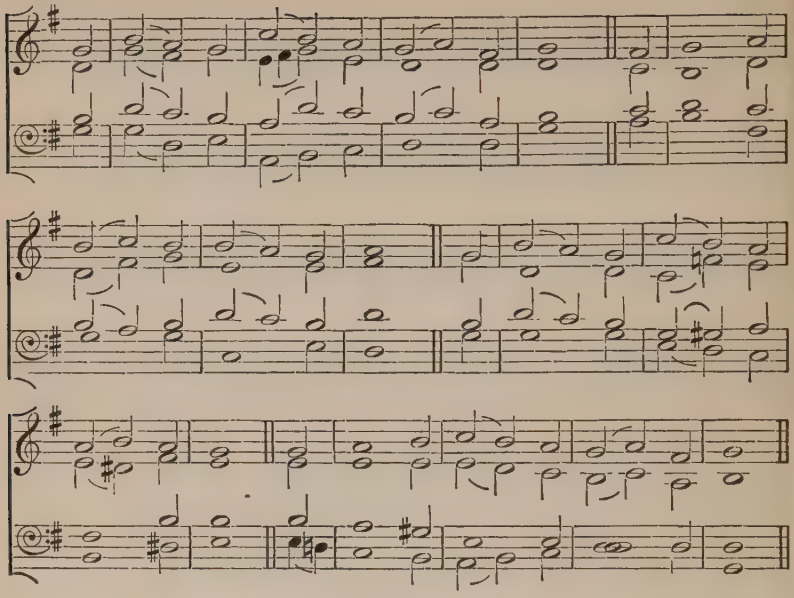
LORD Jesu, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee, and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss !

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;

4. Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

SUPPLICATION. (L.M.) Anon.



Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97.

O JESU, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on thy Throne,
Teach thou our wond'ring souls to scan
The mystery of thy love unknown.

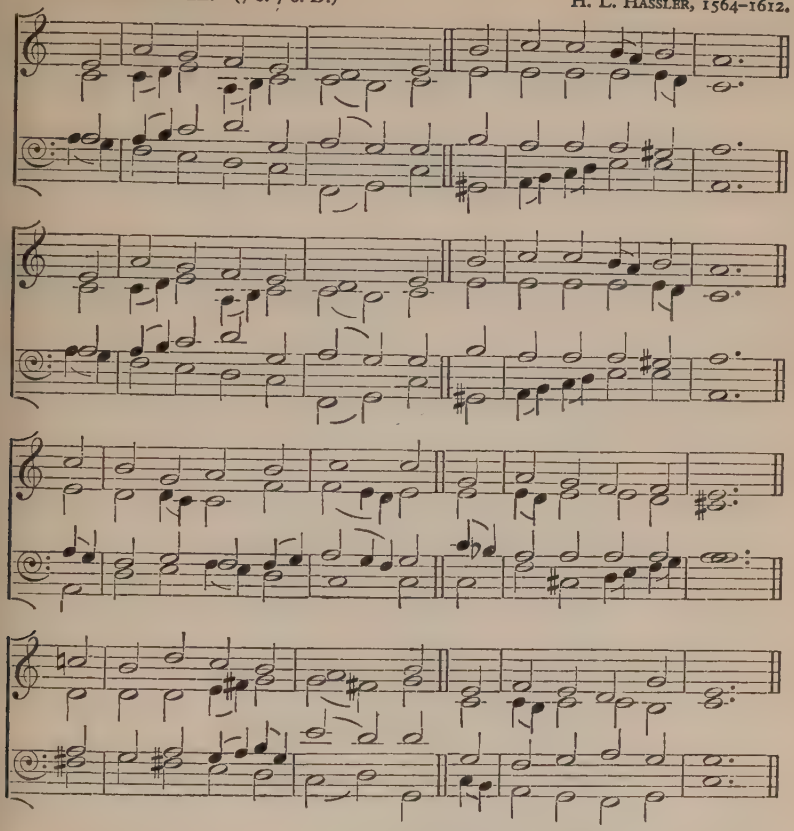
2 We pray thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly, for thine own dear sake,
In paths of pain to follow thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light and shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5. Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at thy feet we lay it down,
Win through thy Blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the crown.

PASSION CHORALE. (7 6. 7 6. D.) H. L. HASSLER, 1564–1612.



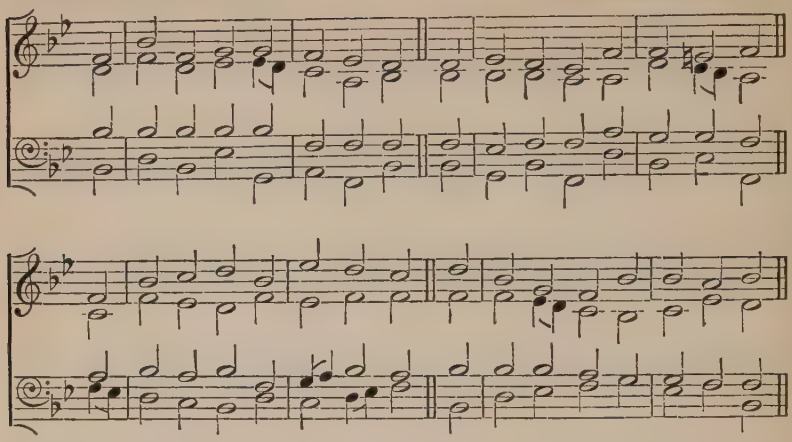
St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153.
Tr. Sir H. W. Baker.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face on me.

3. In this thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy Presence blest.

WINCHESTER NEW. (L.M.) From CRASSELIUS, 1667–1724.



Palm Sunday. *H. H. Milman*, 1791–1868.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

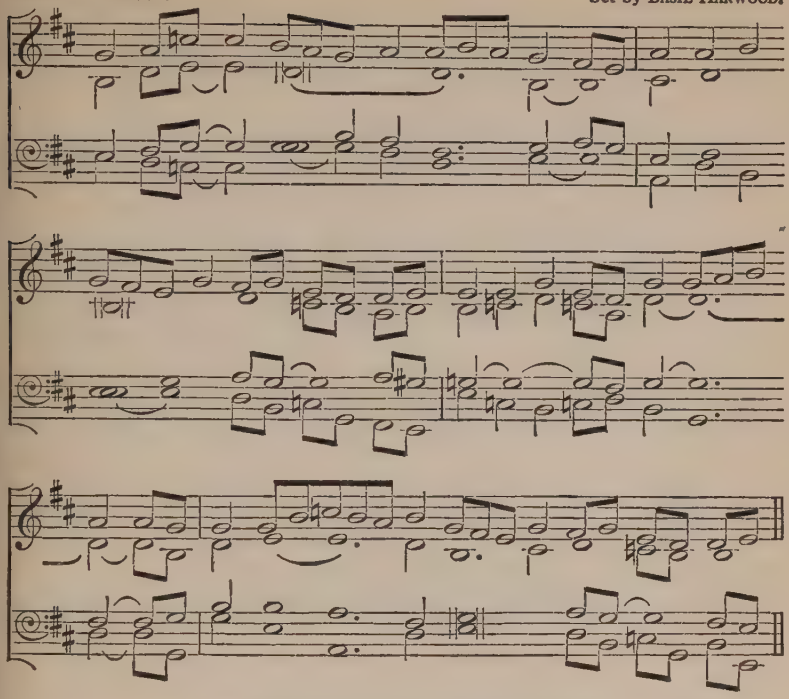
2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5. Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

SARUM. Mode i. Set by BASIL HARWOOD.



Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, c. 530–609.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

2 Confixa clavis viscera,
Tendens manus, vestigia,
Redemptionis gratia
Hic immolata est hostia.

3 Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda, sanguine.

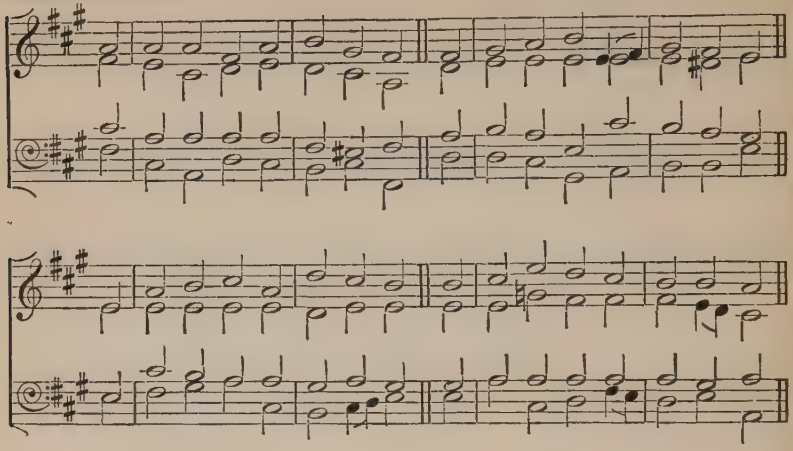
4 Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicens : in nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

5 Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

6 Beata cuius brachiis
Pretium pependit saeculi,
Statera facta corporis
Praedamque tulit Tartaris.

7. Salve ara, salve victima
De passionis gloria
Qua vita mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam reddidit.

BRESLAU. (L.M.) *Geistliche Gesänge*, Leipsic, 1625.



T. Kelly, 1769–1854.

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the Cross!
The sinner's hope let men deride,—
For this we count the world but loss.

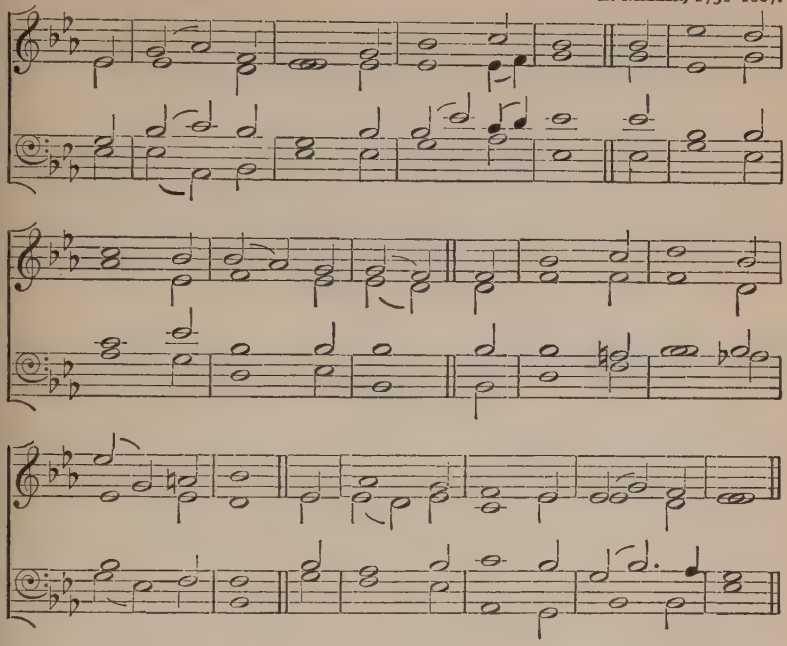
2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters 'God is Love';
He bears our sins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross,—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in Heav'n above.

ROCKINGHAM. (L.M.) E. MILLER, 1731–1807.



I. Watts, 1674–1748.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

3 See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

O FILII ET FILIAE. (8 8 8. 4.)

Modern form of Old French Melody.

mf Al - le - lu - ia! *f* Al - le - lu - ia! . . *ff* Al - - le -

FINE.

- lu - - ia!

D.C.

f Al - - le - lu - - ia!

From the Latin of the 17th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !
O SONS and daughters of the King,
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.
Alleluia !

2 On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
The Marys went their Lord to seek.
Alleluia !

3 An Angel bade their sorrow flee,
For thus he spake unto the three,
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.'
Alleluia !

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'Peace be unto you here.'
Alleluia !

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.
Alleluia !

6 Blessèd are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been ;
In Life Eternal they shall reign.
Alleluia !

7. On this most holy Day of days
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Alleluia !

VICTORY. (8 8 8. 4) From PALESTRINA, 1524–94.

Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia!

Org.

Anon. 12th cent.

FINITA iam sunt proelia :
Est parta iam victoria.
Gaudeamus et canamus
Alleluia !

2 Post fata mortis barbara,
Devicit Iesus tartara ;
Applaudamus et psallamus
Alleluia !

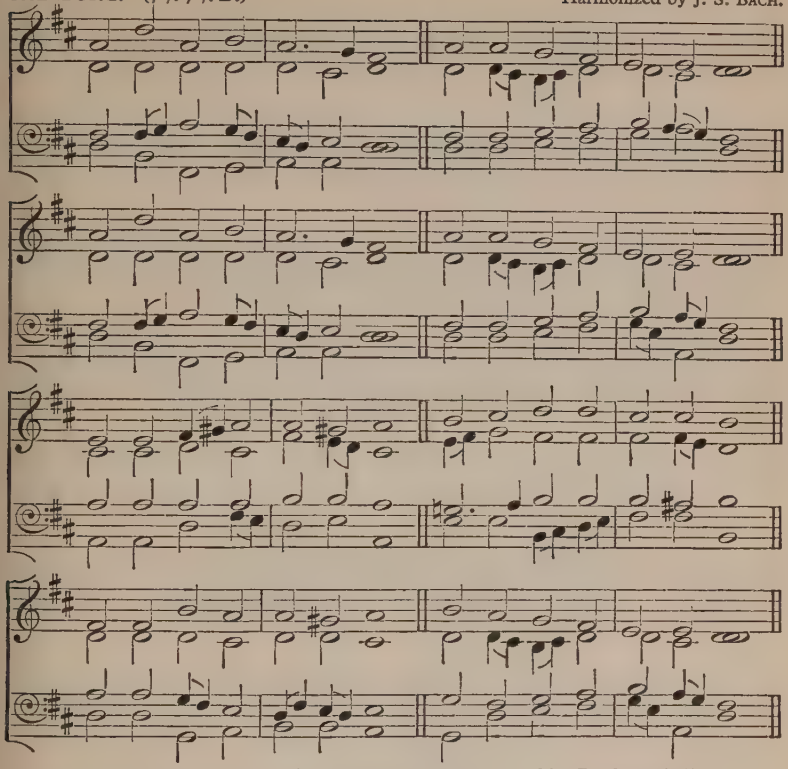
3 Surrexit die tertia
Caelesti clarus gratia :
Insonemus et cantemus
Alleluia !

4 Sunt clausa Stygis ostia,
Et caeli patent atria :
Gaudeamus et canamus
Alleluia !

5. O coronate gloria,
Tua nos morte libera,
Ut vivamus et canamus
Alleluia !

SALZBURG. (7 7. 7 7. D.)

J. HINTZE, 1622–1702.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



? *St. Ambrose*, 340-97. *Tr. R. Campbell*, 1850.

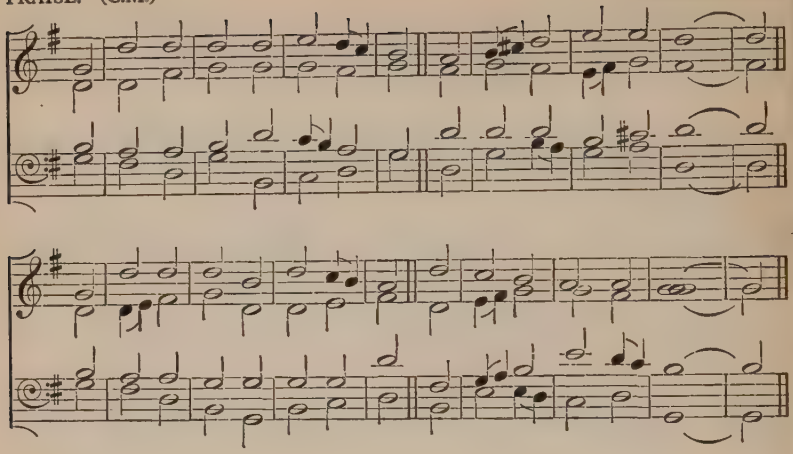
AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd side;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his sacred Blood for wine,
Gives his Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And thy saints in thee shall rise.

4 Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free
Souls new-born, dear Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

PRAISE. (C.M.) N. HERMANN, 1561.



I. Watts, 1674–1748.

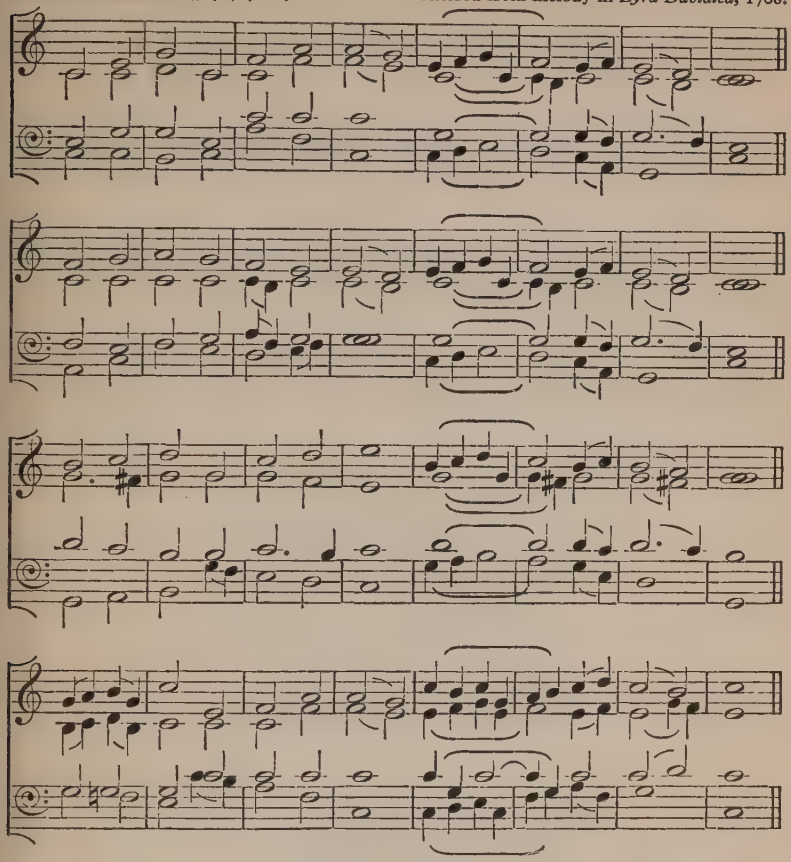
COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4. Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

EASTER HYMN. (7 4. 7 4. D.) Altered from melody in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.



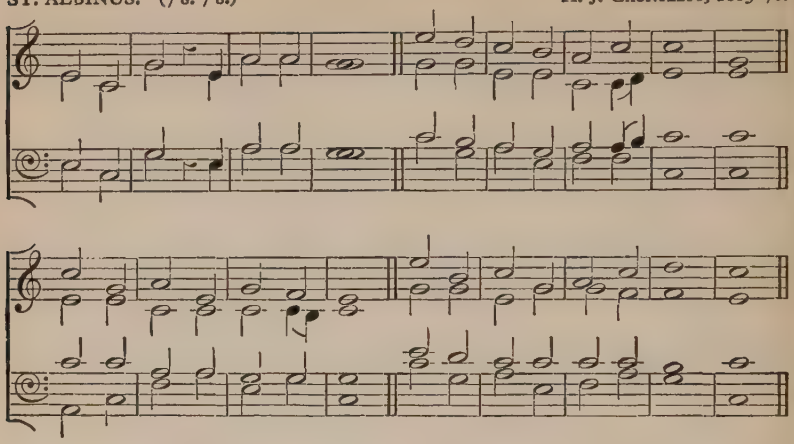
From Latin of the 14th cent. Translated, 1708.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia !
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Alleluia !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia !
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia !

3. But the pain which he endured,
Alleluia !
Our salvation hath procured ;
Alleluia !
Now above the sky he 's King,
Alleluia !
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia !

ST. ALBINUS. (7 8. 7 8.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



C. F. Gellert, 1715–69. *Tr. F. E. Cox*, 1864.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.

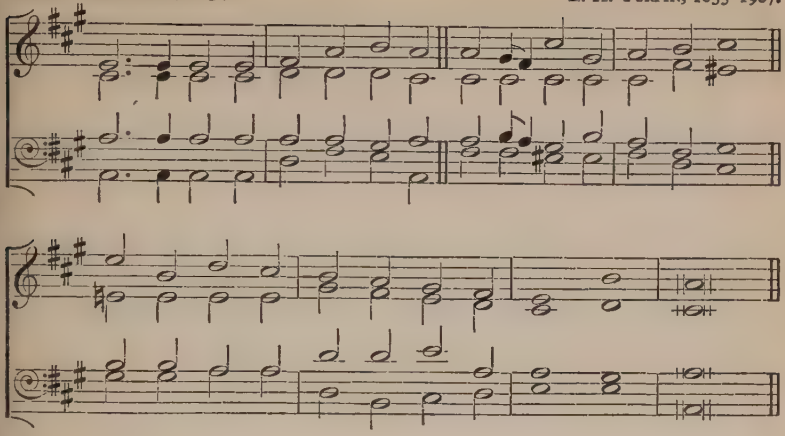
2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us his love can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.

5. Jesus lives! to him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in Heaven.

MANSFIELD. (8 7. 8 3.) E. H. TURPIN, 1835–1907.



S. Baring-Gould, 1834–1924.

ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
no more pain!

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
wrapt in sleep.

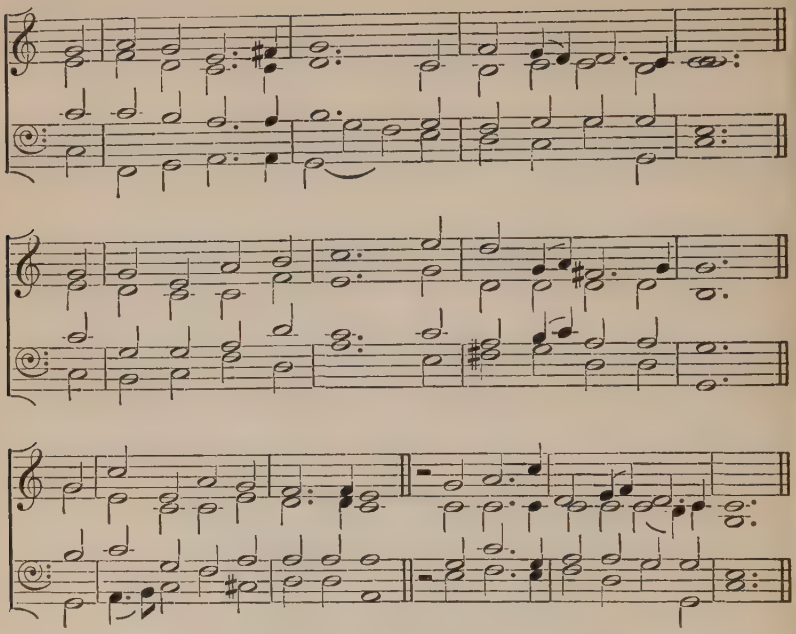
3 For a while the tired body
Lies with feet towards the morn;
Till the last and brightest Easter
day be born.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
into song.

5 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child and mother,
meet once more.

6. To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
By thy Cross, through death and judgement,
holding fast.

GOPSAL. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.



C. Wesley, 1707–88.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

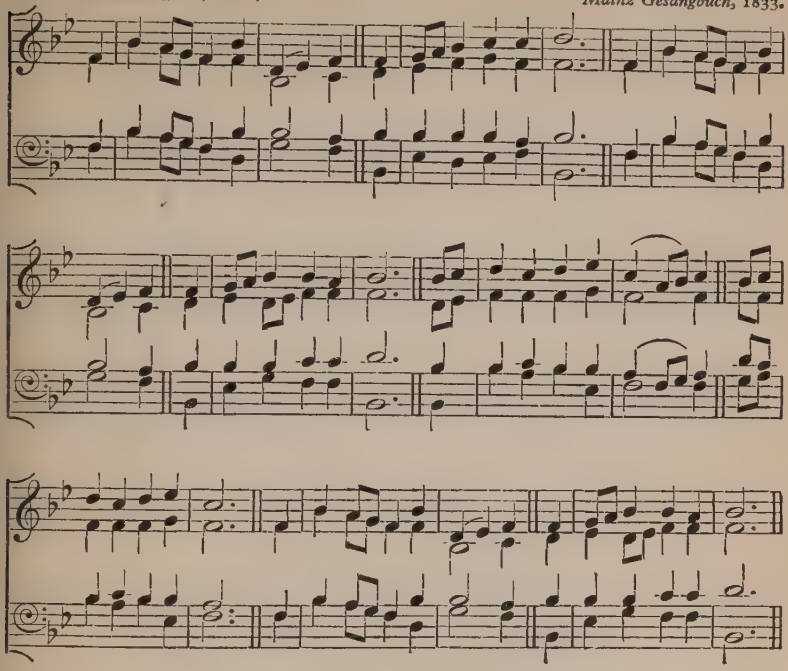
2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Life up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4. He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

ELLACOMBE. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Mainz Gesangbuch, 1833.



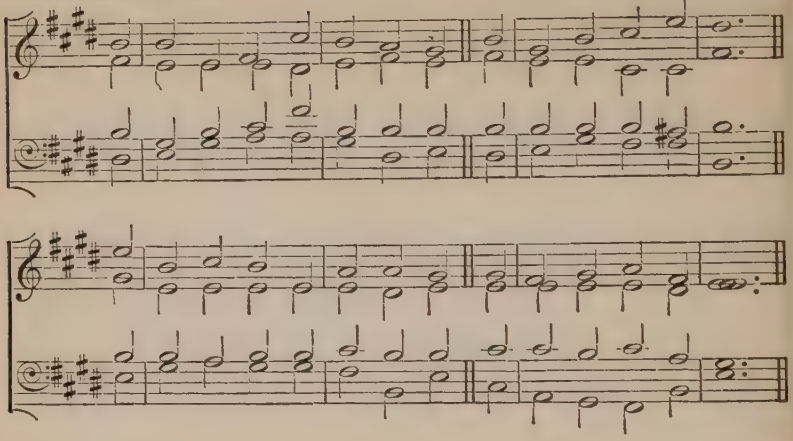
St. John Damascene, c. 750. Tr. J. M. Neale.

THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own 'All hail', and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3. Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

ST. FULBERT. (C.M.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



St. Fulbert of Chartres, d. 1028. *Tr. R. Campbell.*

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprison'd dead.

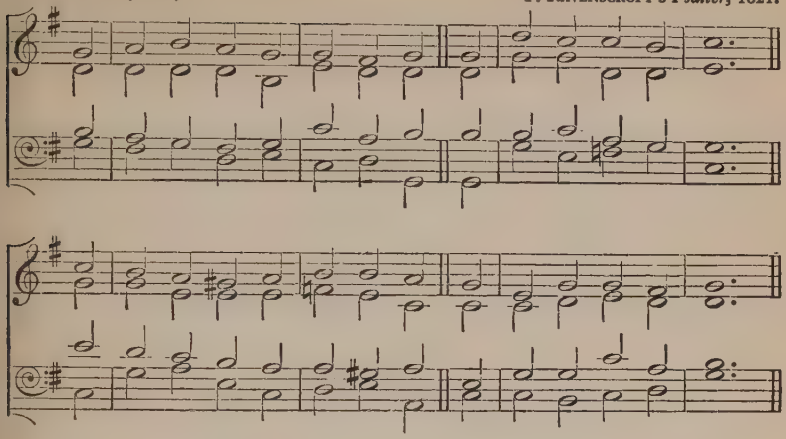
3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore;
His ransom'd host pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in his glory now
To him all power is given;
To him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and Heaven.

5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6. All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.

LINCOLN. (C.M.) T. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



J. Keble, 1792–1866.

LORD, in thy Name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

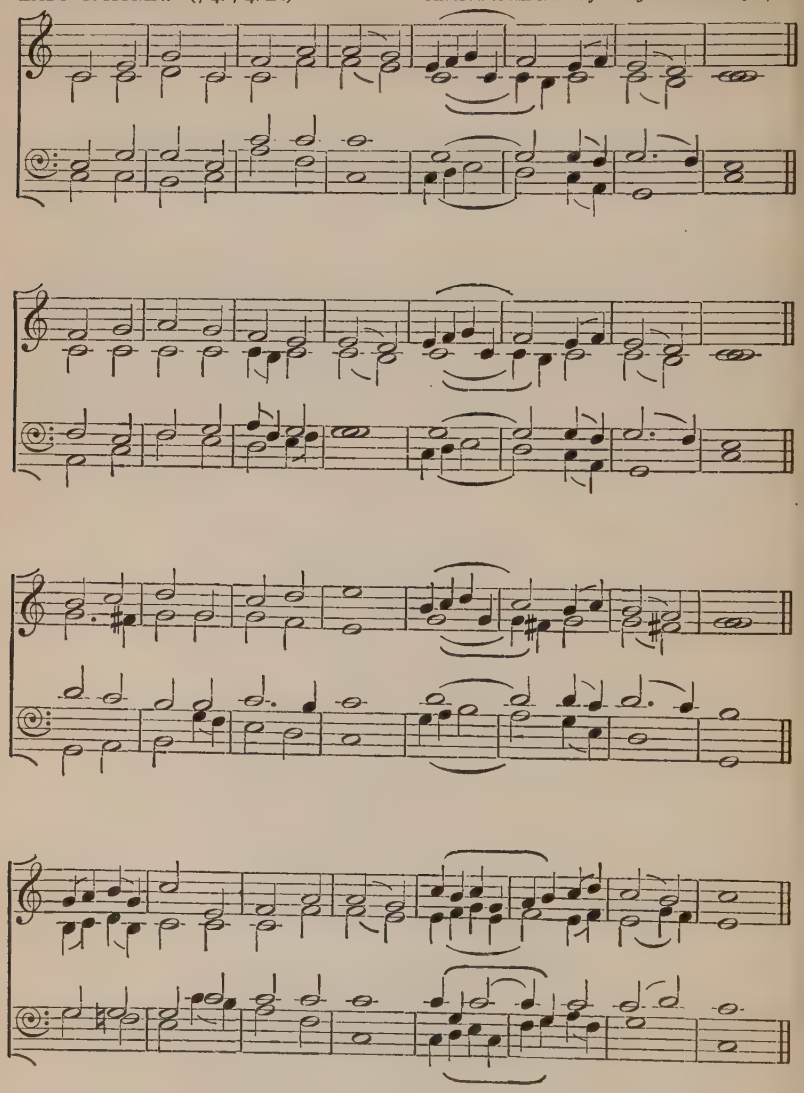
2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, to thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5. So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forgo.

EASTER HYMN. (7 4. 7 4. D.) Altered from melody in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.



C. Wesley, 1707–88.

HAIL the day that sees him rise, Alleluia.
Ravished from our wistful eyes, Alleluia.
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia.
Reascends his native Heaven. Alleluia.

2 There the pompous triumph waits; Alleluia.
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia.
Conqueror over death and sin, Alleluia.
Take the King of glory in. Alleluia.

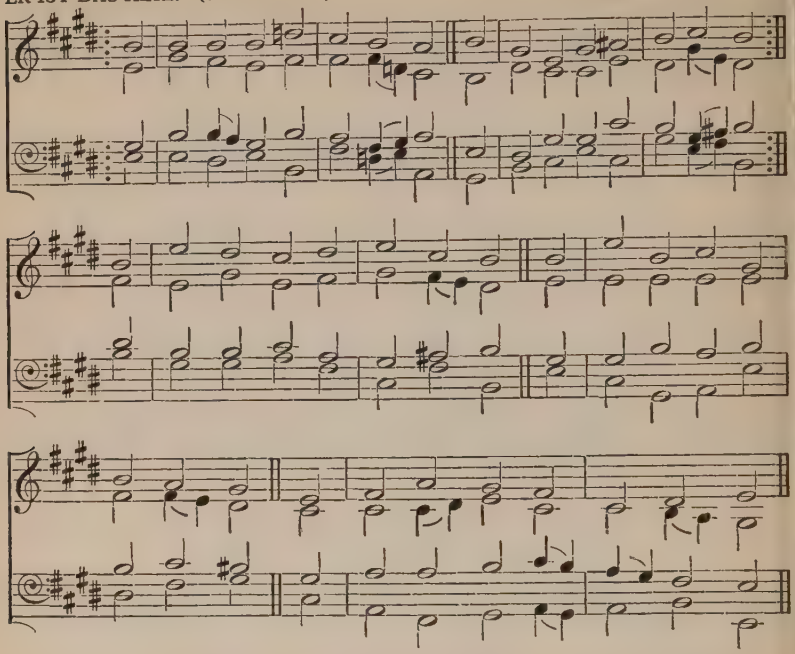
3 See, he lifts his hands above; Alleluia.
See, he shows the prints of love; Alleluia.
Hark, his gracious lips bestow Alleluia.
Blessings on his Church below. Alleluia.

4 Him though highest Heav'n receives, Alleluia.
Yet he loves the earth he leaves; Alleluia.
Though returning to his Throne, Alleluia.
Still he calls mankind his own. Alleluia.

5 Still for us his death he pleads, Alleluia.
Prevalent he intercedes, Alleluia.
Near himself prepares our place, Alleluia.
Harbinger of human race. Alleluia.

6. Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia.
High above yon azure height, Alleluia.
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia.
Following thee beyond the skies. Alleluia.

ER IST DAS HEIL. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8.) Printed at Wittenberg, 1524.



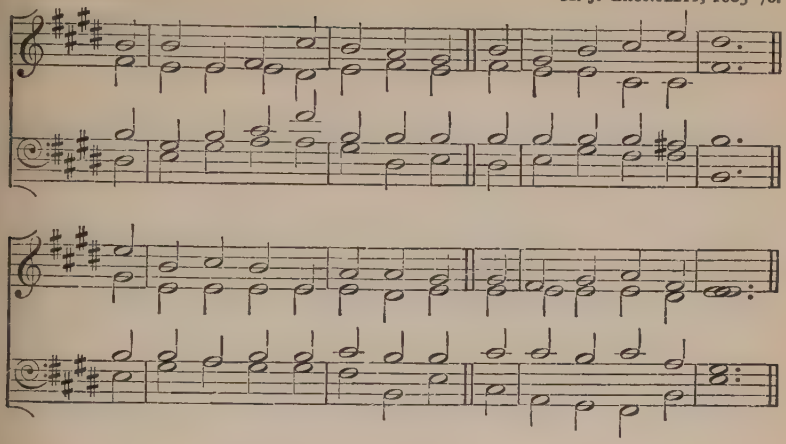
P. Speratus, 1484–1551. *Tr. T. E. Brown.*

O JESUS, Saviour from on high,
On us thy purchased gifts bestow,
Thy daily strengthening grace supply,
And let our hearts thy presence know:
Ascended Lord, enthroned above,
Thou hast not ceased our souls to love
In Heav'n, as here thou didst below.

2 Lord, we are weak, but thou art strong,
Give us submission to thy will:
Give strength that though thou tarry long,
We may believe thy promise still,
Thou wilt return thy Saints to free,
To reign in Sion gloriously,
And all our long desires fulfil.

3. Yet, Lord, we are but feeble dust,
The ages pass, the heavens are dumb;
In thee, in thee is all our trust,
But death's dark chills our souls benumb;
We do not doubt, we look, we wait,
We think we hear thee at the gate;
Lord Jesus, O that thou wouldst come!

ST. FULBERT. (C.M.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



C. F. Alexander, 1823–95.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone up,
Unto his Father's side.

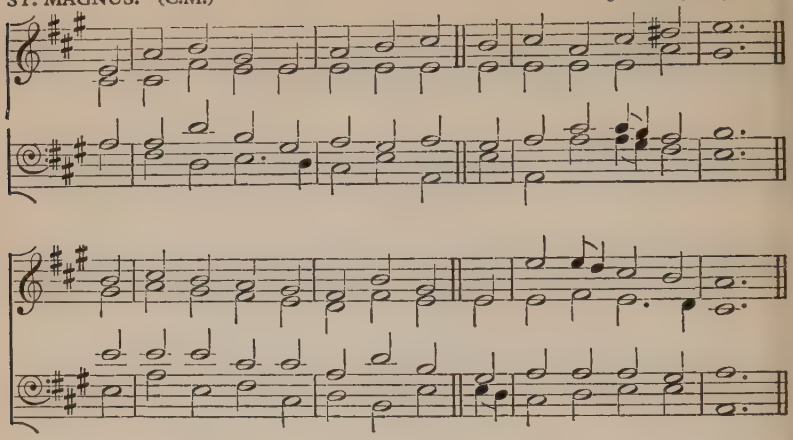
2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in Heaven;

5. That, where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

ST. MAGNUS. (C.M.) J. CLARK, 1669–1707.



T. Kelly, 1769–1854.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's Brow.

2 The highest place that Heav'n affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heav'n's eternal Light.

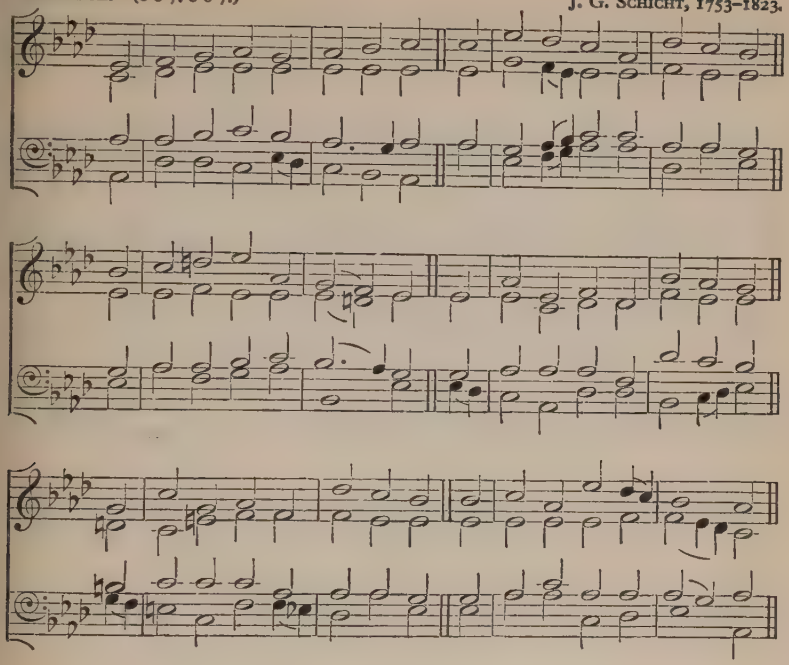
3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his Name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6. The Cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

CHORALE. (8 8 7. 8 8 7.) J. G. SCHICHT, 1753–1823.



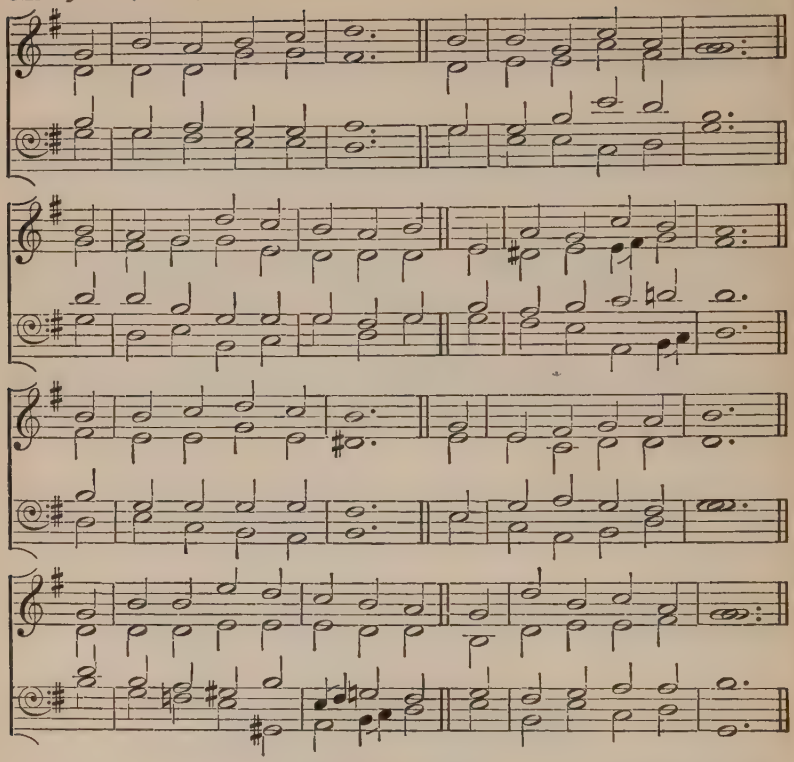
A. T. Russell, 1806–74, *and W. W. How*, 1823–97.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling;
The grave and hell are captive led,
Lo, he returns, our glorious Head,
To his eternal dwelling.

2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored;
O day of exultation!
O earth, adore thy glorious King,
His Rising, his Ascension sing,
With grateful adoration.

3. Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Now on his Church his grace to pour,
And still his love he giveth:
O may our hearts to him ascend,
May all within us upward tend
To him who ever liveth.

OLD 25TH. (D.S.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1563.



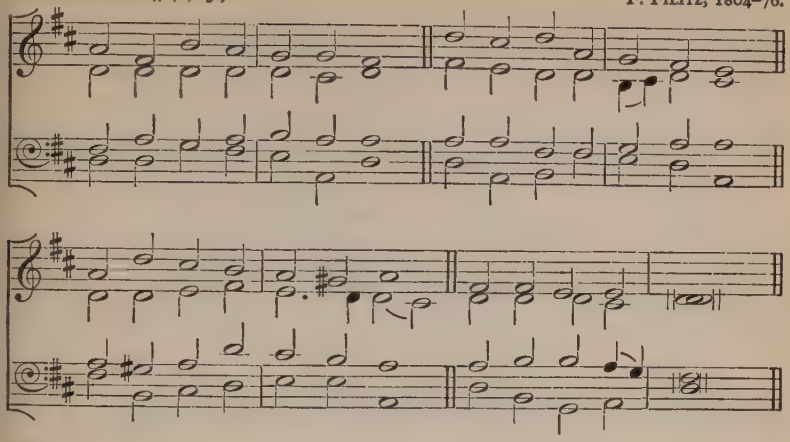
E. Toke, 1812–78.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round thy Throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy Crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

3. Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

CAPETOWN. (7 7 7. 5.) F. FILITZ, 1804–76.



Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

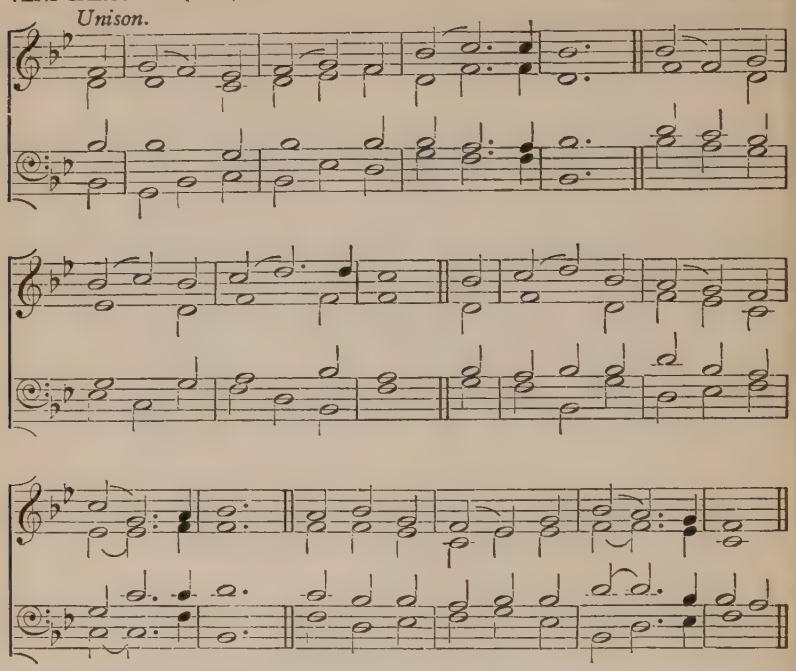
3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heav'n will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

5. Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

VENI CREATOR. (L.M.) Mode viii. Mechlin Version.

Unison.



11th cent., or possibly earlier.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

2 Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3 Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Deo tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4 Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

5 Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6 Da gaudiorum praemia,
Da gratiarum munera,
Dissolve litis vincula,
Adstringe pacis foedera.

7. Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

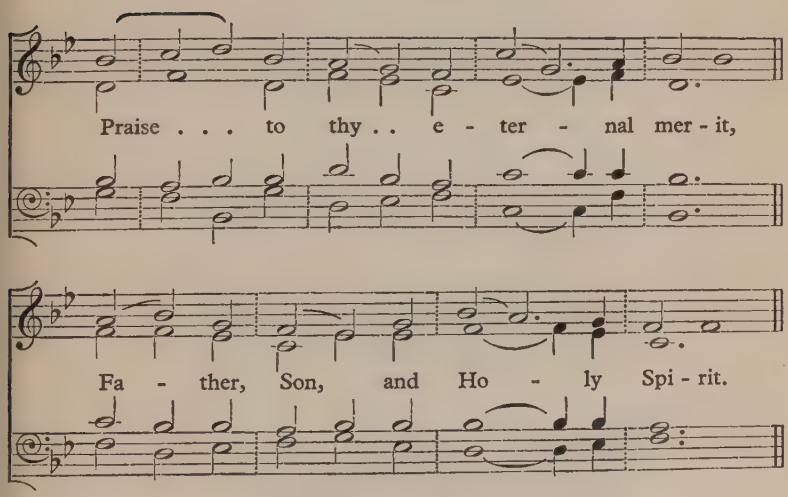
J. Cosin, 1594–1672, *from the Latin.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:

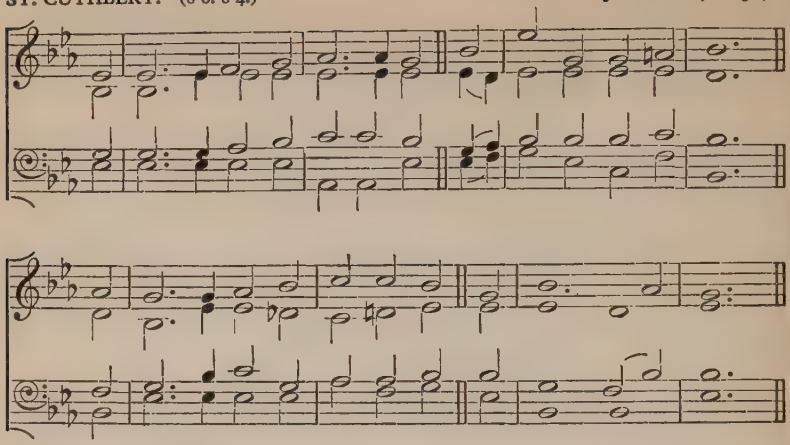
2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

4. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song:



ST. CUTHBERT. (8 6. 8 4.) J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.



H. Auber, 1773–1862.

OUR Blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

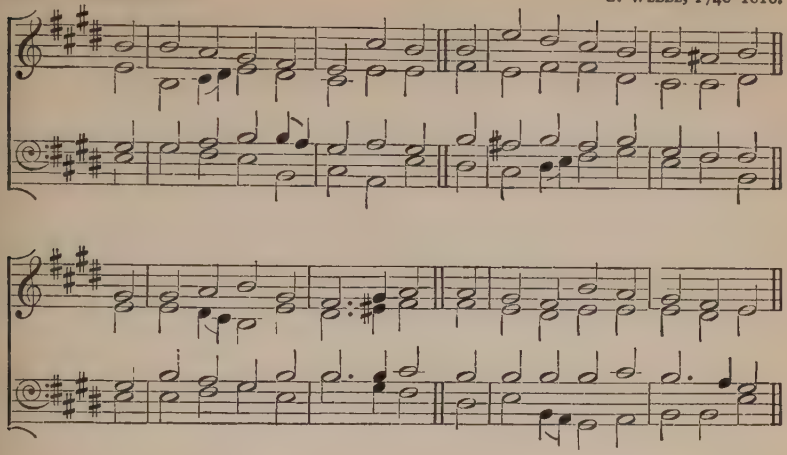
2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

MELCOMBE. (L.M.) S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



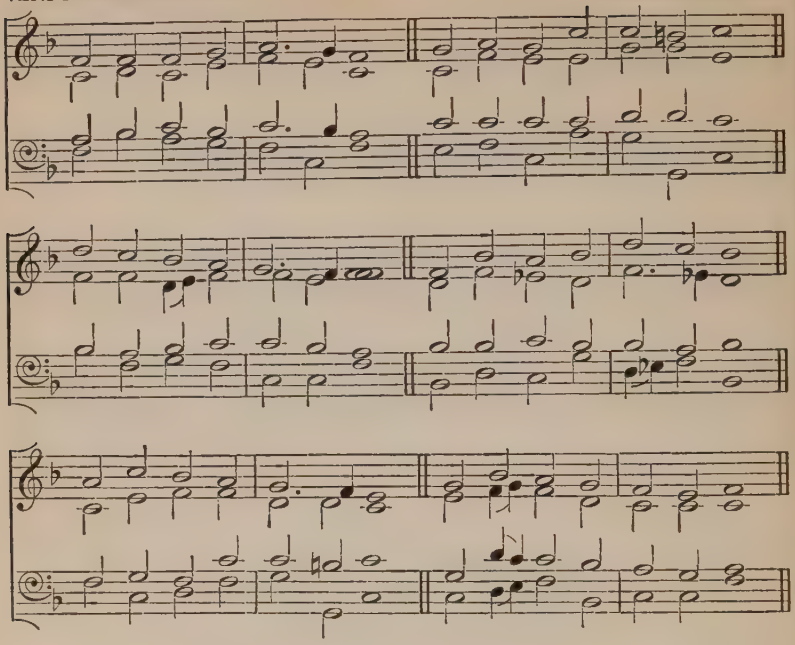
Anon., 1774.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Shed thy sweet influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Through all the listening earth be taught
The acts our ris'n Redeemer wrought.

3. Unfailing Comfort, heav'nly Guide,
Still o'er thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS. (7 7 7. 7 7 7.) S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



13th cent. Probably Innocent III.

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis tuae radium,
Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, Dator munerum,
Veni, Lumen cordium :

2 Consolator optime,
Dulcis Hospes animae,
Dulce Refrigerium :
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

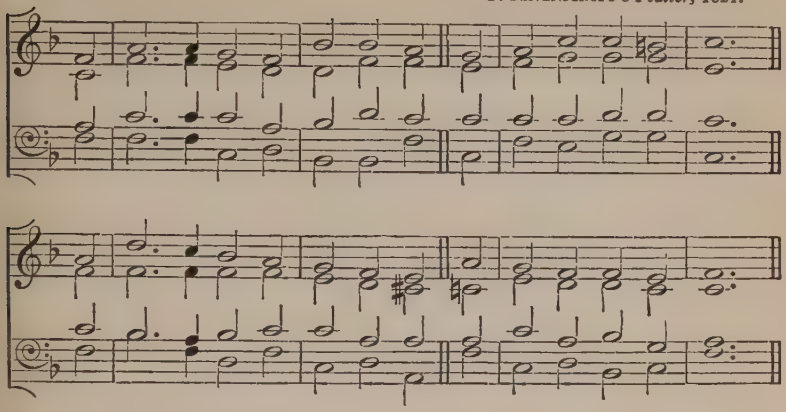
3 O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

4 Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

5. Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

WINCHESTER OLD. (C.M.)

ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592. Harmony adapted from T. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



J. Keble, 1792–1866.

WHEN God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame;

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Soften than gale at morning prime
Hovered his Holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

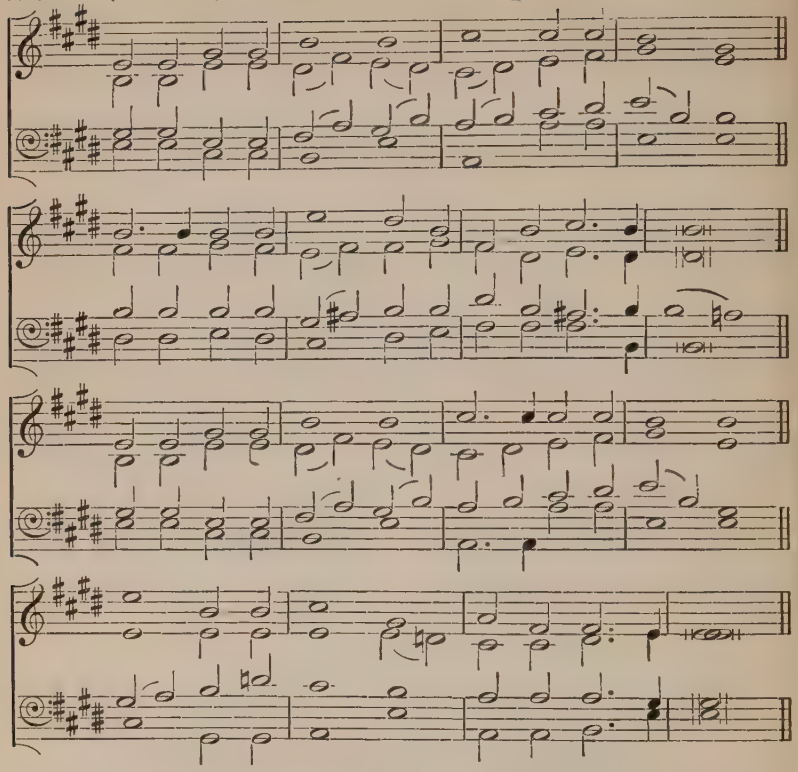
4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7. Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

NICAEA. (12 12. 12 10.) J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.



Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

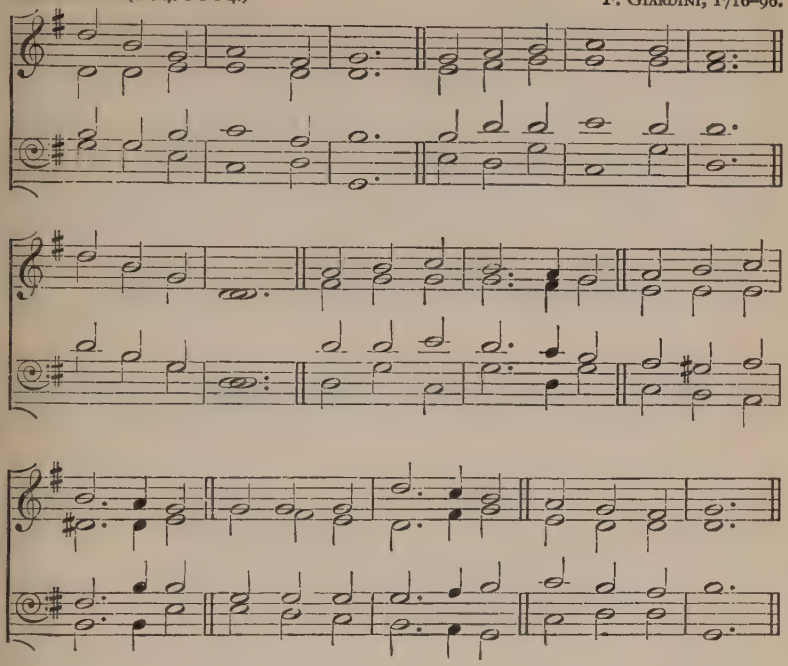
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

TRINITY

MOSCOW. (6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.) F. GIARDINI, 1716–96.



J. Marriott, 1780–1825.

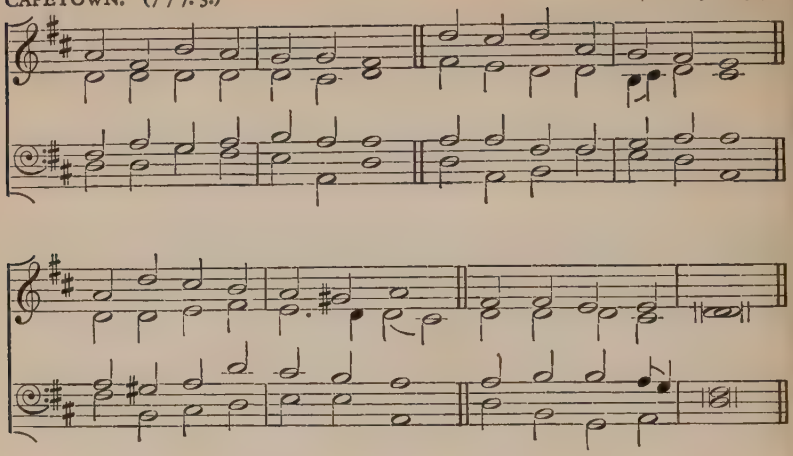
THOU whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4. Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide
Let there be light.

CAPETOWN. (7 7 7. 5.) F. FILITZ, 1804–76.



G. Rorison, 1821–69.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

4. Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship thee:
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

JERUSALEM. (D.L.M.) C. HUBERT H. PARRY, 1848–1918.

Slow, but with animation.

f *mf cres.* *ff*

VOICES. *mf*

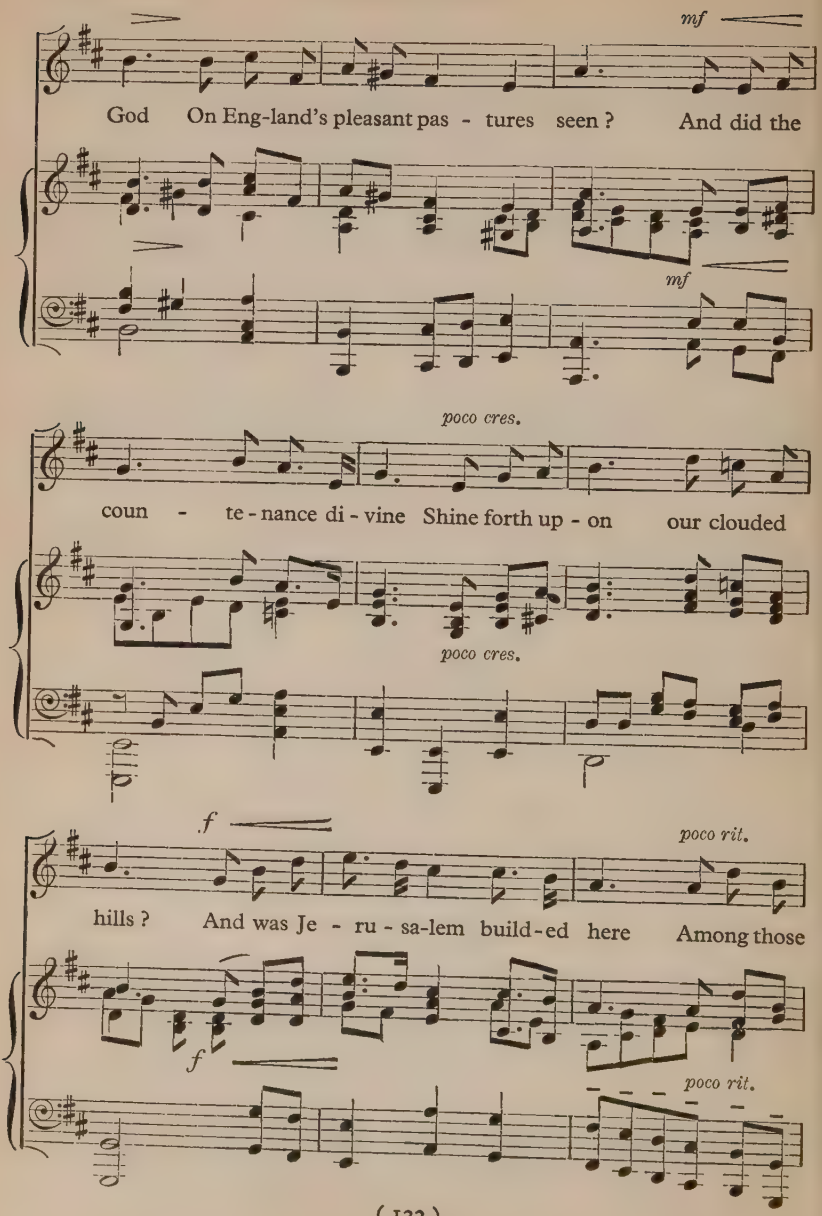
1. And did those feet in an - cient time Walk up - on

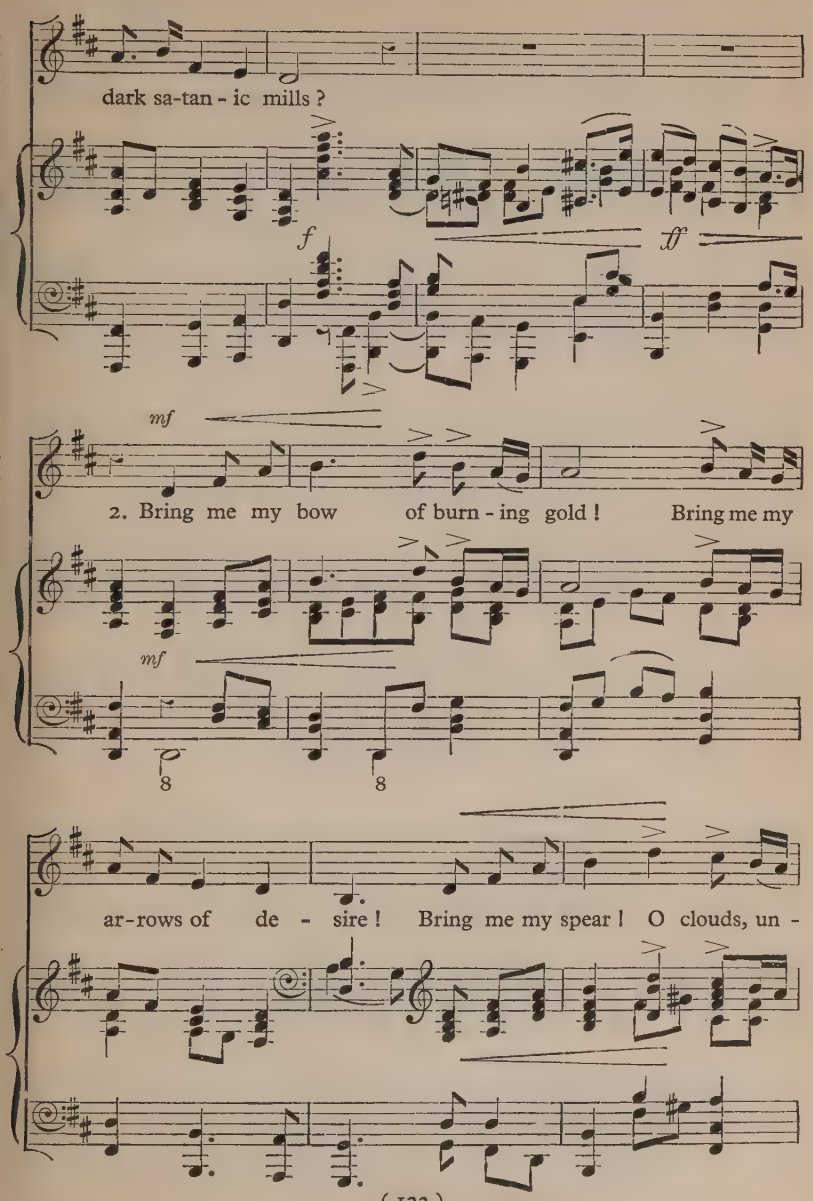
mf

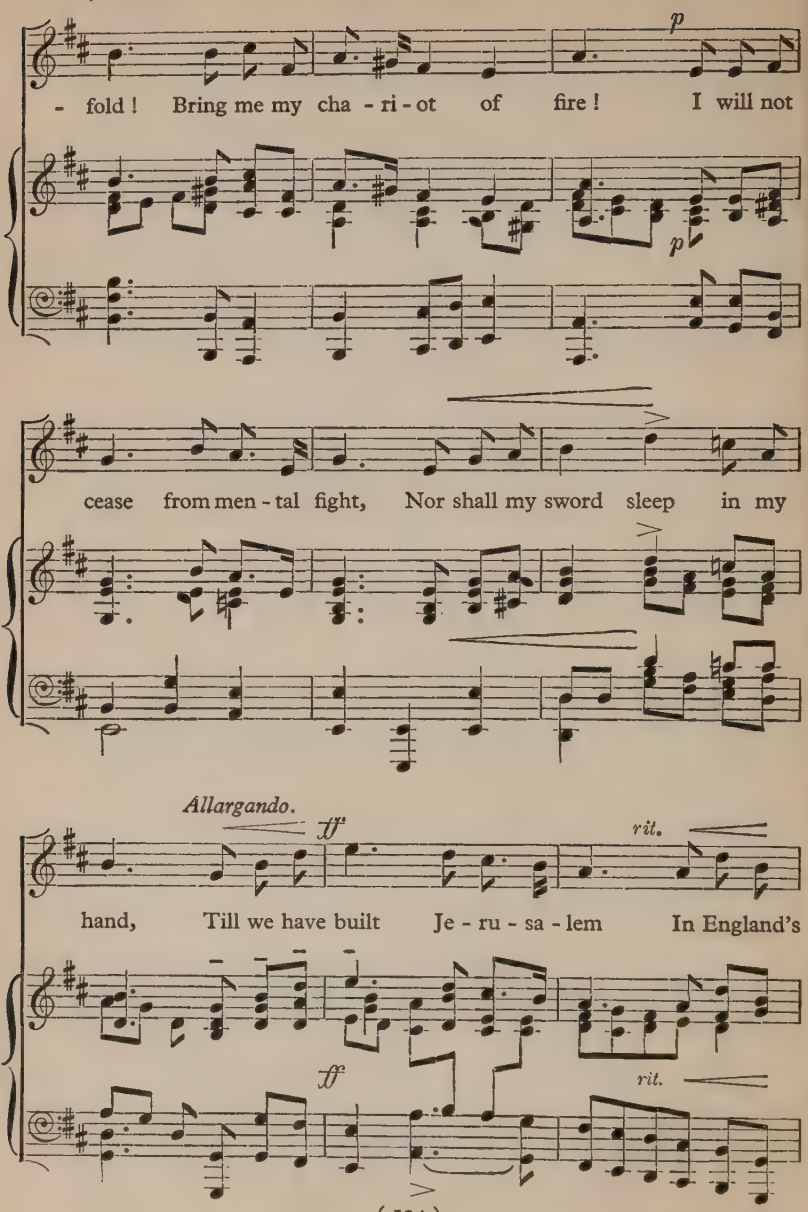
p

Eng-land's moun-tains green? And was the ho - ly Lamb of

p


mf
God On Eng-land's pleasant pas - tures seen? And did the
mf
poco cres.
coun - te-nance di-vine Shine forth up-on our clouded
poco cres.
f
poco rit.
hills? And was Je - ru-sa-lem build-ed here Among those
f
poco rit.


dark sa-tan - ic mills ?
f
ff
mf
2. Bring me my bow of burn - ing gold ! Bring me my
mf
8
8
ar-rows of de - sire ! Bring me my spear ! O clouds, un -


p
- fold! Bring me my cha - ri - ot of fire! I will not
p
cease from men - tal fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my
Allargando.
ff
rit.
hand, Till we have built Je - ru - sa - lem In England's
ff
rit.

green and plea-sant land. . . . . .

ff

8

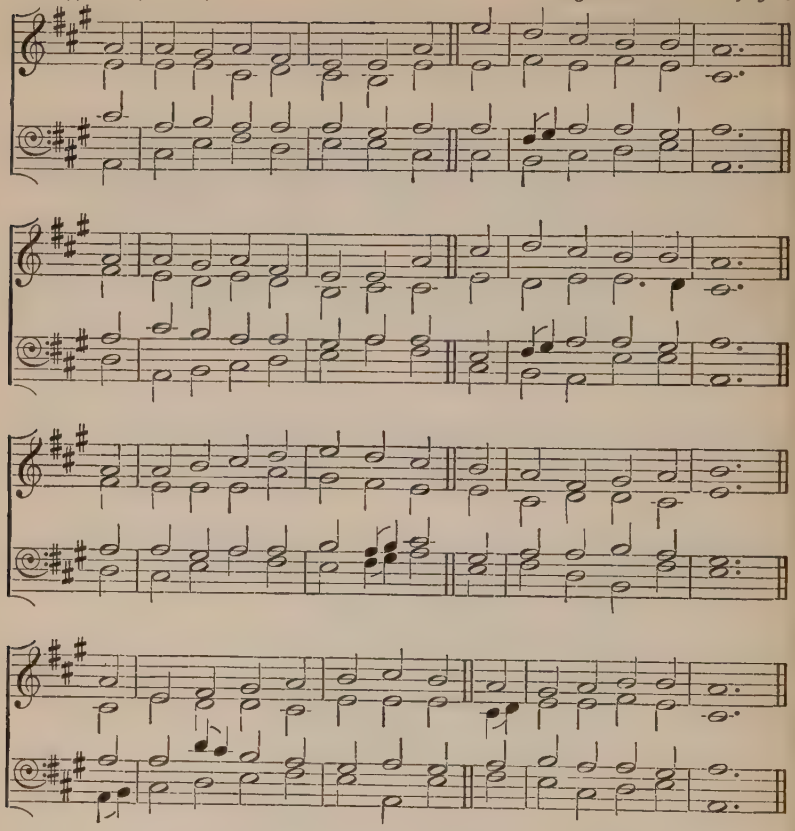
[*Copyright*, 1916, *by C. Hubert H. Parry.*]

William Blake, 1757–1827.

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

2. Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

OLD 44TH. (D.C.M.) *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1566.

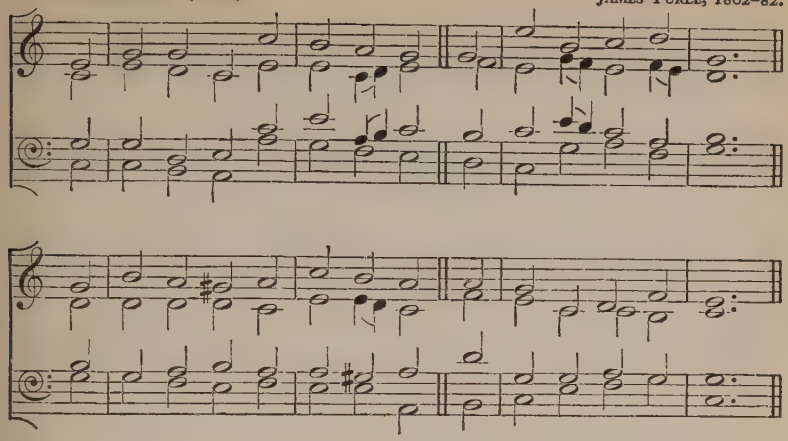


C. Wesley, 1707–88.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise:
Let all the Saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2. Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide,
O that the word were given;
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in Heaven.

WESTMINSTER. (C.M.) JAMES TURLE, 1802–82.



I. Watts, 1674–1748.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

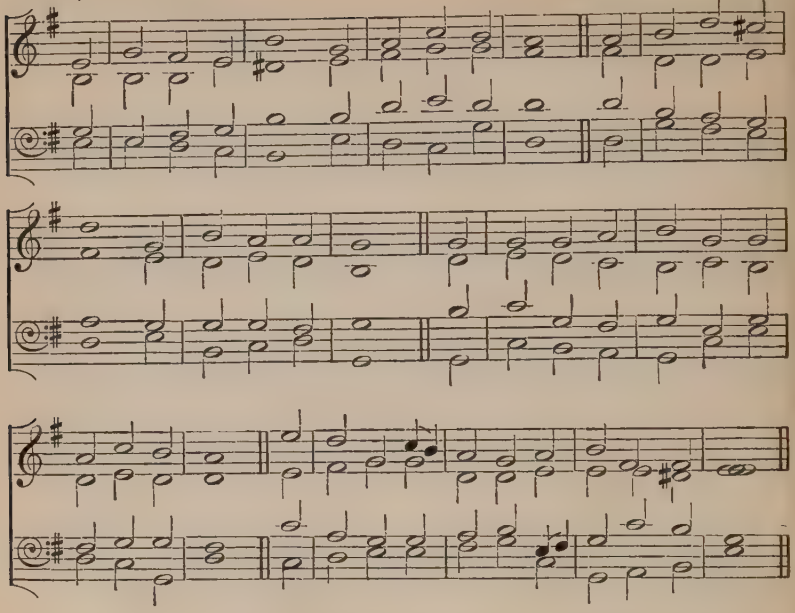
4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7. To pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

OLD 104TH. (10 10. 11 11.) T. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



J. B. de Santeuil, 1630–97. *Tr. I. Williams*, 1802–65.

DISPOSER supreme and Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine the weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting thy riches which aye shall endure.

2 Those vessels soon fail, though full of thy light,
And at thy decree are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven the lightnings have shone.

3 Like clouds are they borne to do thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go;
The Word with his wisdom their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'erflow.

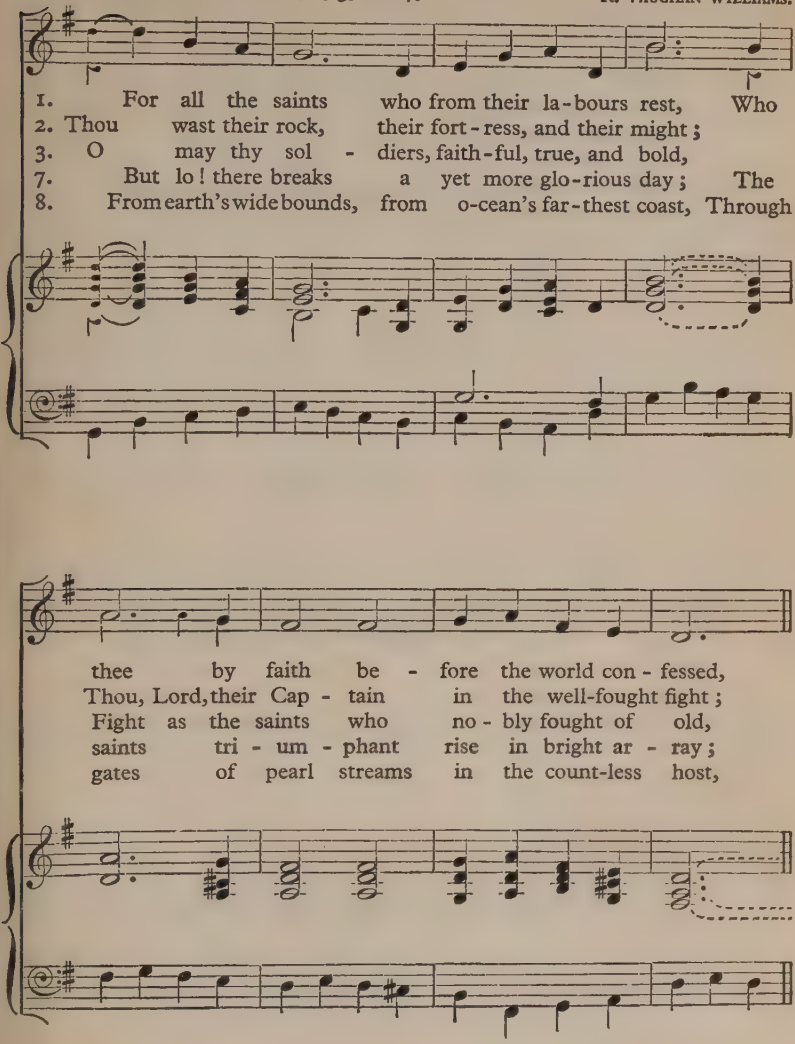
4 O loud be their trump, and stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, from slumber of sin;
The lights thou hast kindled in darkness around,
O may they illumine our spirits within.

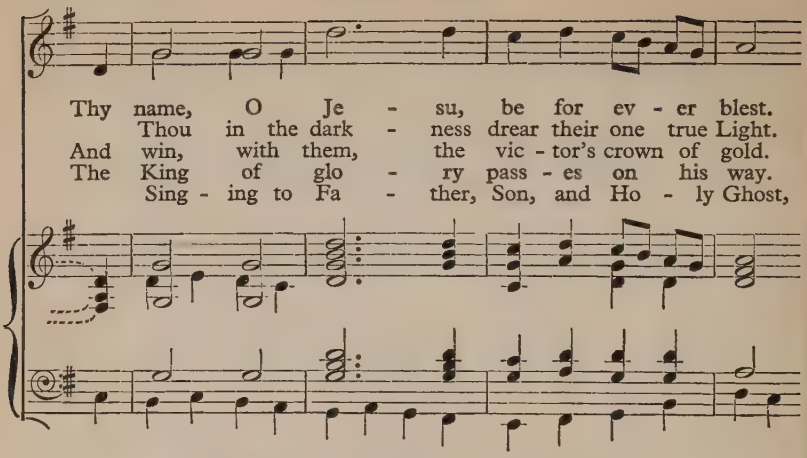
5. All honour and praise, dominion and might
To God, Three in One, eternally be,
Who round us hath shed his own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness his glory to see.

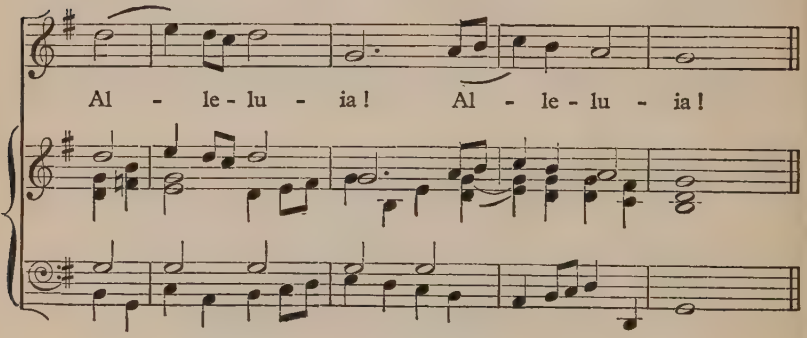
SINE NOMINE. (10 10, 10 4.)

Voices in unison. Verses 1, 2, 3, *and* 7, 8.

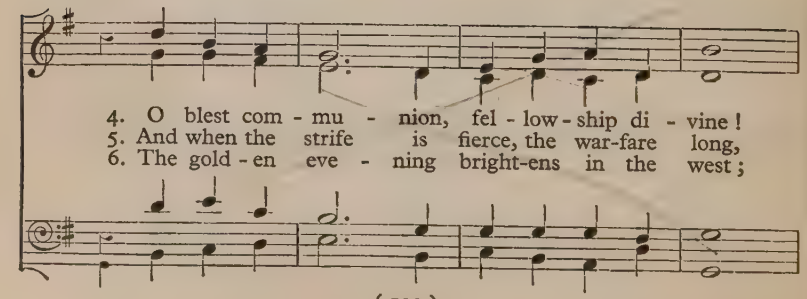
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

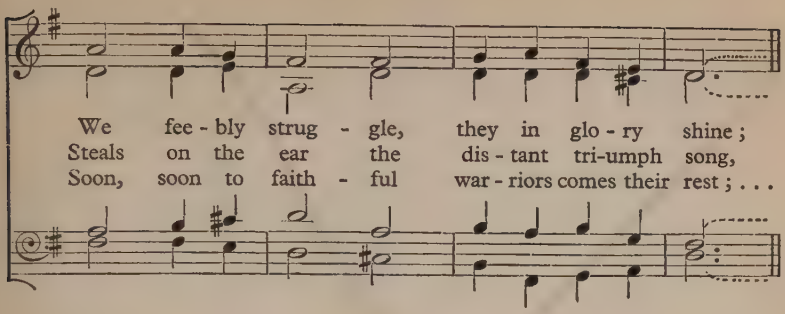




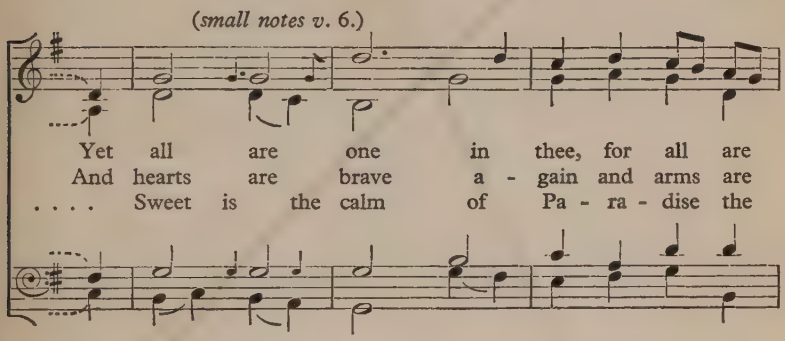


Harmony. vv. 4, 5 & 6.

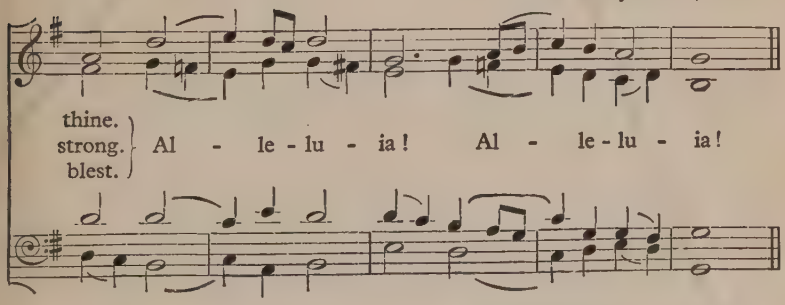




(*small notes v.* 6.)



Turn back for vv. 7 *&* 8.



W. Walsham How, 1823–97.

SECOND TUNE.

ENGELBERG. (10 10. 10 4.)

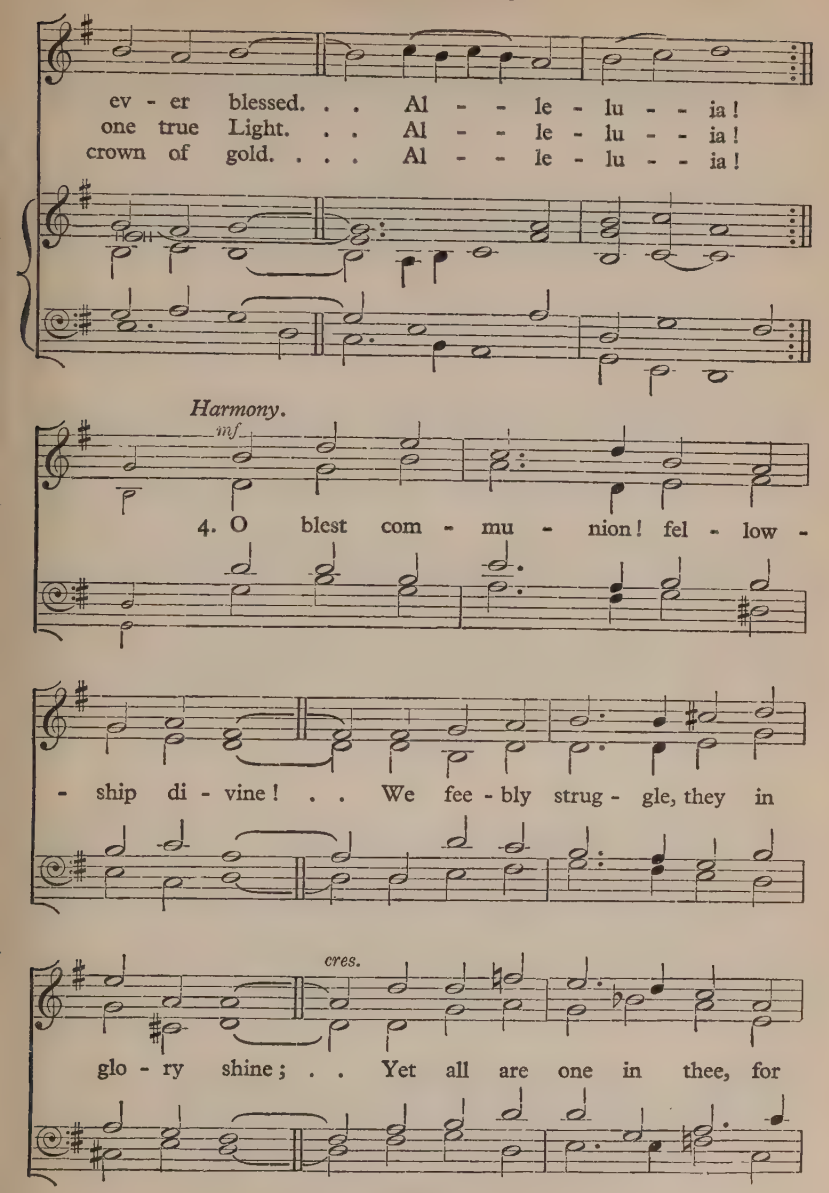
Unison. Sir C. V. STANFORD, 1852-1924.

f

1. For all the saints who from their
2. Thou wast their rock, their fort - ress,
3. O may thy sol - diers, faith - ful,

la - bours rest, . . . Who thee by faith be - fore the
and their might; . . Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the
true, and bold, . . . Fight as the saints who no - bly

world con - fessed, . . Thy name, O Je - su, be for
well-fought fight; . . Thou in the dark-ness drear their
fought of old, . . . And win, with them, the vic - tor's


ev - er blessed. . . Al - - le - lu - - ia!
one true Light. . . Al - - le - lu - - ia!
crown of gold. . . . Al - - le - lu - - ia!
Harmony.
mf
4. O blest com - mu - nion! fel - low -
- ship di - vine! . . We fee - bly strug - gle, they in
cres.
glo - ry shine; . . Yet all are one in thee, for

all are thine. . . Al - - le - lu - - ia! .

Unison.

p

5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long, .

. . Steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph - song, .

cres.

. . And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong. .

Trebles only.

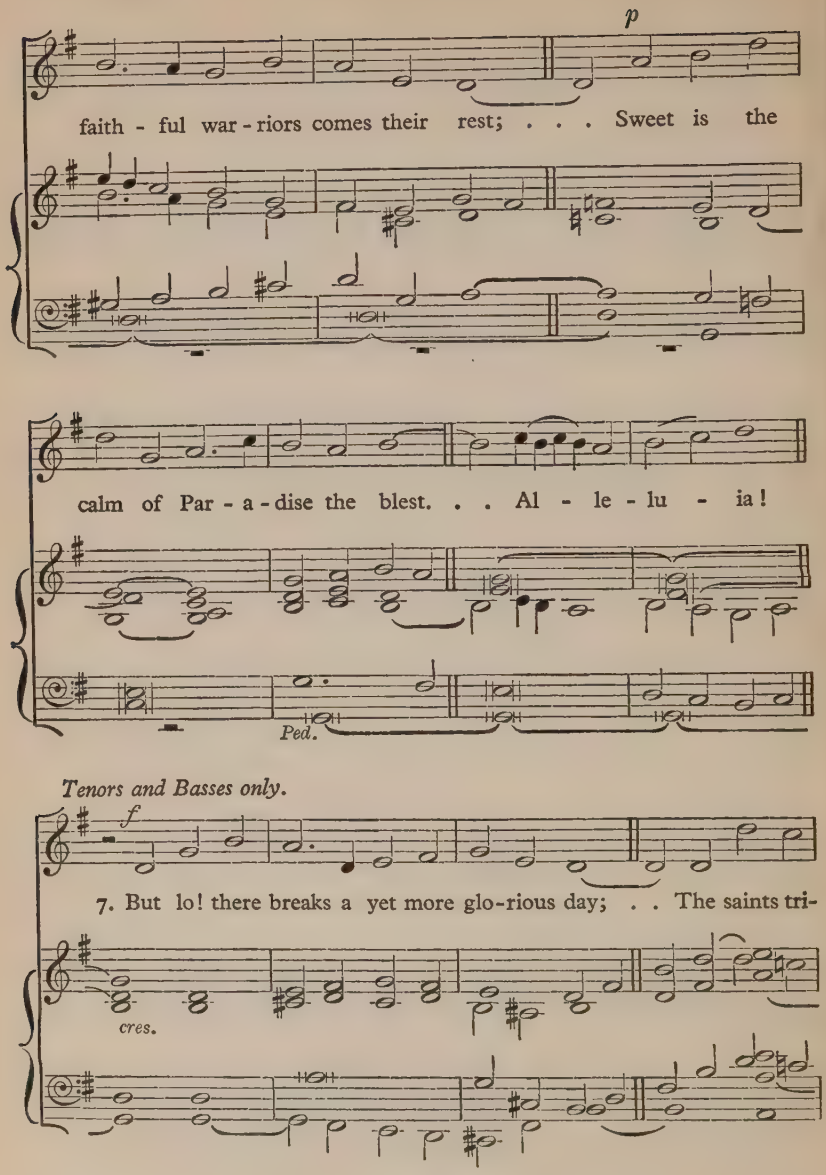
mf

. . . Al - - le - lu - - ia! 6. The gold - en

p

Without pedals.

eve - ning bright-ens in the west; . . Soon, soon to


p
faith - ful war - riors comes their rest; . . . Sweet is the
calm of Par - a - dise the blest. . . Al - le - lu - ia!
Ped.
Tenors and Basses only.
f
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glo-rious day; . . The saints tri-
cres.

- um - phant rise in bright ar - ray: . . . The King of

glo - ry pass - es on his way. . . Al - - le -

In unison.

ff

- lu - ia! 8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's

f

far - thest coast, . . . Through gates of pearl streams in the

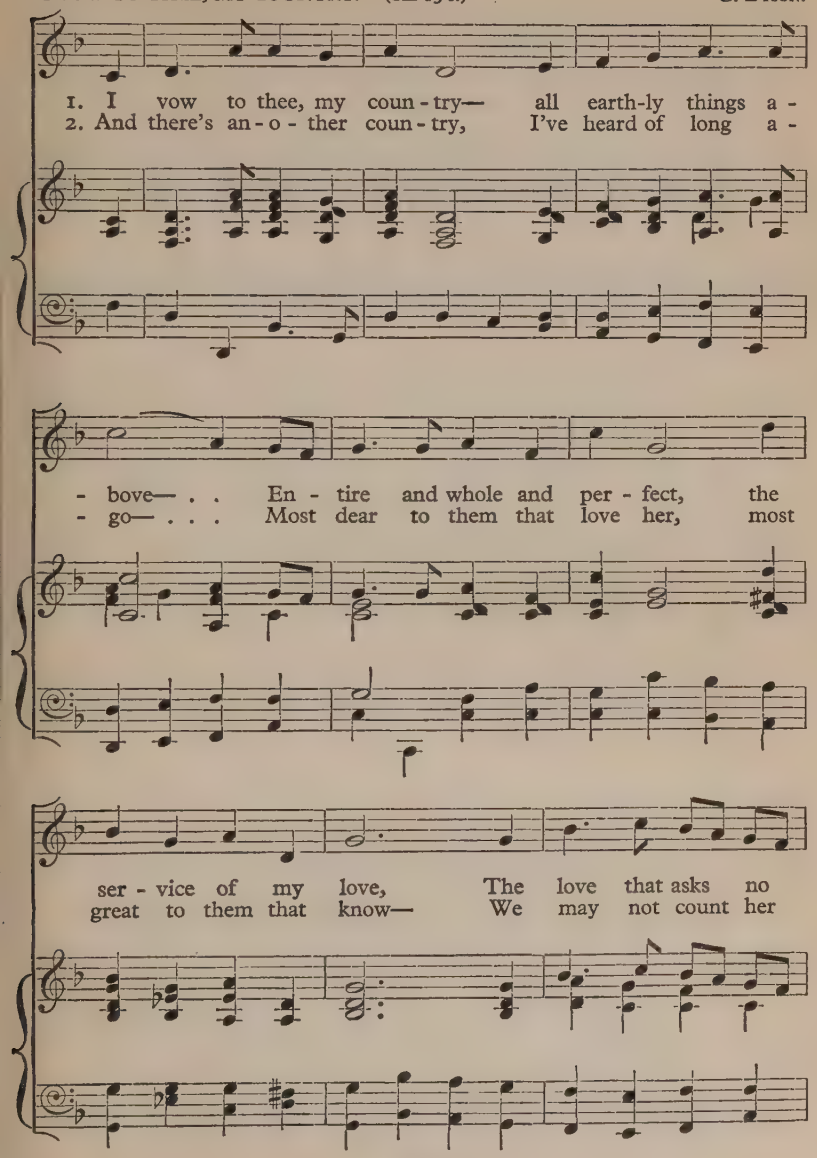
count - less host, . . . Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and

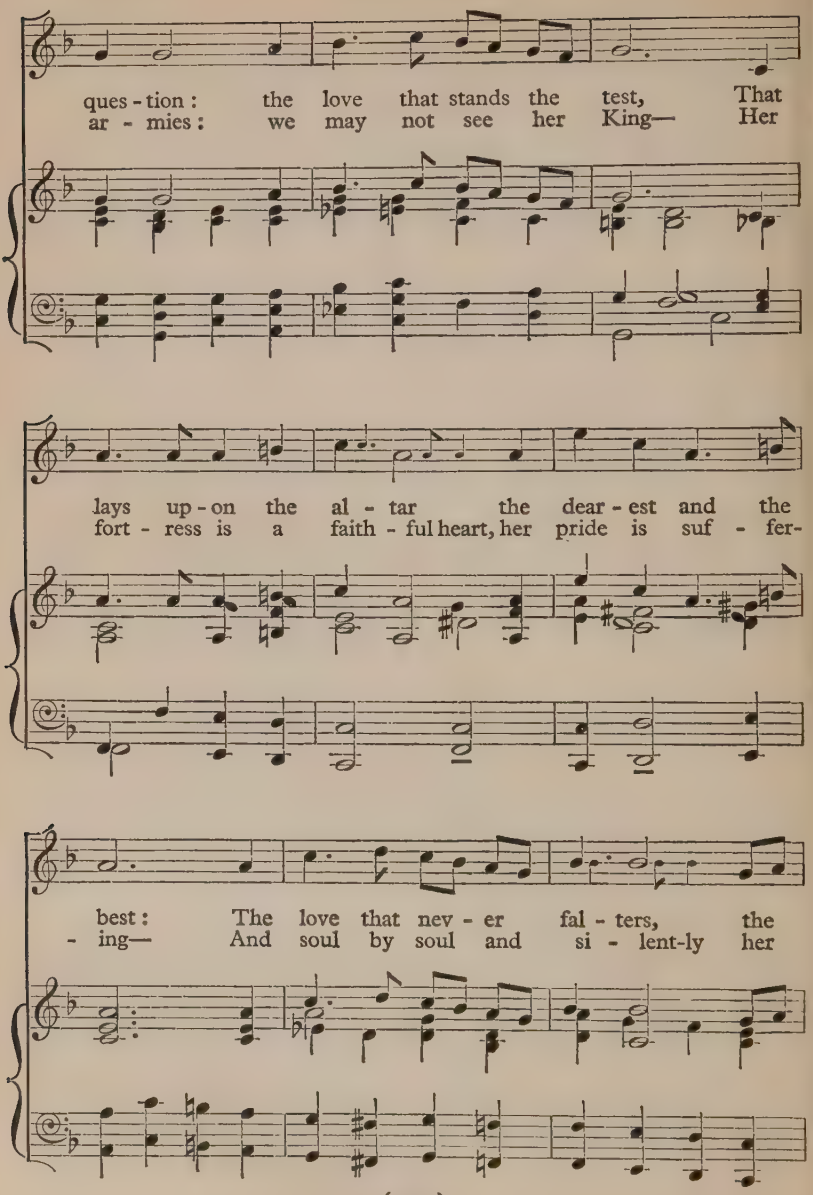
Ho - ly Ghost. . . Al - le - lu - ia!

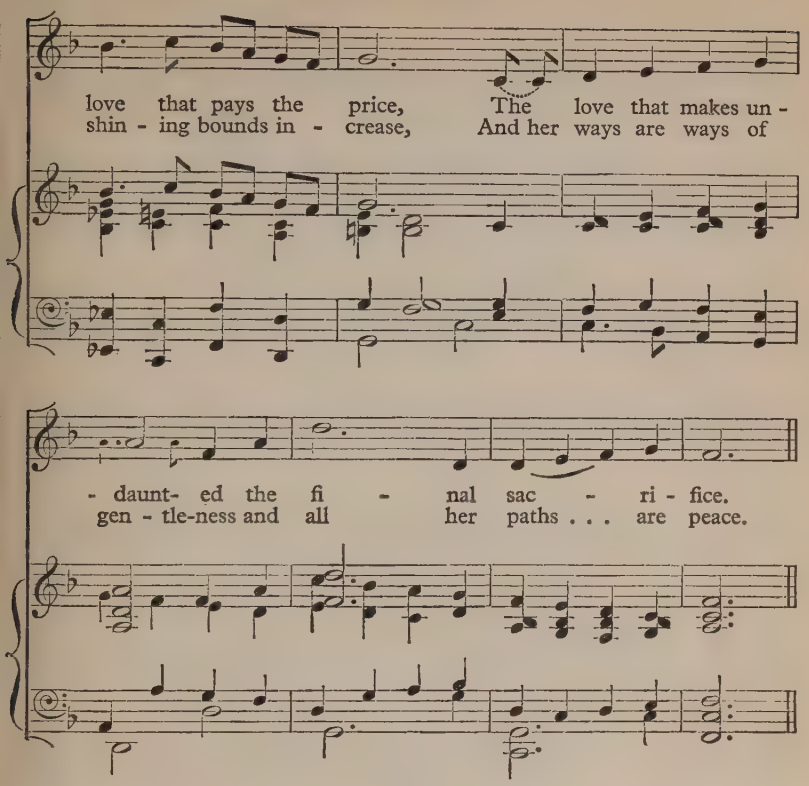
Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97.

[*Copyright*, 1904, *by C. V. Stanford.*]

'I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY.' (Six 13's.) G. DYSON.




ques - tion : the love that stands the test, That
ar - mies : we may not see her King— Her
lays up - on the al - tar the dear - est and the
fort - ress is a faith - ful heart, her pride is suf - fer-
best : The love that nev - er fal - ters, the
- ing— And soul by soul and si - lent-ly her



[*Copyright*, 1927, *by Edward Arnold & Co.*]

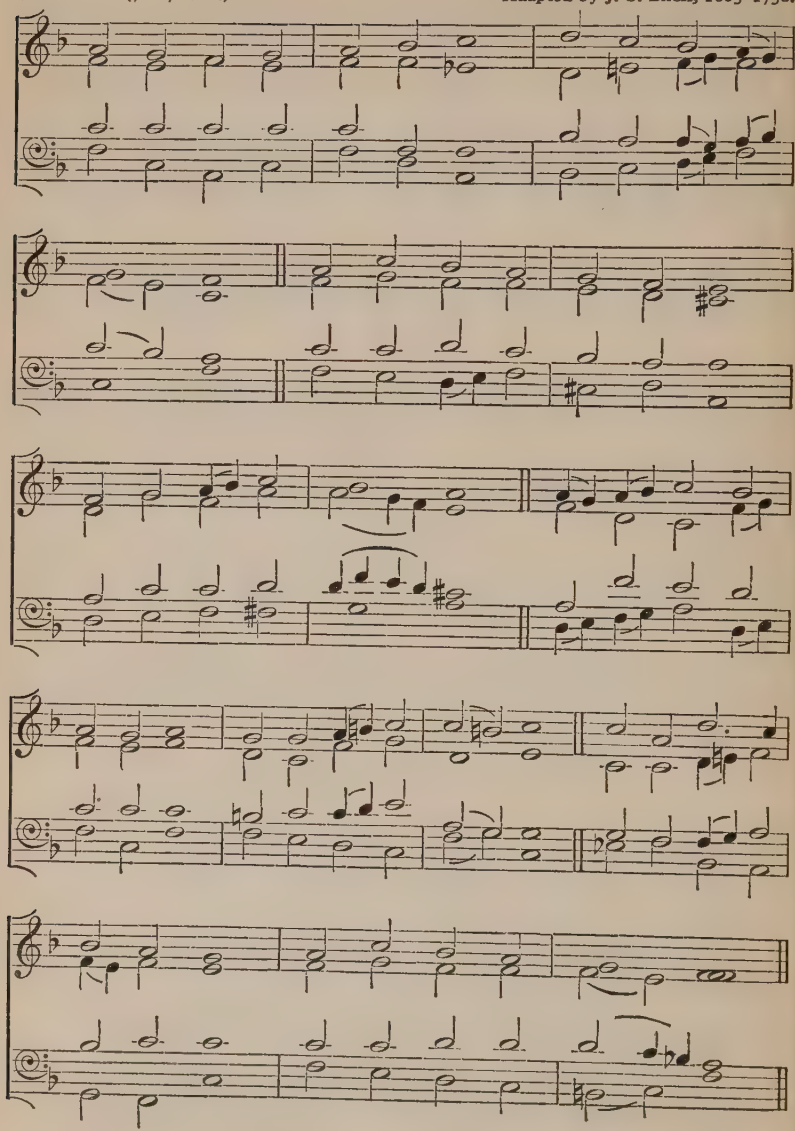
Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, 1859–1918.

I VOW to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question : the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best :
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

2. And there 's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies : we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

WEIMAR. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Melody by M. VULPIUS, 1560–1616.
Adapted by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



St. Joseph the Hymnographer, d. 883. *Tr. J. M. Neale.*

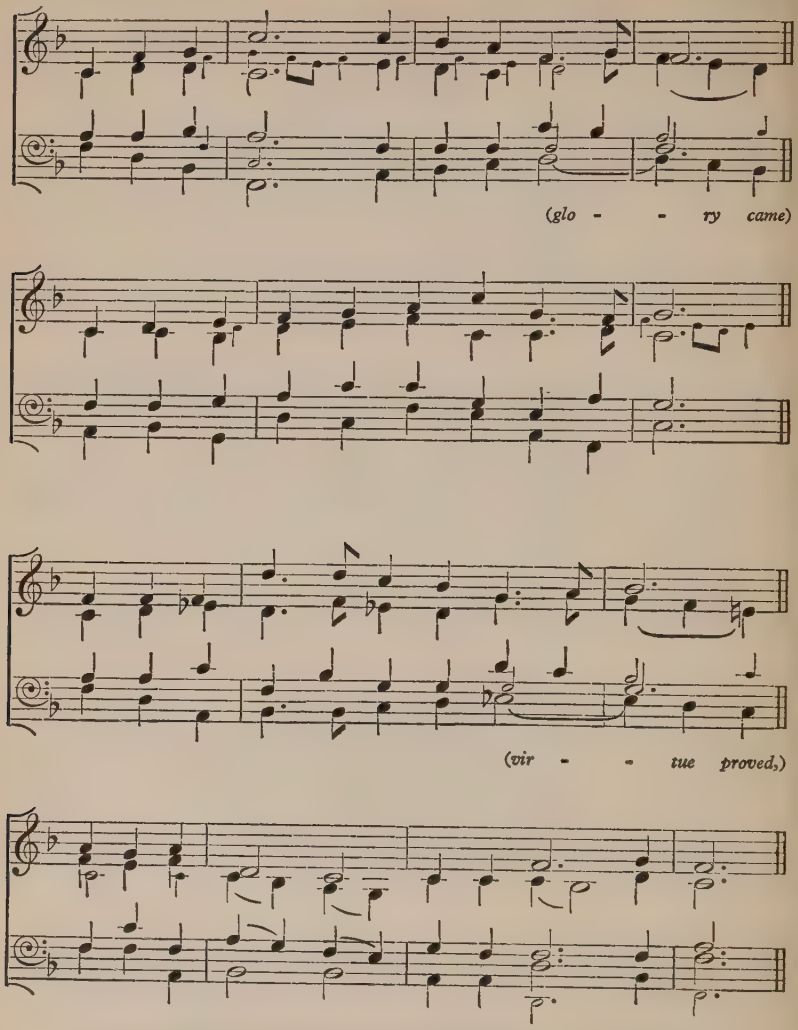
Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων.

LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3. Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

WINTON. (10 10. 10 10.) G. DYSON.



(This tune may be sung either in *Unison* or in *Harmony*. The small notes are to be played in both cases.)

(*Copyright*, 1928, *by Edward Arnold & Co.*)

Commemoration. *J. S. Arkwright.*

O VALIANT hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

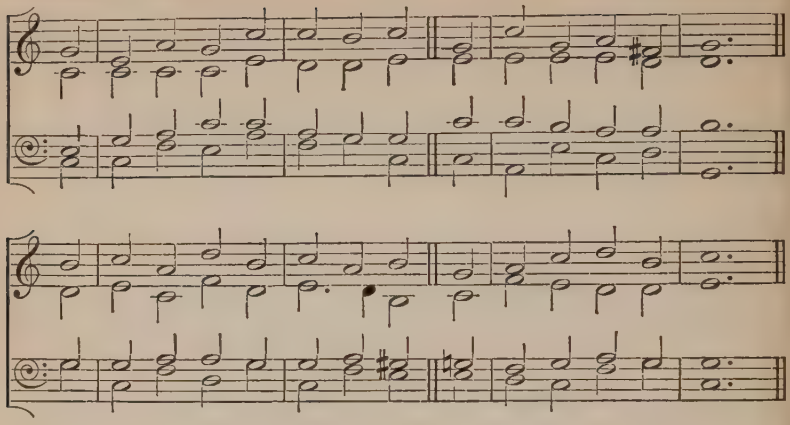
2 Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

3 Still stands his Cross from that dread hour to this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

4 These were his servants, in his steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God:
Victor he rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk his cup of sacrifice.

5. O risen Lord, O shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose staff has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to thy gracious hand.

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.

4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

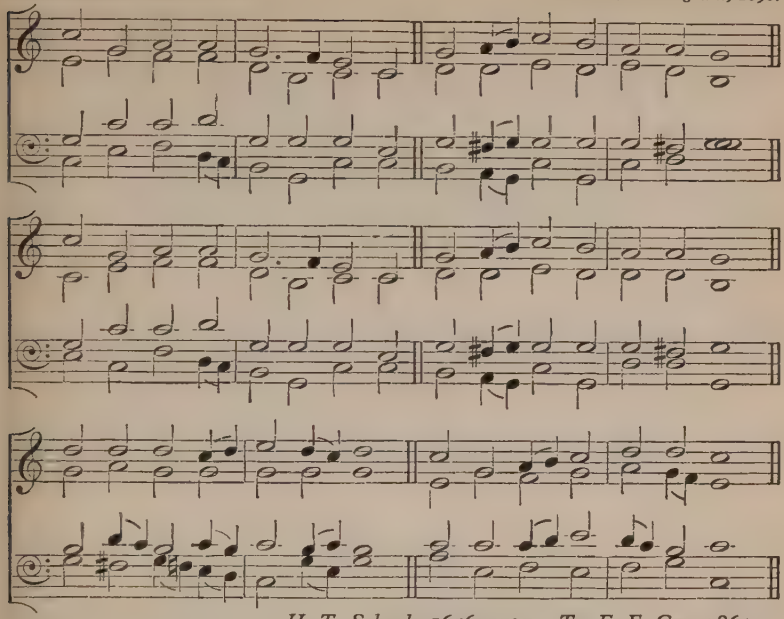
5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.

8. They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

ALL SAINTS. (8 7. 8 7. 7 7.) *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698.



H. T. Schenk, 1656–1727. *Tr. F. E. Cox*, 1864.

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5. These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his Face.

LASST UNS ERFREUEN. (8 8. 4 4. 8 8. and Alleluias.)

Melody from *Geistliche Kirchengesäng* (Cöln, 1623).

Unison.

Harmony.

Unison.

Harmony.

Unison.

A. R.

YE watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

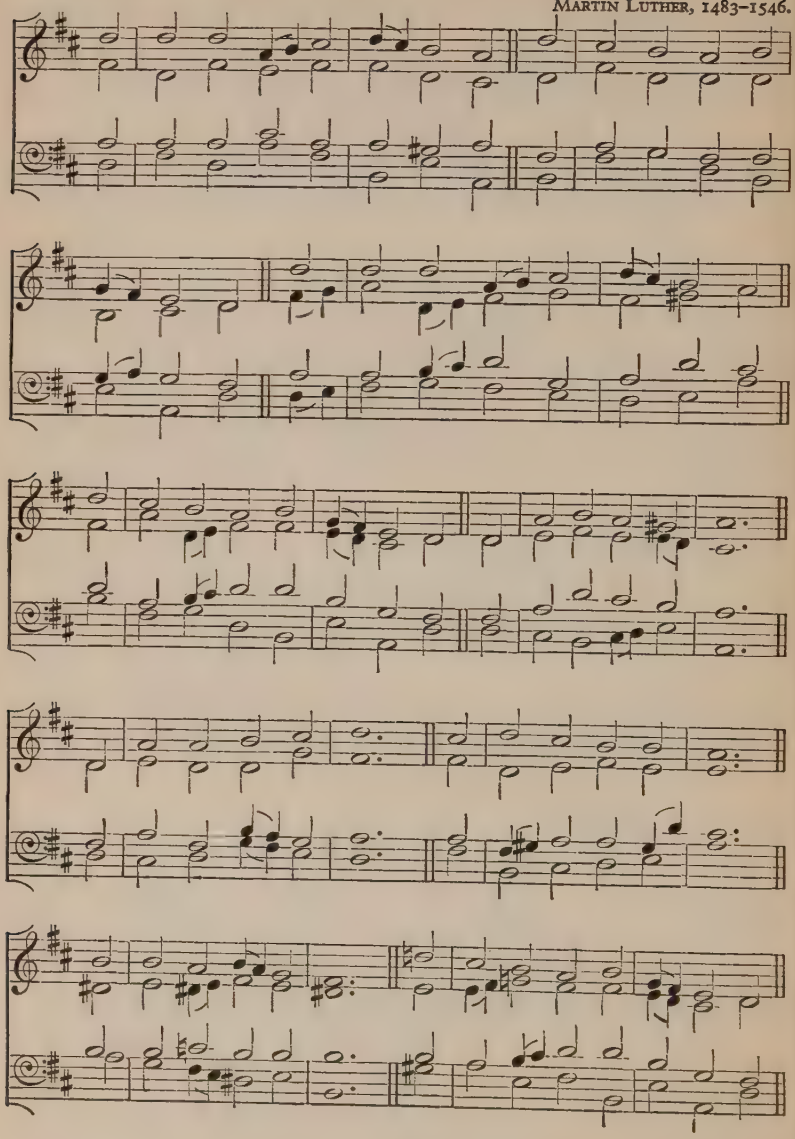
2 O higher than the Cherubim,
More glorious than the Seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,
All Saints triumphant, raise the song
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

4. O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

EIN' FESTE BURG. (8 8. 8 8. 6 6. 6 6 8.)

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546.



Martin Luther, 1483–1546. *Tr. C. Adams.*

A MIGHTY Saviour, Lord, art thou,
A strong Defender of the right;
Before thee shall all nations bow,
And earth with Heav'n declare thy might.
Though foes the battle wage,
And kings in strife engage,
And angry nations rage,
Thy people shall not fear,
For thou, O righteous God, art near.

2 O God, our hope and strength in woe,
Thou makest wars on earth to cease:
Thy power doth lay the haughty low,
Thy mercy gives the humble peace.
O thou Almighty Lord,
Hushed, at thine awful word,
Were battle, shield, and sword:
Earth trembled and was still,
When thou didst rise to work thy will.

3 Then, though more furious war arose,
Against thy Church though tempests beat,
Yet thou shalt vanquish all our foes,
And trample them beneath thy feet.
Firm as a rock shall stand,
Fixed by thy sure command,
The work of thine own hand:
Not all the gates of hell
Shall harm the house where thou dost dwell.

4. O God, our hope in that dread hour
When thou shalt sound the trump on high,
And, coming in the clouds with power,
Send judgement forth to victory:
Then, though the earth decay,
And Heav'n shall melt away
In that last awful day,
May we rejoice, nor fear,
For thou, O saving God, art near.

LASST UNS ERFREUEN. (8 8. 4 4. 8 8. and Alleluias.)

Melody from *Geistliche Kirchengesäng* (Cöln, 1623).

Unison.

Harmony.

Unison.

Harmony.

O praise him, O

Unison.

praise him, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia!

St. Francis of Assisi. Tr. W. H. Draper.

ALL creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, Alleluia !
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise him, Alleluia !
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice.

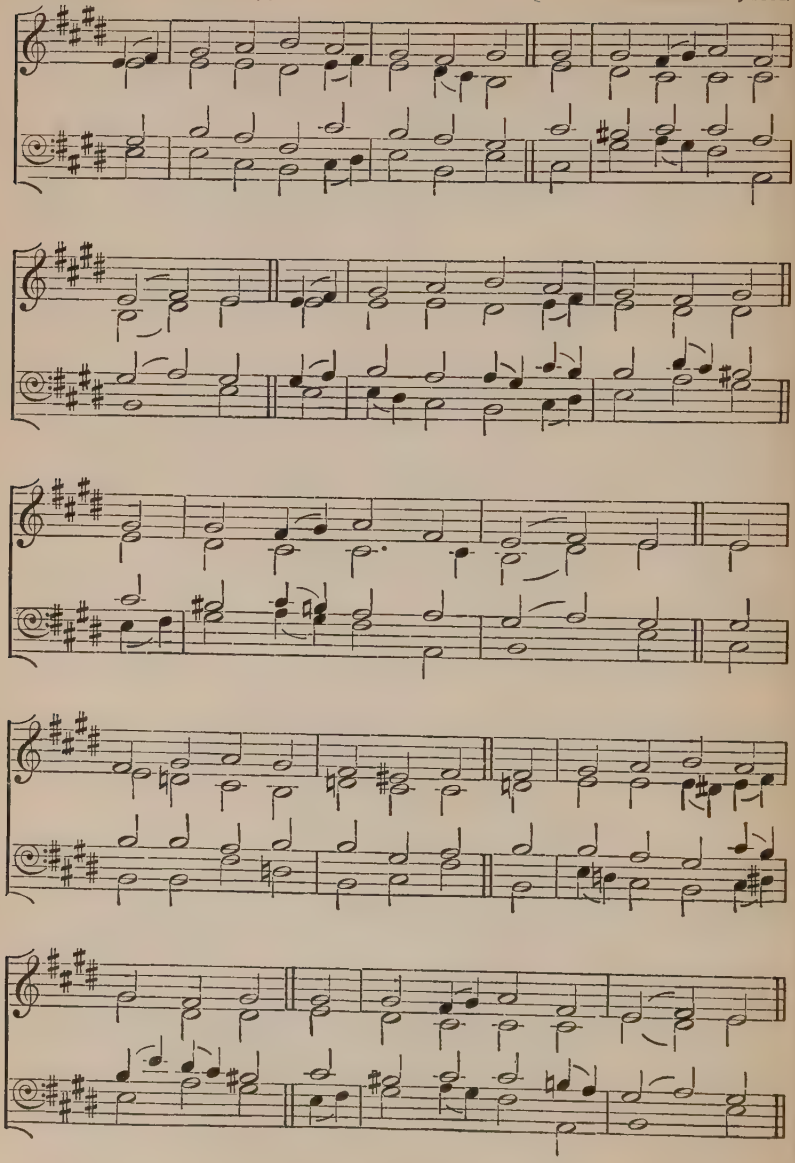
3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, Alleluia !
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light.

4 Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise him, Alleluia !
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow
Let them his glory also show.

5 And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia !
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on him cast your care.

6. Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship him in humbleness,
O praise him, Alleluia !
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.

ELBERFELD. (87. 87. 887.) HANS KUGELMANN, 1601.



J. J. Schütz, 1640–90. *Tr. A. T. Russell*, 1848.

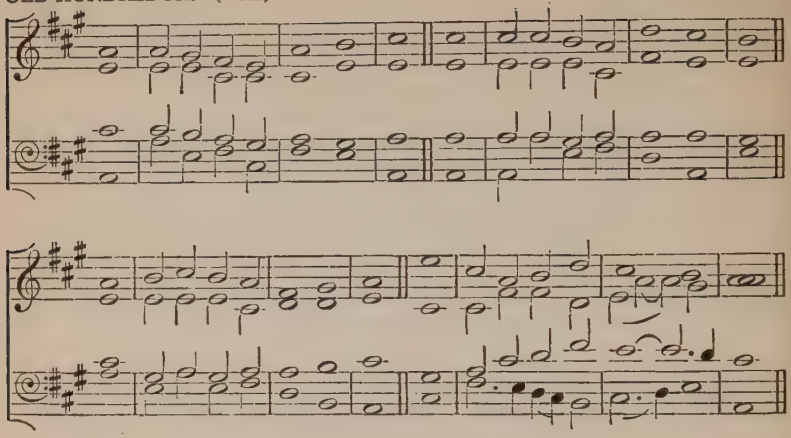
ALL glory be to God on high,
Who hath our race befriended,
To us no harm shall now come nigh,
The feud at last is ended.
God showeth his good will to men,
And peace shall dwell on earth again,
O thank him for his goodness.

2 We praise, we worship thee, we trust,
And give thee thanks for ever,
O Father, that thy rule is just
And wise, and changes never;
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
Done is whate'er thy will ordains:
Well for us that thou rulest.

3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of the heavenly Father,
O thou, who hast our peace restored,
And the lost sheep dost gather;
Thou Lamb of God, to thee on high,
From out our depths we sinners cry,
Have mercy on us, Jesu.

4. O Holy Ghost, thou precious gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread,
For as the Saviour's blood was shed,
We trust in thee to save us.

OLD HUNDREDTH. (L.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



Ps. c, *Old version*, 1560.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

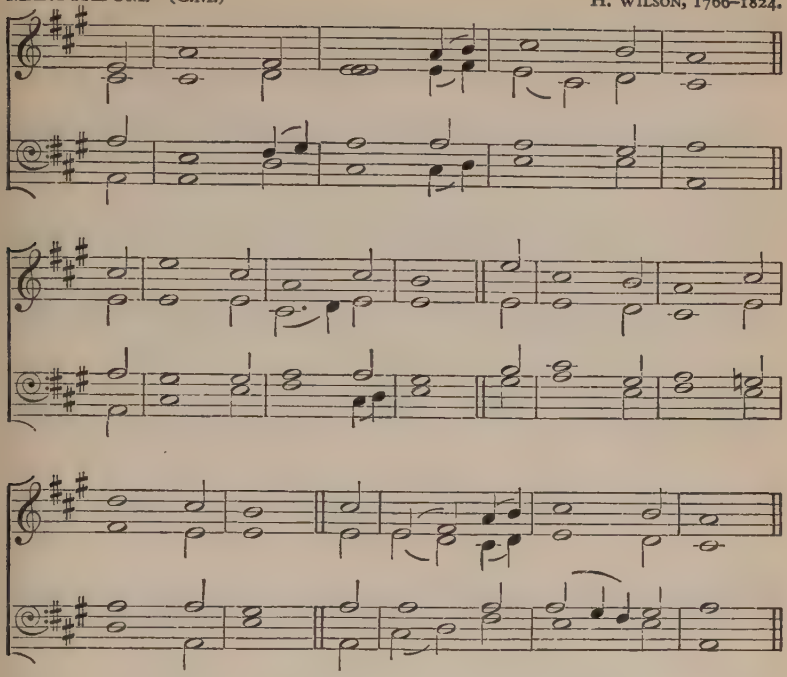
2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

MARTYRDOM. (C.M.) H. WILSON, 1766–1824.



Psalm xlii, *Tate and Brady's New version*, 1696.

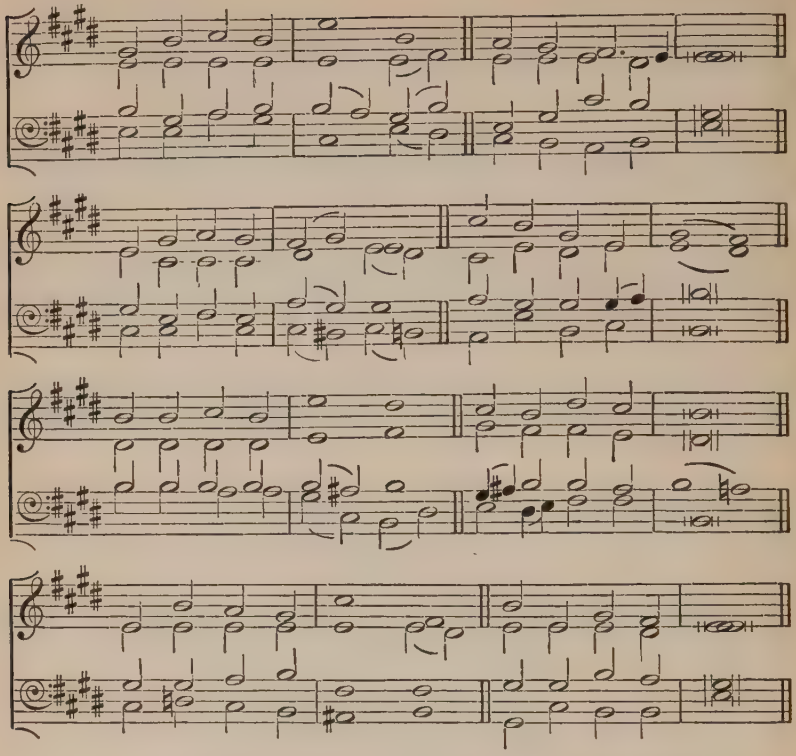
AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

4. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVELYNS. (6 5. 6 5. D.) W. H. MONK, 1823–89.



C. M. Noel, 1817–77.

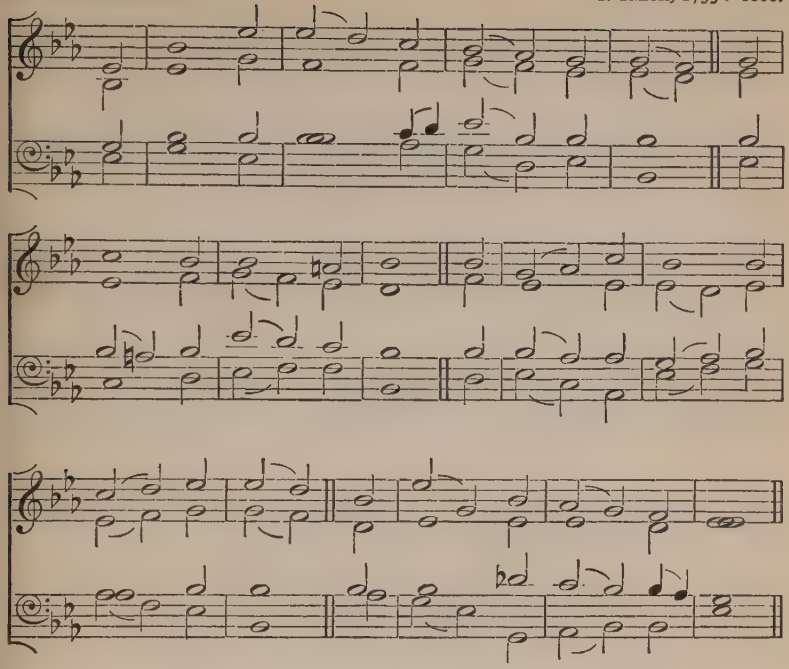
AT the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the Mighty Word.

2 Name him, brothers, name him,
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

3 In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

4. Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his Angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his Brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

ABRIDGE. (C.M.) I. SMITH, 1735 ?–1800.



I. Williams, 1802–65.

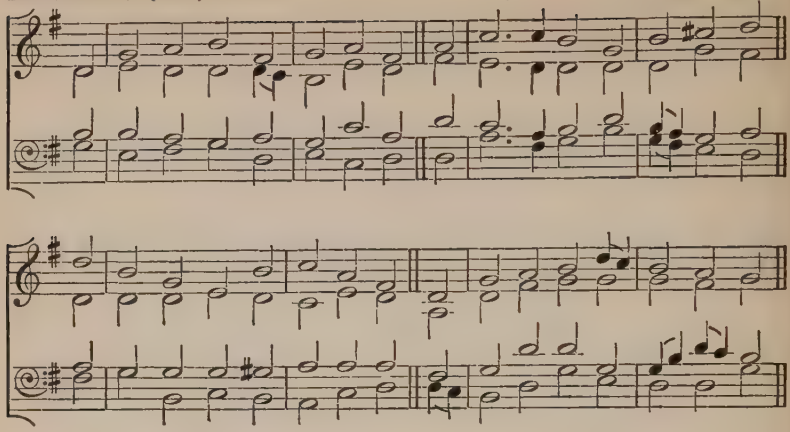
BE thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead,

3 And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

4. Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail;
That if the Tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

BROCKHAM. (L.M.) J. CLARK, 1669–1707.



I. Watts, 1674–1748.

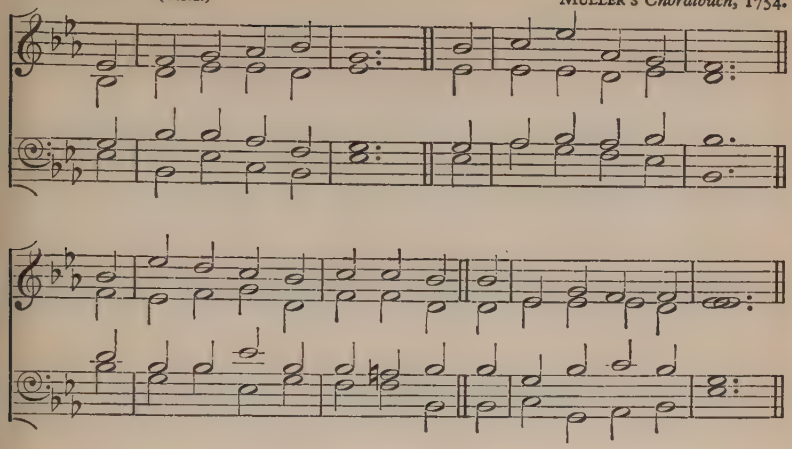
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

FRANCONIA. (S.M.) MÜLLER'S *Choralbuch*, 1754.



Verses 1 *and* 3, *J. Keble*, 1792–1866, 2 *and* 4, *W. J. Hall*, 1793–1861.

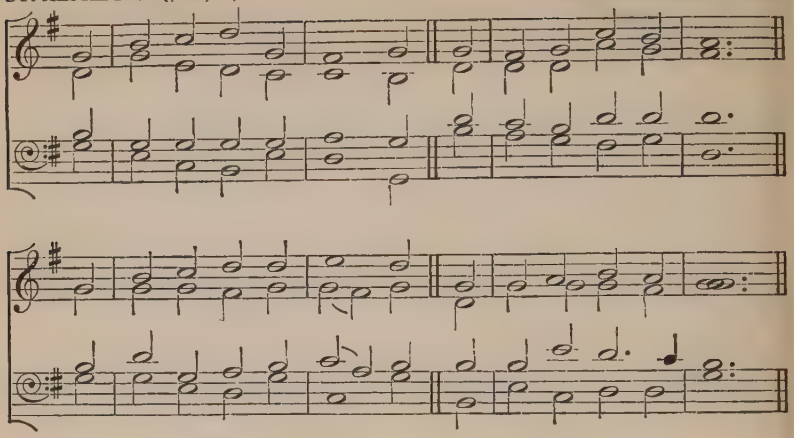
BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of their Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the Heav'ns
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4. Lord, we thy Presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

ST. ALPHEGE. (7 6. 7 6.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



Bernard of Cluny, 1145. *Tr. J. M. Neale*, 1851.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

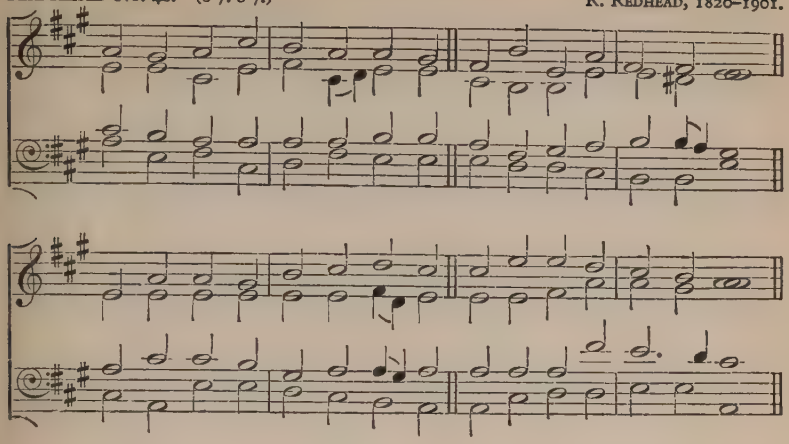
4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But he, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7. There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

REDHEAD No. 46. (8 7. 8 7.) R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



Bishop R. Mant, 1776–1848.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn;

3 'Lord, thy glory fills the Heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.'

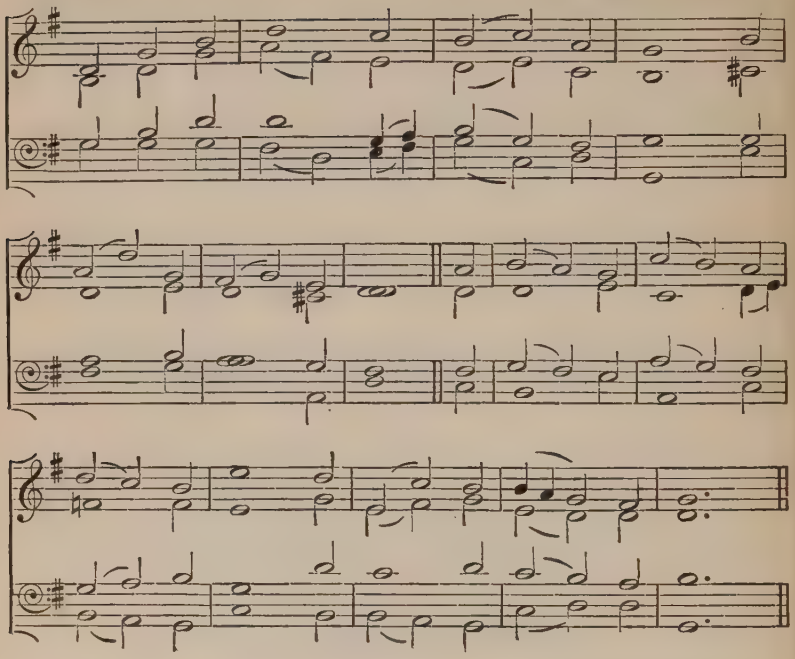
4 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
'Holy, Holy, Holy'—singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most High.'

5 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

6. 'Lord, thy glory fills the Heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.'

RICHMOND. (C.M.)

Adapted from T. HAWEIS, 1734–1820, by S. WEBBE (the younger).



S. Johnson, 1822–82.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime;
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

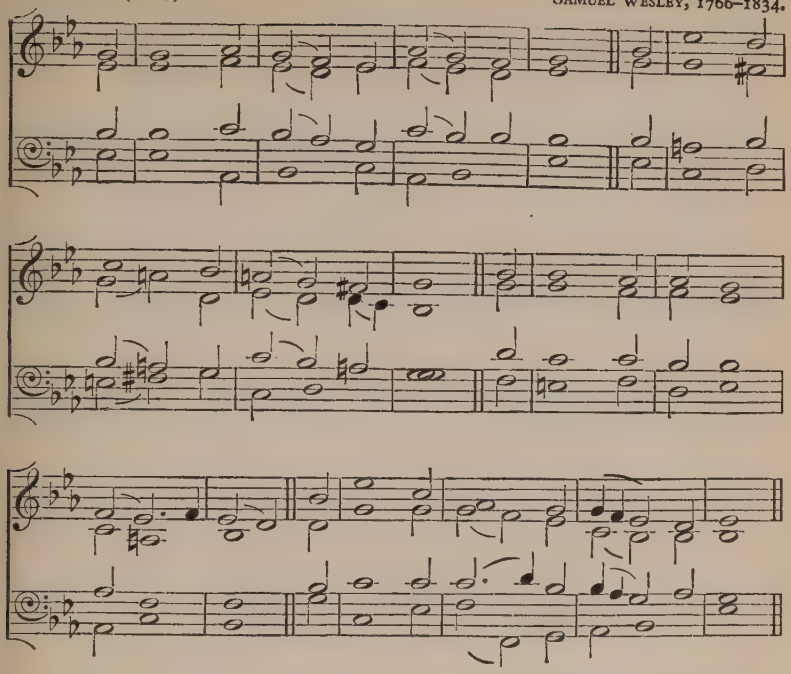
2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray;
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

4. In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the eternal rock
The eternal City stands.

BRISTOL. (L.M.)

SAMUEL WESLEY, 1766–1834.



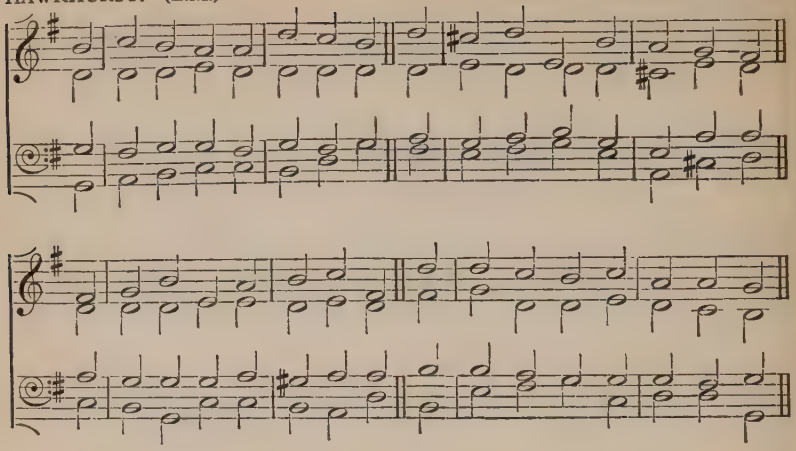
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3. Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honour done
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

HAWKHURST. (L.M.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



S. Browne, 1680–1732.

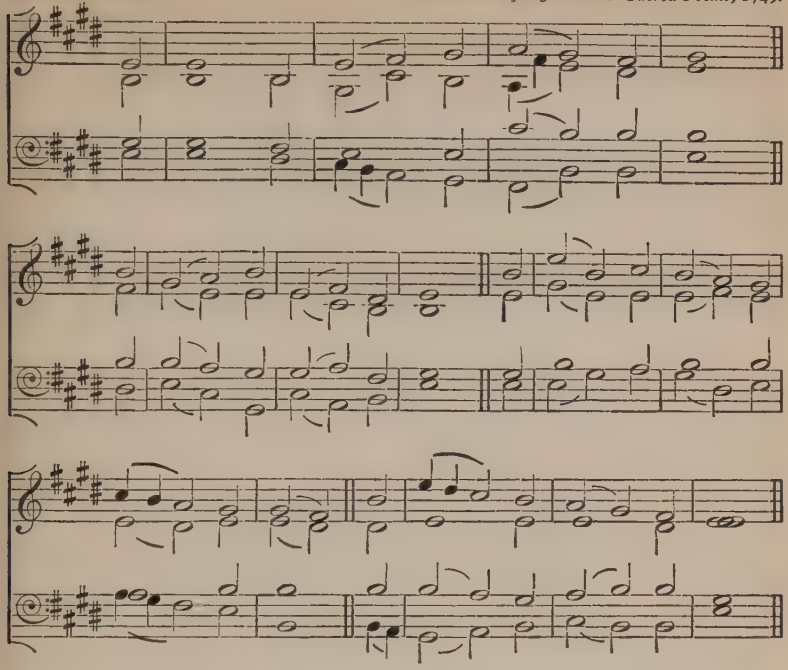
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4. Lead us to Heav'n, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.

IRISH. (C.M.) *A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1749.*



J. Morison, 1749–98.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

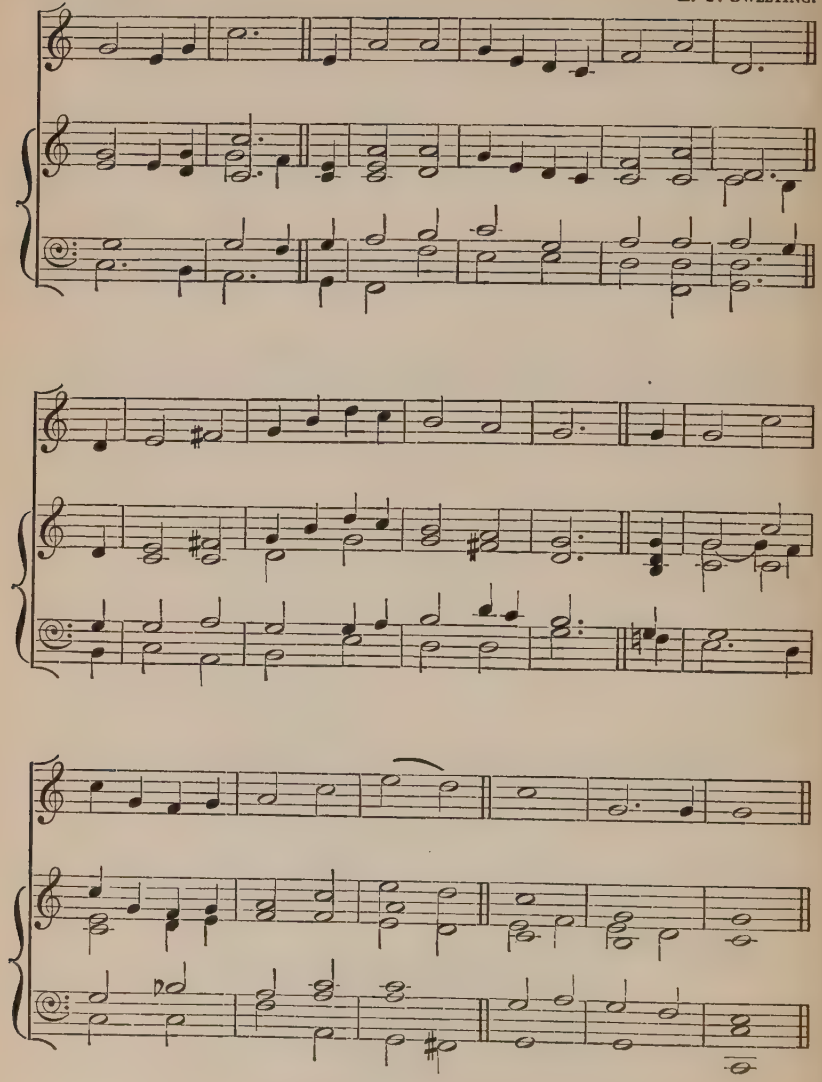
5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

6. So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

ST. CROSS. (4. 10 10. 10 4.)

Unison.

E. T. SWEETING.



J. Borthwick, 1813–97.

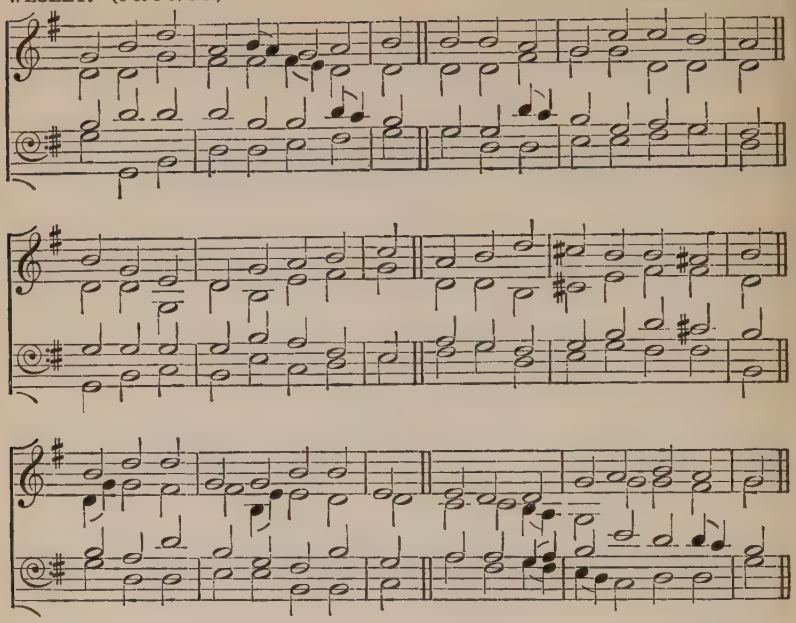
COME, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
To every servant does the Master say,
'Go work to-day.'

2 Come, labour on:
Claim that high calling Angels cannot share;
To young and old the joyful tidings bear;
Redeem the time: its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear;
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

4. Come, labour on:
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
Till evening shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done.'

WESLEY. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



C. Wesley, 1707–88.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

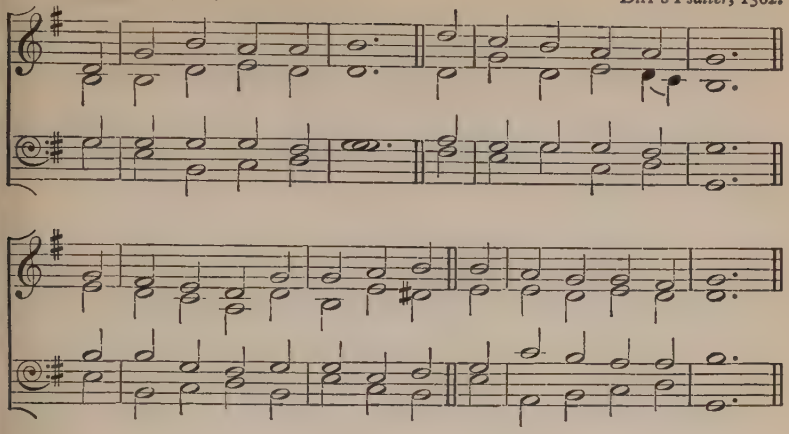
2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer; move,
Speak, or thou never hence shalt
And tell me if thy name is Love.

4 'Tis Love, 'tis Love; thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5. I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

ST. MICHAEL. (S.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



P. Gerhardt, 1607–76. *Tr. J. Wesley.*

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heav'n commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

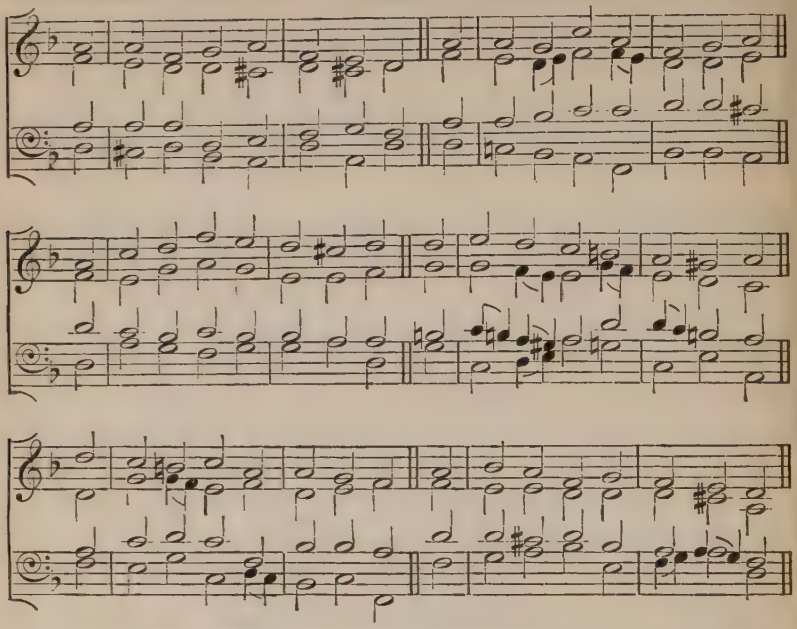
3 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

5. Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

VATER UNSER. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.)

? MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546.
Harmony from MENDELSSOHN'S *Sixth Organ Sonata.*



W. Whiting, 1825–78, *Master of Winchester Queristers*, 1860.

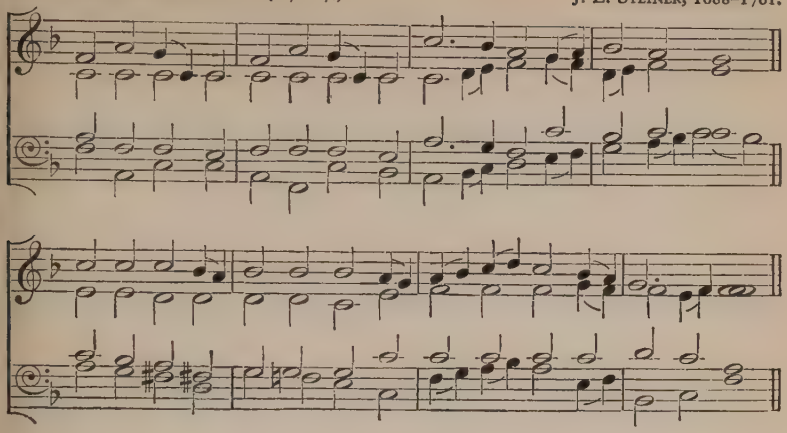
ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4. O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

GOTT WILL'S MACHEN. (8 7. 8 7.) J. L. STEINER, 1688–1761.



Mrs. L. M. Willis, 1864.

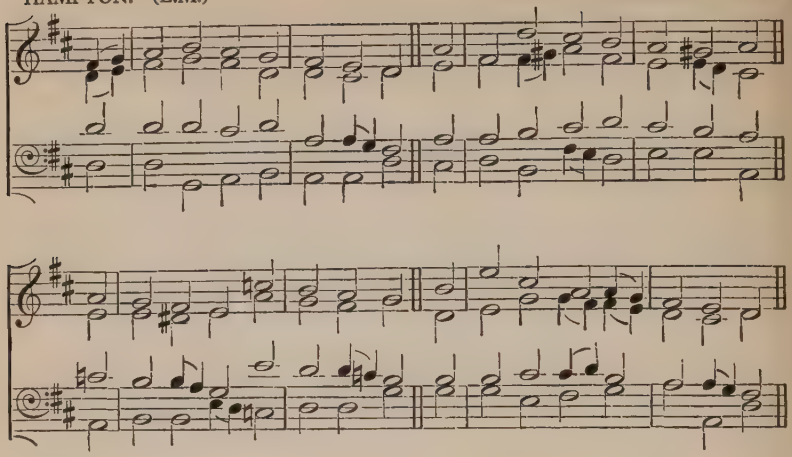
FATHER, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4. Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

HAMPTON. (L.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



E. Cooper, 1770–1833.

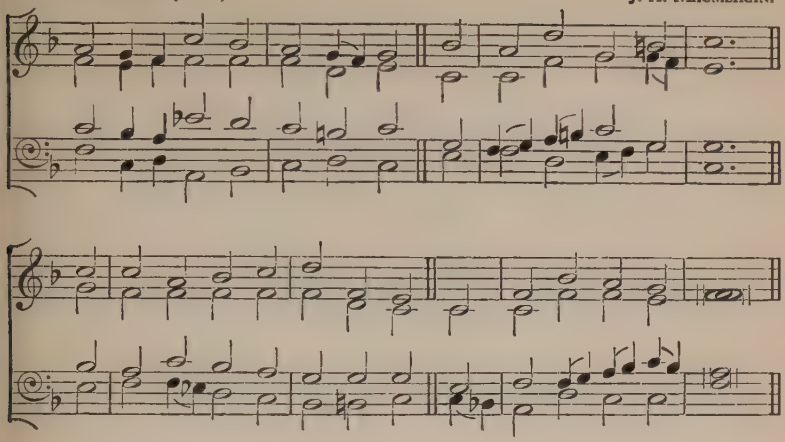
FATHER of Heav'n, whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy quickening power extend.

4. Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

ST. COLUMBA. (C.M.) J. A. MACMEIKAN.



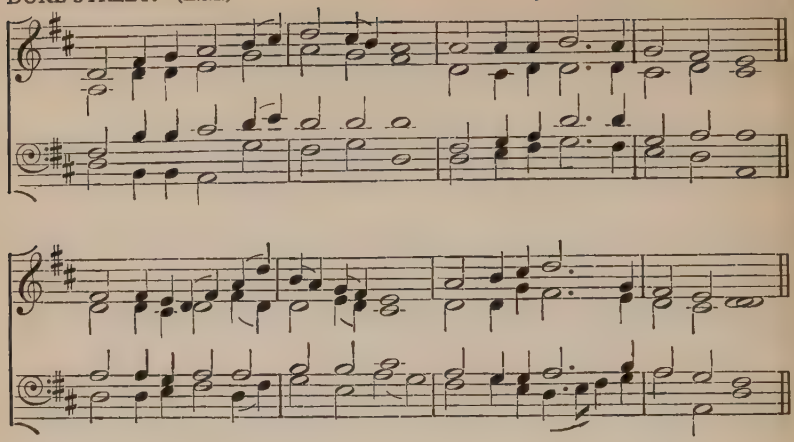
A. M. Toplady, 1740–78.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy Throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.

DUKE STREET. (L.M.) J. HATTON, *d.* 1793.



J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–75.

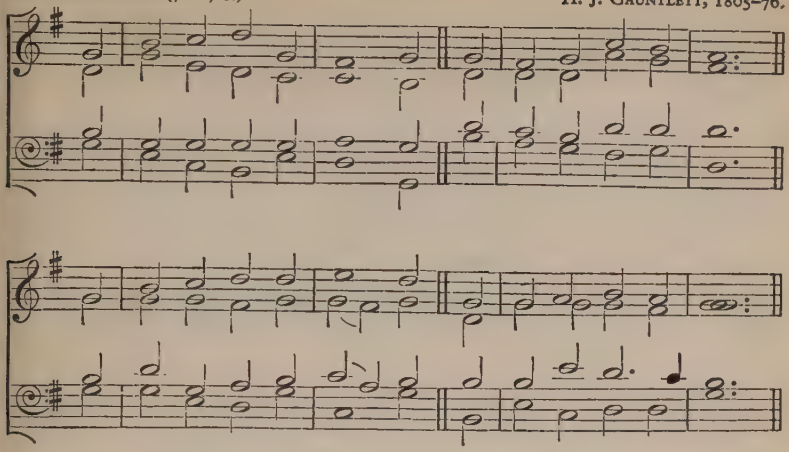
FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4. Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

ST. ALPHEGE. (76. 76.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

2 The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

4 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

5 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;

6 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

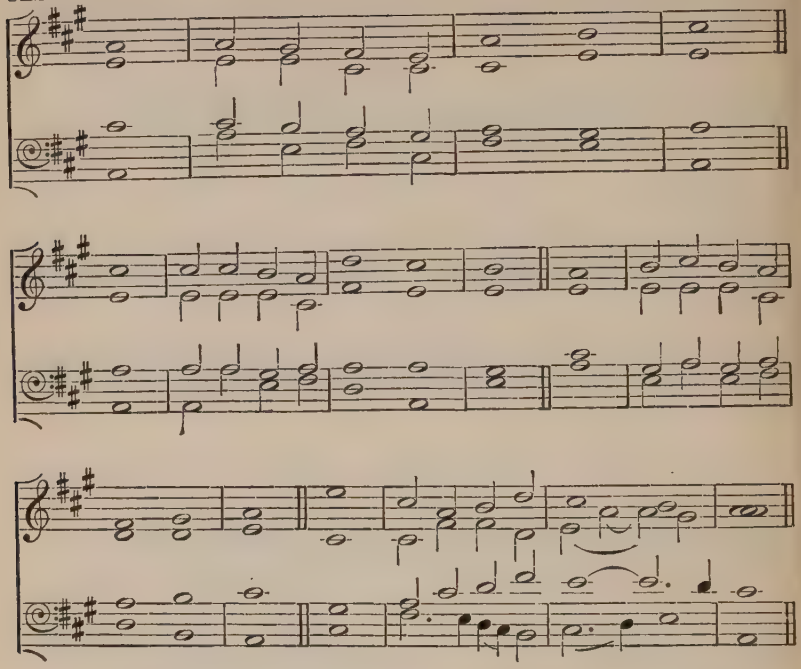
7 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

8 Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

9 O mine, my golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold.

10. O fields that see no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

OLD HUNDREDTH. (L.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.

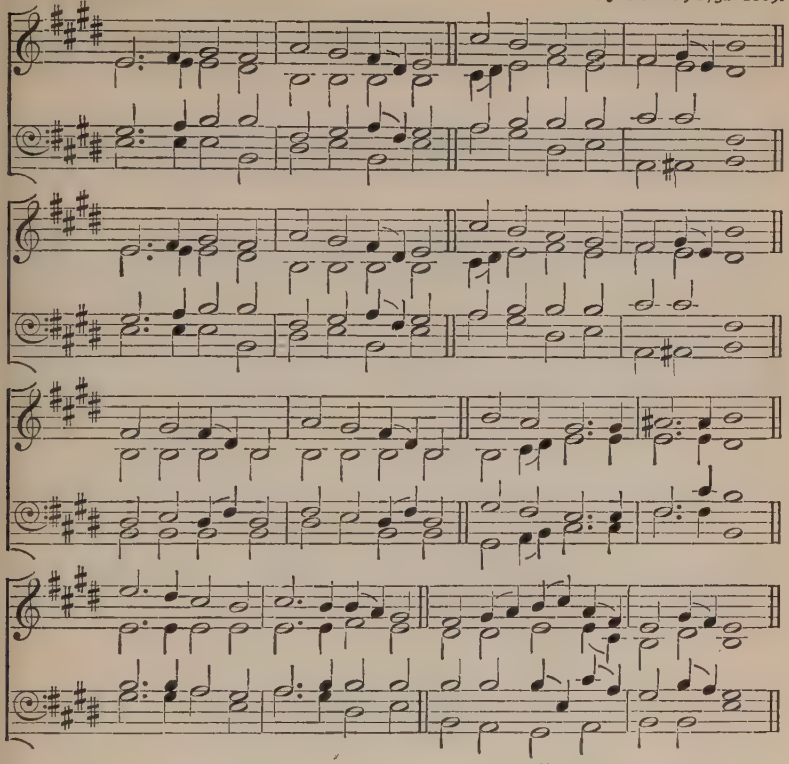


I. Watts, 1674–1748.

FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (8 7. 8 7. D.) F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.



J. Newton, 1725–1807.

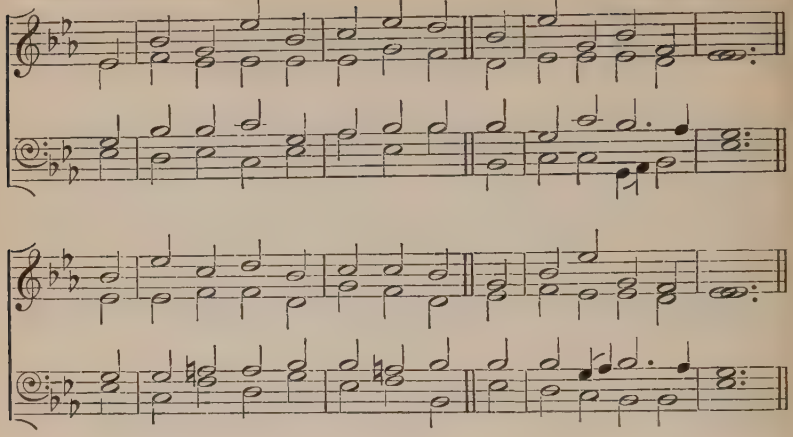
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering—
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Saviour, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

LONDON NEW. (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter*, 1635.



W. Cowper, 1731–1800.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

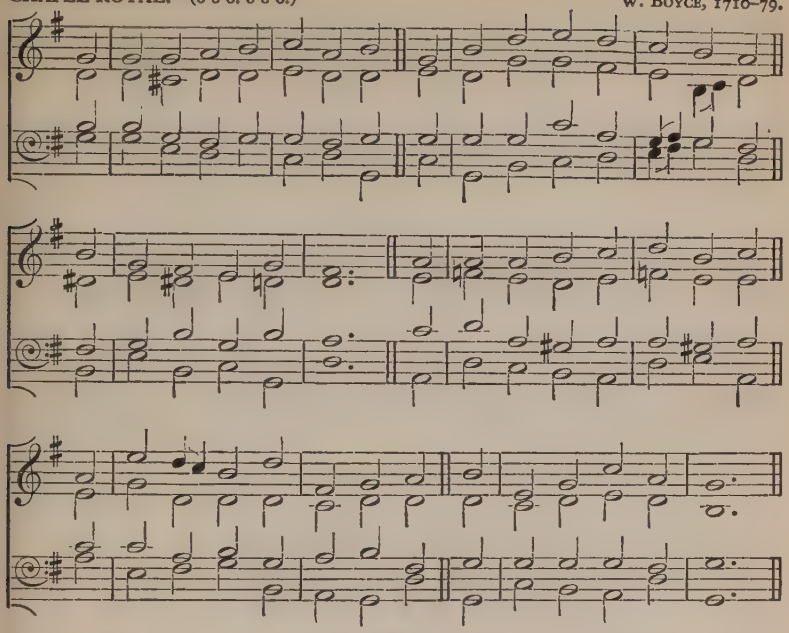
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign Will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CHAPEL ROYAL. (8 8 6. 8 8 6.) W. BOYCE, 1710–79.



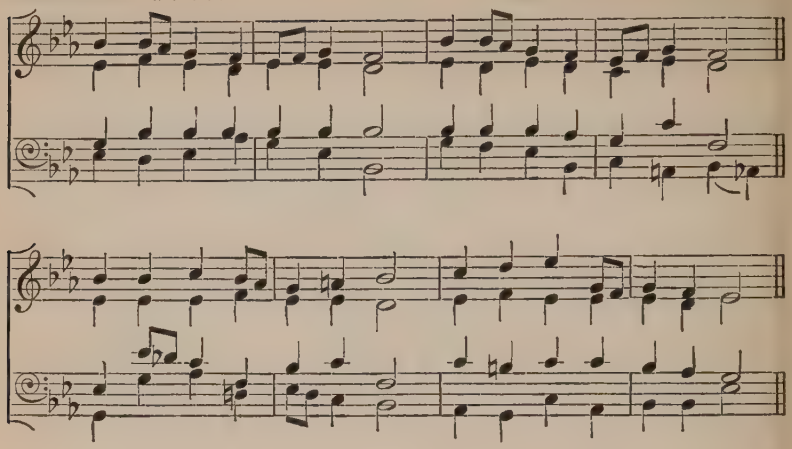
From the Latin of C. Coffin, 1676–1749. *Tr. I. Williams*, 1839.

GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

2 Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;
But love alone shall then remain
When this short day is gone:
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see thy sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

3. We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown:
Great Three in One, the increase give;
Thy gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown.

HERRNHUT. (7 7. 7 7.) J. WESLEY'S *Foundery Collection*, 1742.



W. Cowper, 1731–1800.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his Word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

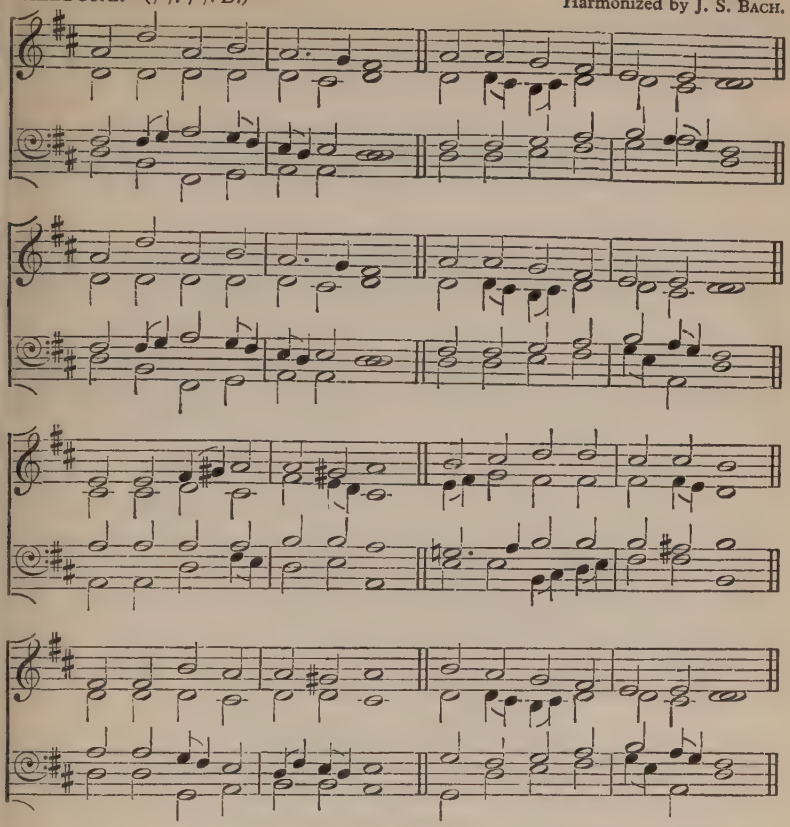
4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my Throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more.

SALZBURG. (7 7. 7 7. D.)

J. HINTZE, 1622–1702.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



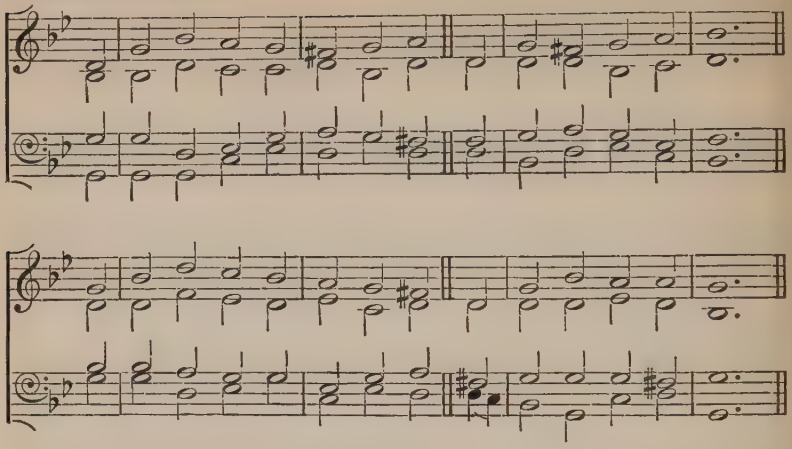
J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, when Heav'n and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

3. 'Holy, holy, holy,' all
Heav'n's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
Then shall Saints and Seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

CULROSS. (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter*, 1635.



J. Addison, 1672–1719.

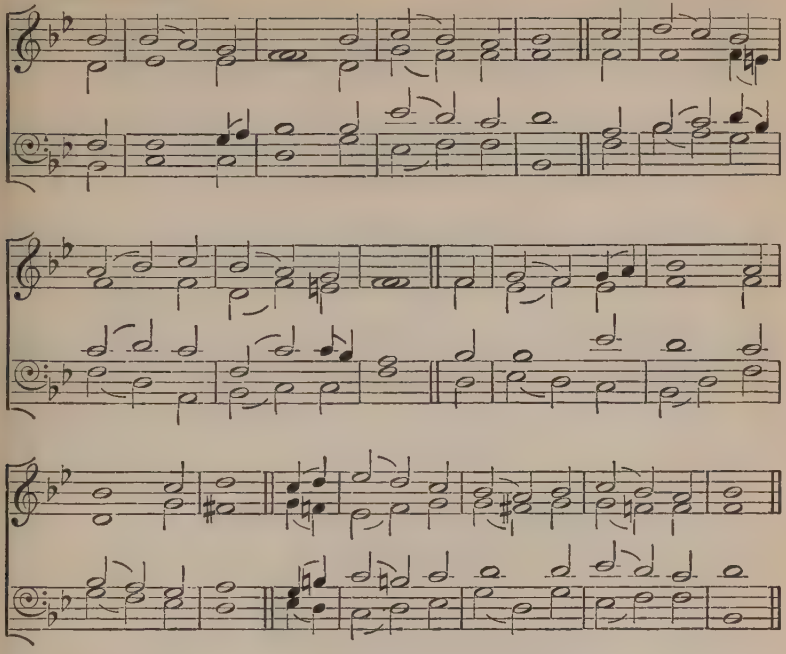
HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 From all my griefs and fears, O Lord,
Thy mercy sets me free;
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
Still praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4. My life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to thee.

WAREHAM. (L.M.) W. KNAPP, 1698 ?–1768.



Sir H. Wotton, 1568–1639.

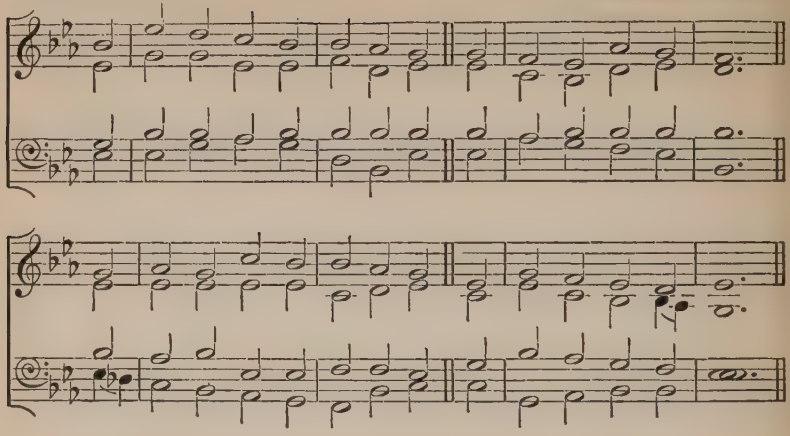
HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

4. This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands
And having nothing, yet hath all.

ST. PETER. (C.M.) A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



J. Newton, 1725–1807.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

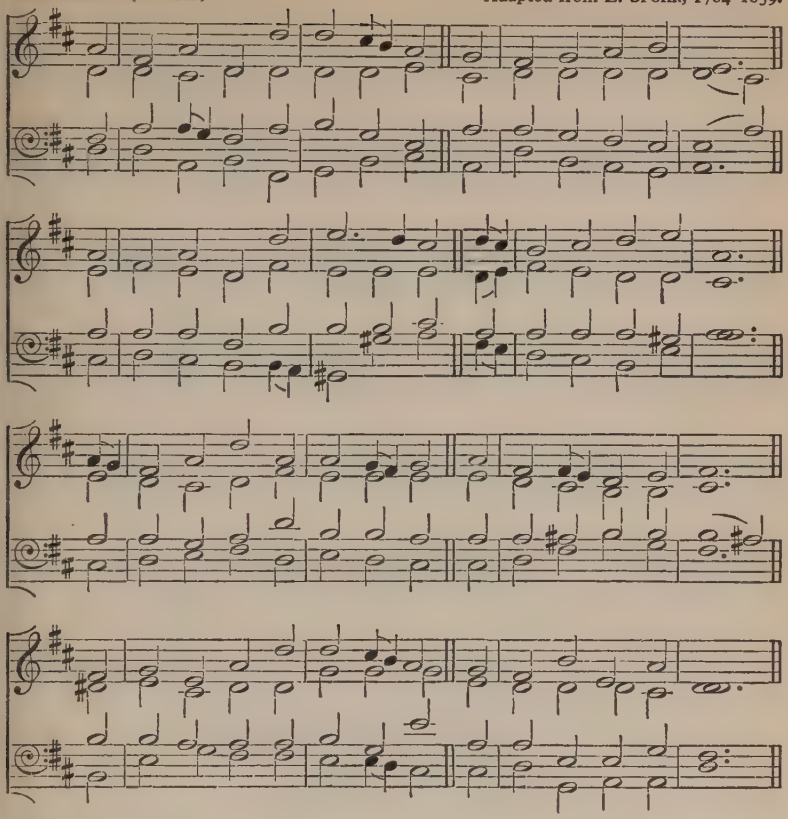
3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, and my Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

VOX IESU. (D.C.M.) Adapted from L. SPOHR, 1784–1859.



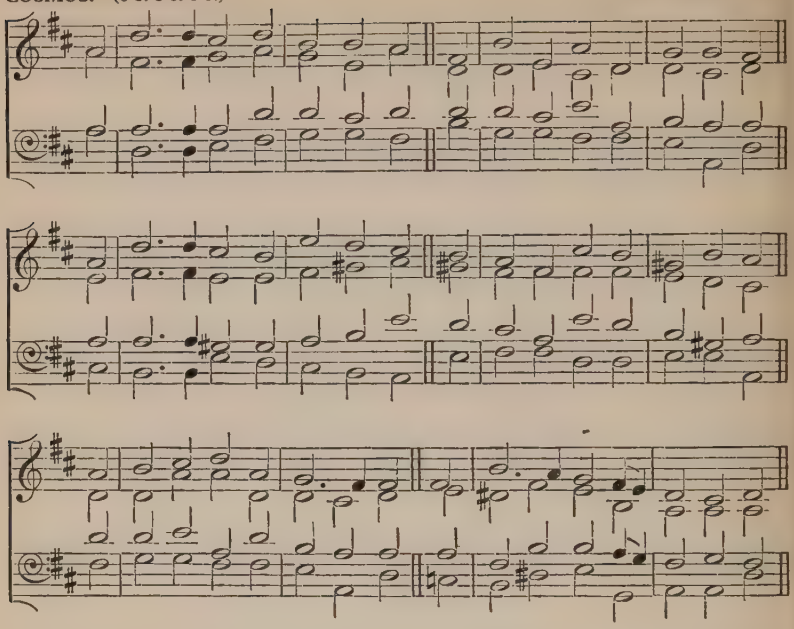
H. Bonar, 1808–89.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live':
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright':
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

COSMOS. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) C. H. LLOYD, 1849–1919.



Bishop R. Heber, 1783–1826.

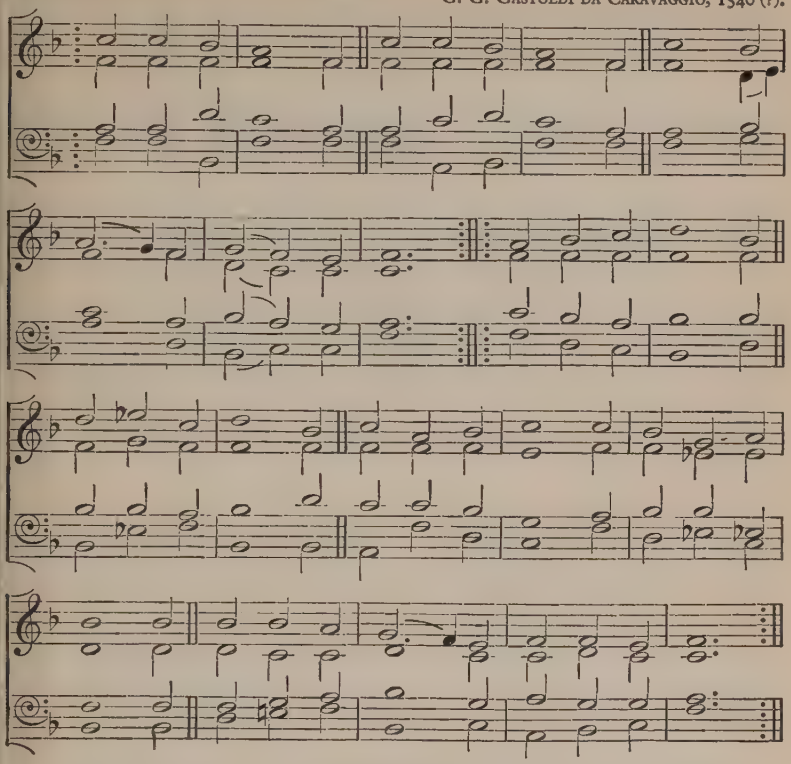
I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numberèd.'

3. O God, O good beyond compare,
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee.

MANTUA. (5 5 7. D. 5 5 5 5 5 and Alleluia. D.)

G. G. GASTOLDI DA CARAVAGGIO, 1540 (?).

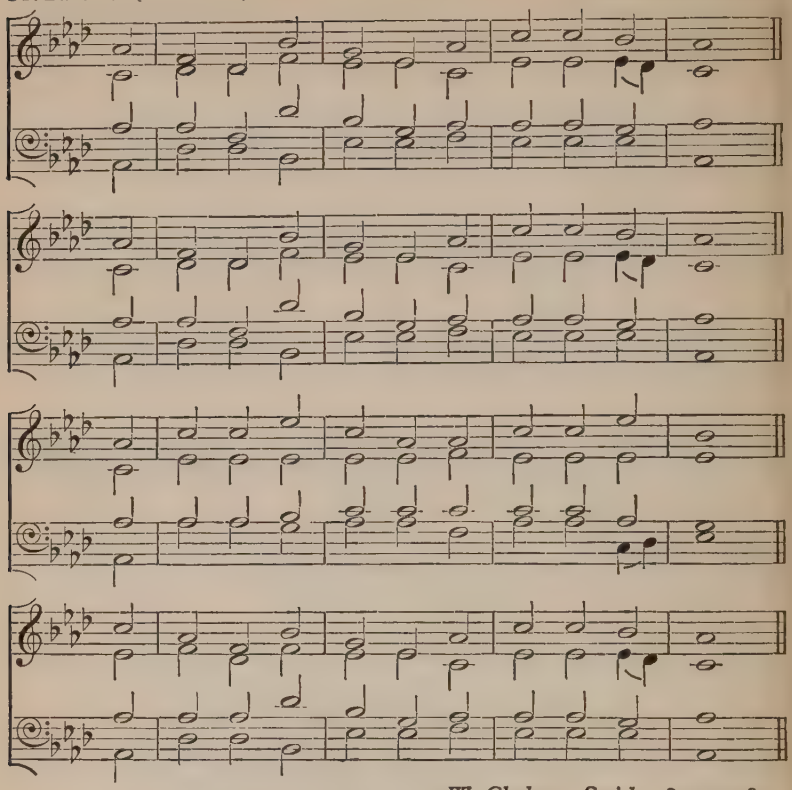


T. Lindemann, 1580–1630. *Tr. C. Winkworth.*

IN thee is gladness
Amid all sadness,
Jesus, sunshine of my heart;
By thee are given
The gifts of Heaven;
Thou the true Redeemer art.
Our souls thou wakest,
Our bonds thou breakest;
Who trusts thee surely
Hath built securely.
He stands for ever: Alleluia!
Our hearts are pining
To see thy shining,
Dying or living
To thee are cleaving,
Nought can us sever: Alleluia!

2. If he is ours
We fear no powers,
Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death;
He sees and blesses
The worst distresses,
He can change them with a breath;
Wherefore the story
Tell of his glory
With heart and voices;
All Heav'n rejoices
In him for ever: Alleluia!
We shout for gladness,
Triumph o'er sadness,
Love thee and praise thee,
And still shall raise thee
Glad hymns for ever: Alleluia!

ST. DENIO. (11 11. 11 11.) Welsh Hymn Melody.



W. Chalmers Smith, 1824–1908.

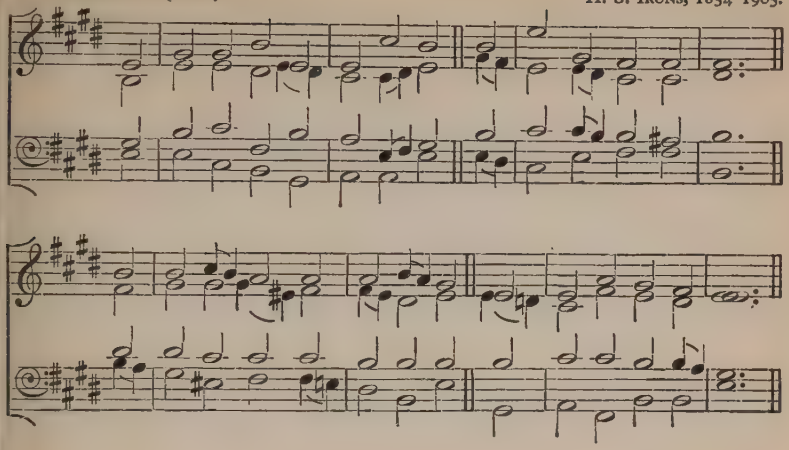
IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all life thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth thee.

4. Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine Angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

SOUTHWELL. (C.M.) H. S. IRONS, 1834–1905.



F. B. P., 16th cent.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

4 There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

5 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay to be.

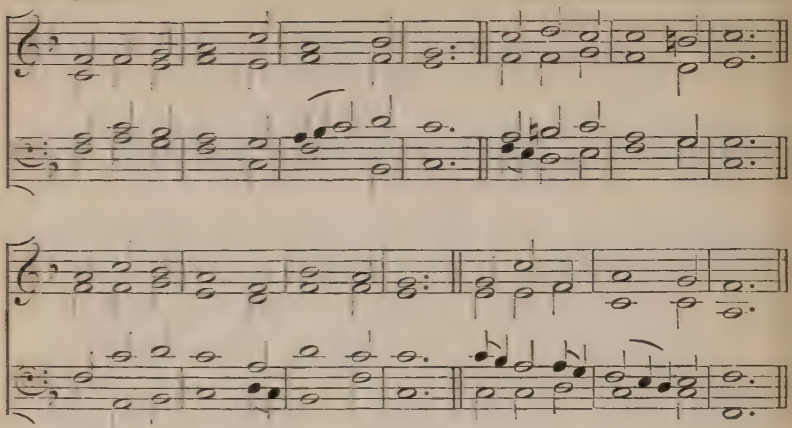
6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

7 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there!

8 Within thy gates nothing doth come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

9. *Ah! my sweet home, Jerusalem,*
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

ELY. (C.M.) Adapted from RAVENSCROFT, 1621.



F. B. P., 16th cent.

THY Saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case.

2 For there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

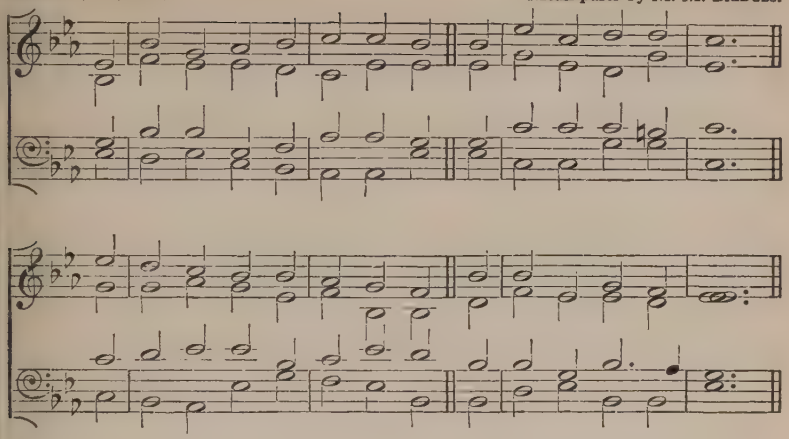
3 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare.

4 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

5. *Jerusalem, my happy home,*
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

SONG 67. (C.M.)

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583–1625.
Mean parts by M. M. BRIDGES.



F. B. P., 16*th cent.*

QUITE through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.

2 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

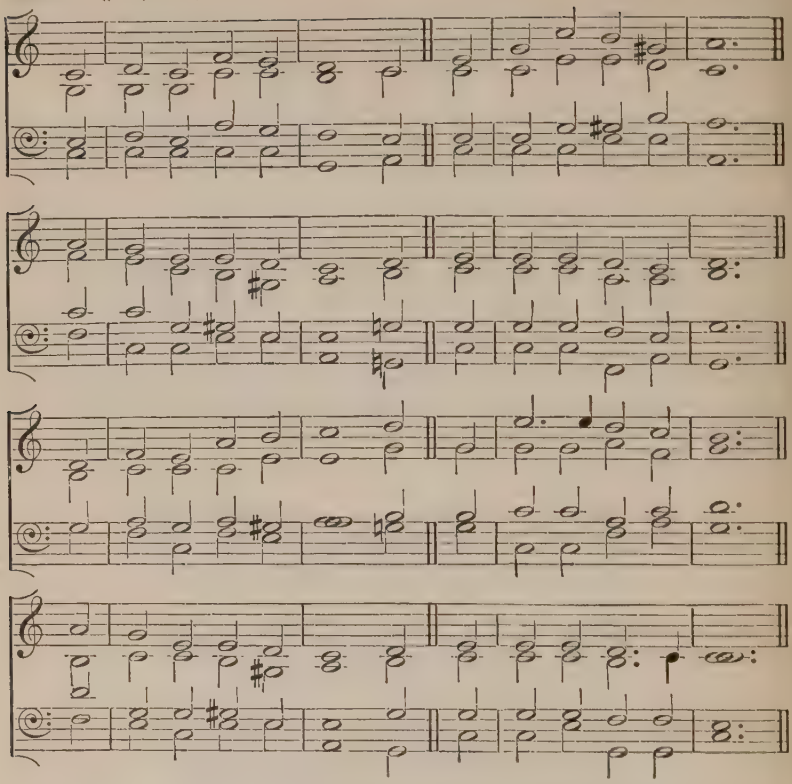
3 Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tune surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

4 *Te Deum* doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Symeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.

5 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessèd saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

6. *Jerusalem, my happy home,*
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

EWING. (7 6. 7 6. D.) A. EWING, 1830–95.



Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

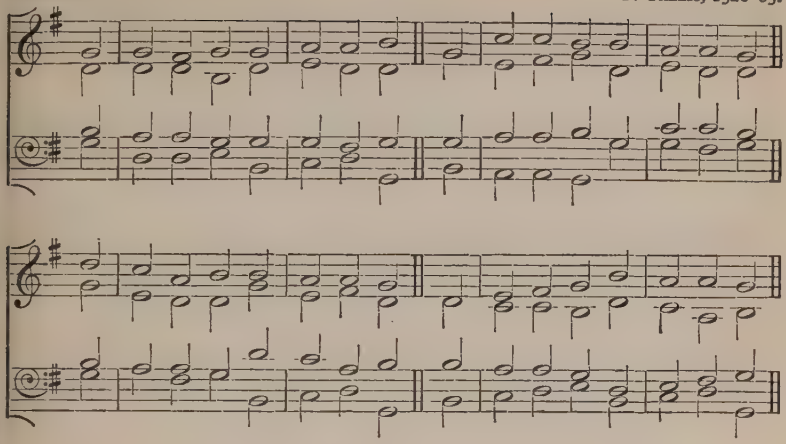
JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest.

CANON. (L.M.) T. TALLIS, 1520–85.



From 'The Joyful Rhythm' of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. 12th cent.

IESU dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Eius dulcis praesentia.

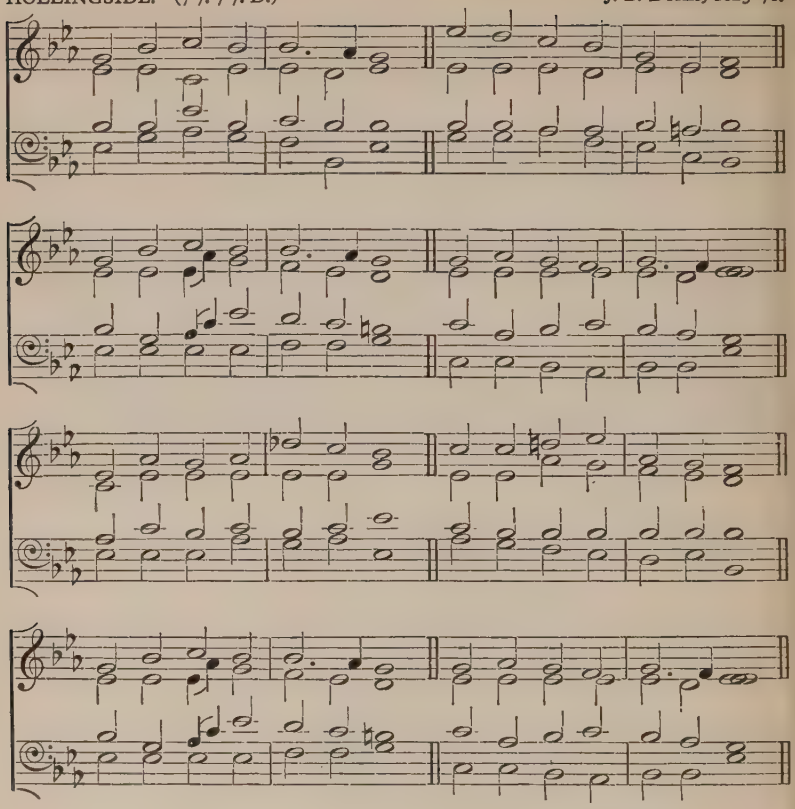
2 Nil canitur suävius,
Nil auditur iucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius
Quam Iesus, Dei Filius.

3 Iesu, spes paenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus ;
Sed quid invenientibus ?

4 Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Iesum diligere.

5. Sis, Iesu, nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus praemium :
Sit nostra in te gloria,
Per cuncta semper saecula.

HOLLINGSIDE. (7 7. 7 7. D.) J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.



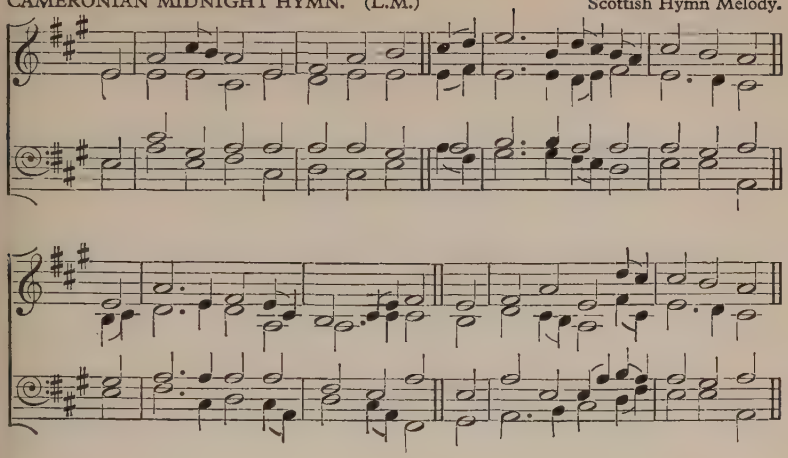
C. Wesley, 1707–88.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gath'ring waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CAMERONIAN MIDNIGHT HYMN. (L.M.) Scottish Hymn Melody.



St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. *Tr. R. Palmer*, 1858.

JESU, thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee thou art good :
To them that find thee All in all.

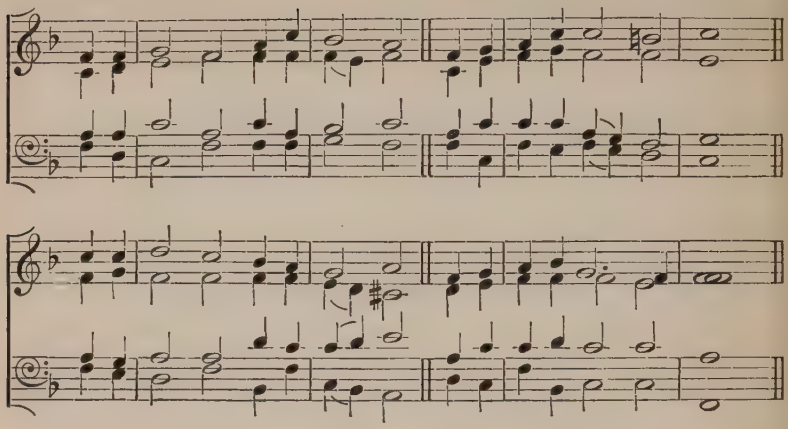
3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still ;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5. O Jesu, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

OMNI DIE. (8 7. 8 7.)

Melody in CORNER's *Gesangbuch*, 1631.
Arranged by W. S. ROCKSTRO.



C. F. Alexander, 1823–95.

JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me' :

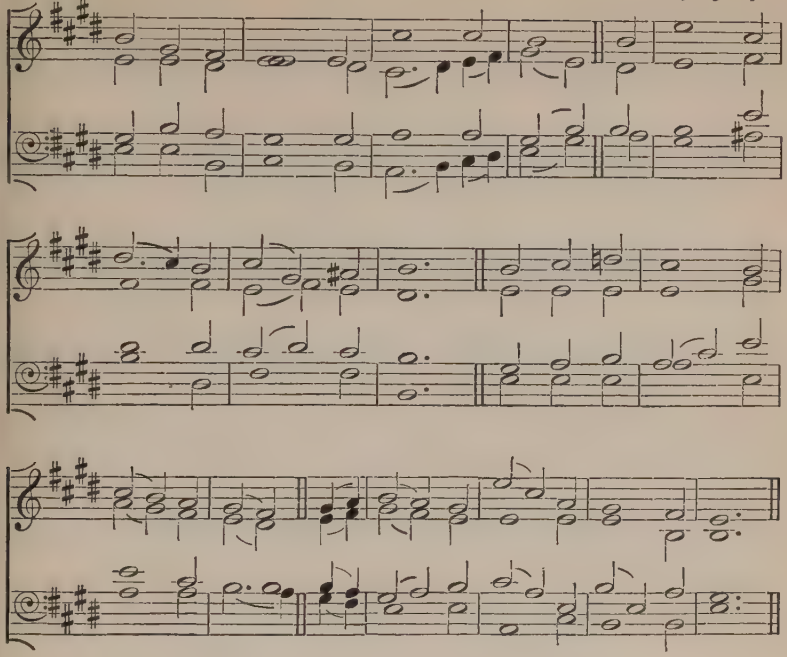
2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, ' Christian, love me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love him more than these.

5. Jesus calls us : by thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thine obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

GALILEE. (L.M.) P. ARMES, 1836–1908.



I. Watts, 1674–1748.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

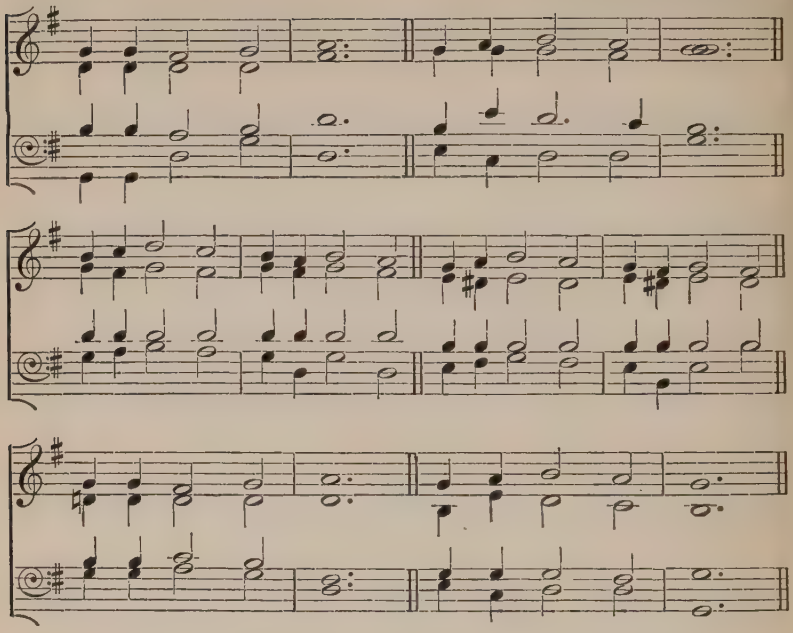
2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ROCHELLE. (5 5. 8 8. 5 5.)

A. DRESE, 1620–1701.
Arranged by S. S. WESLEY.



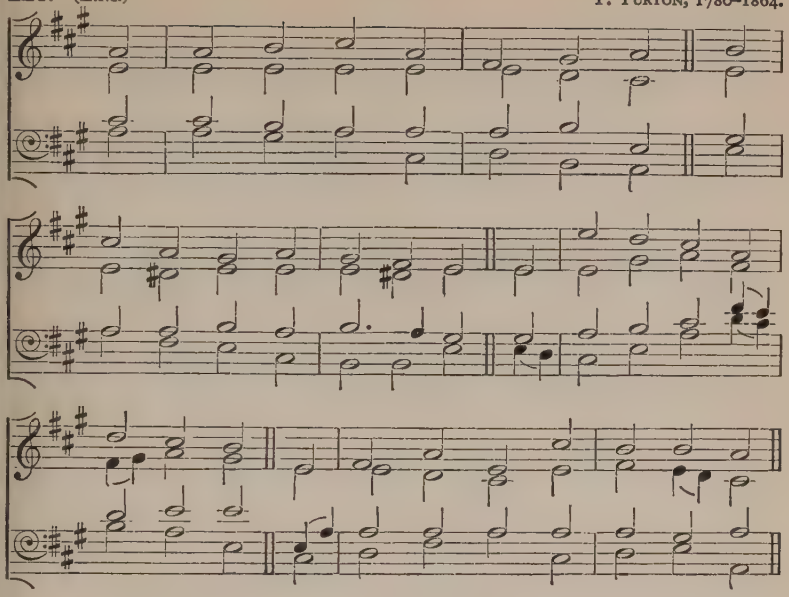
N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1700–60. *Tr. J. Borthwick*, 1846.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless ;
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3. Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

ELY. (L.M.) T. TURTON, 1780–1864.



W. Cowper, 1731–1800.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heav'n before our eyes.

5. Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the Heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

WOLVESEY. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.)

E. T. SWEETING.

Unison.

Harmony.

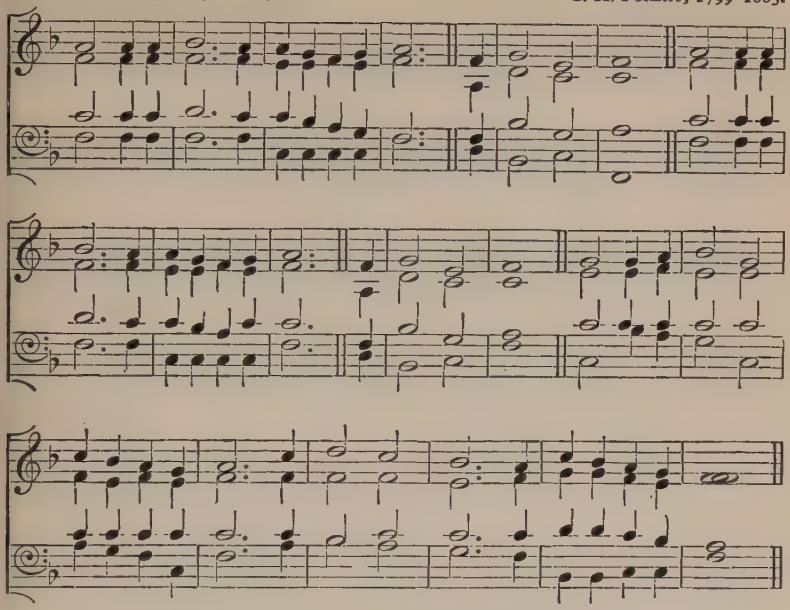
H. Scott Holland, 1847–1918.

JUDGE eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgement
Purge this realm of bitter things :
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release :
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease ;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3. Crown, O God, thine own endeavour :
Cleave our darkness with thy sword :
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy Word :
Cleanse the body of this empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

SANDON. (10 4. 10 4. 10 10.) C. H. PURDAY, 1799–1885.



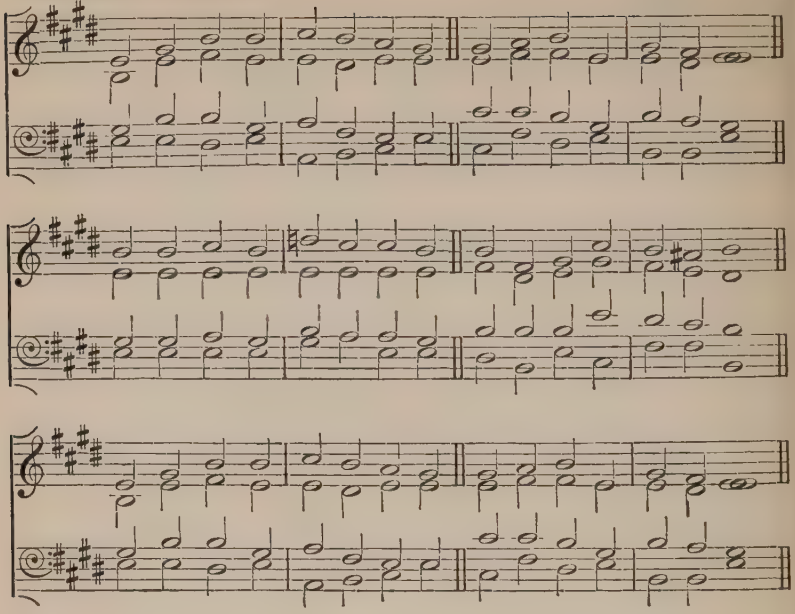
J. H. Newman, 1801–90.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

MANNHEIM. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.) F. FILITZ, 1804–76.



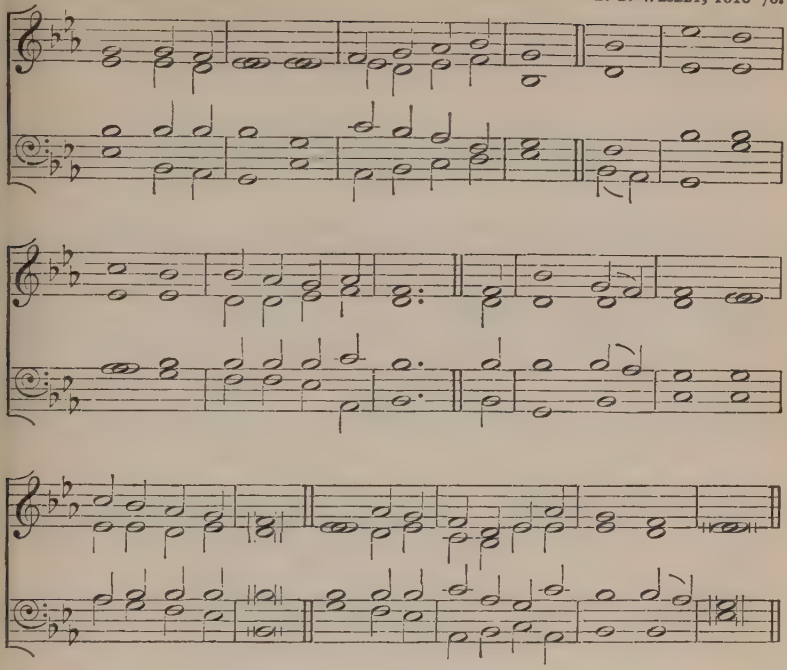
J. Edmeston, 1791–1867.

LEAD us, heav'nly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know.
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3. Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

ELLINGHAM. (10 10. 10 10.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



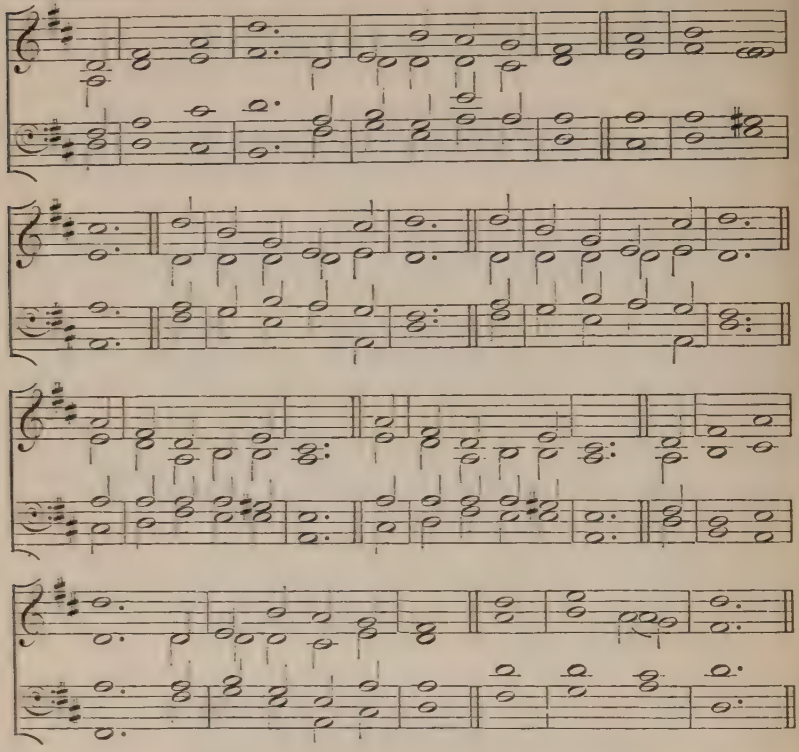
W. H. Burleigh, 1812–71.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night;
Only with thee we journey safely on.

3. Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

LUCKINGTON. (10 4. 6 6 6 6. 10 4.) BASIL HARWOOD.

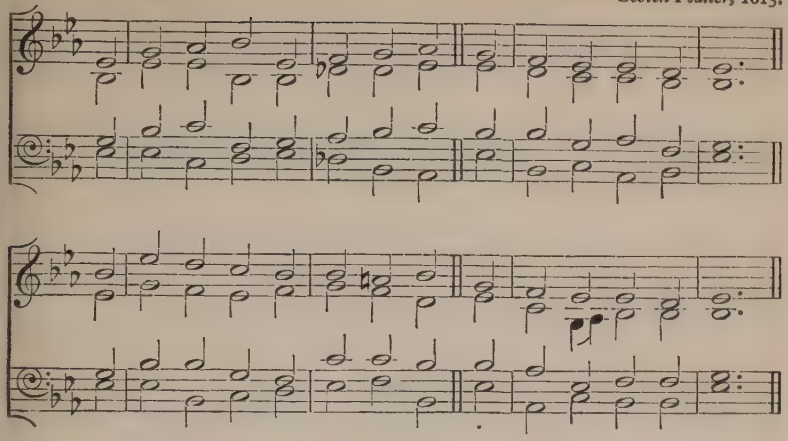


George Herbert, 1593–1632.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

2. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

DUNDEE. (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



C. Wesley, 1707–88.

LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In Heav'n and earth are one.

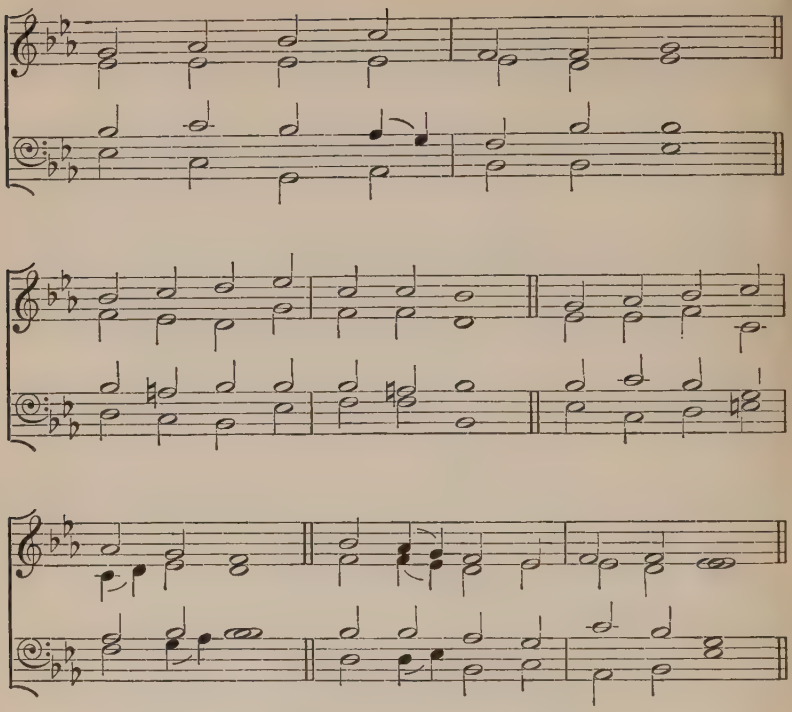
2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5. Jesu, be thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to Heaven.

CANTERBURY. (7 7. 7 7.) O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.

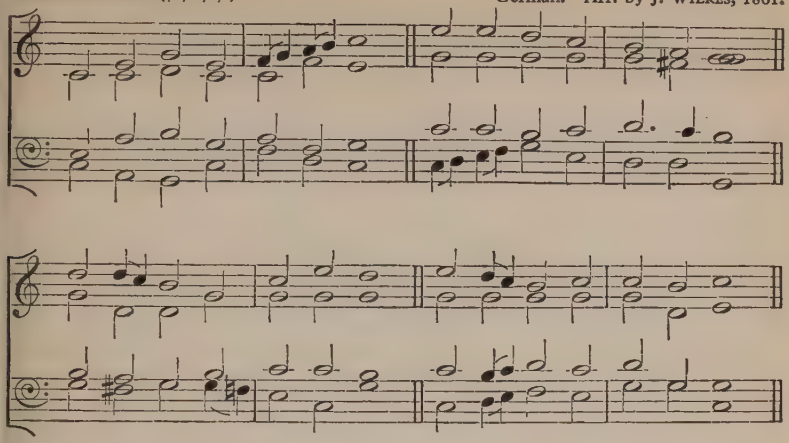


Ps. cxvii.

LET thy various realms, O Earth,
Praises yield to Heav'n's high Lord;
Praise him, all of human birth,
And his wondrous acts record.

2. See his mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And his truth through ages stand;
Praise, O praise th' eternal King.

MONKLAND. (7 7. 7 7.) German. Arr. by J. WILKES, 1861.



Ps. cxxxvi. *J. Milton*, 1608–74.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:

3 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run:

4 The hornèd moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright:

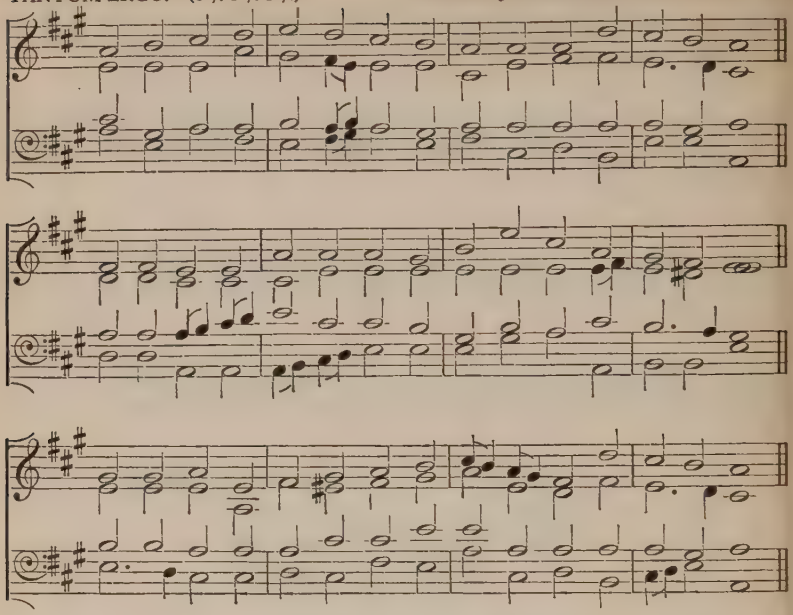
5 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

6 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:

7. Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies ay endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

TANTUM ERGO. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.)

S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.
From *Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782.



Thomas à Kempis, 1380–1471. *Tr. J. M. Neale.*

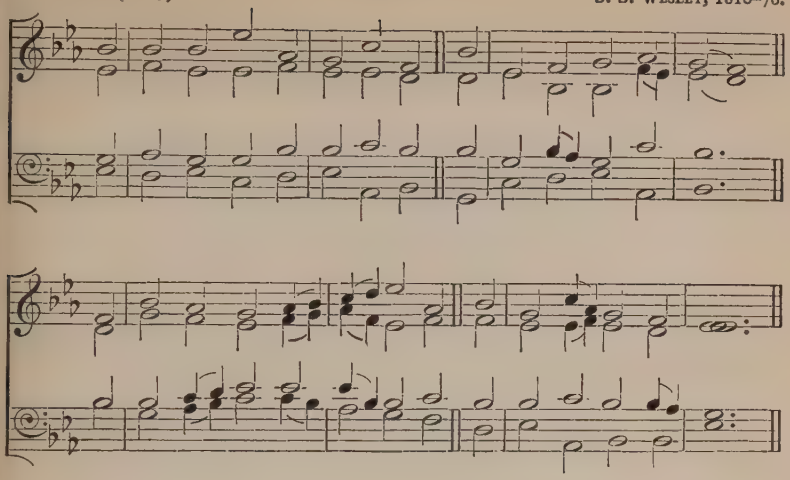
LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision dear whence peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
There unknown are toil and care.

4. Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy mayst be arrayed.

SICHEM. (C.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



Ps. cxxi, *New version*, 1698.

LO, from the hills my help descends.
To them I lift mine eyes;
My strength on him alone depends
Who formed the earth and skies.

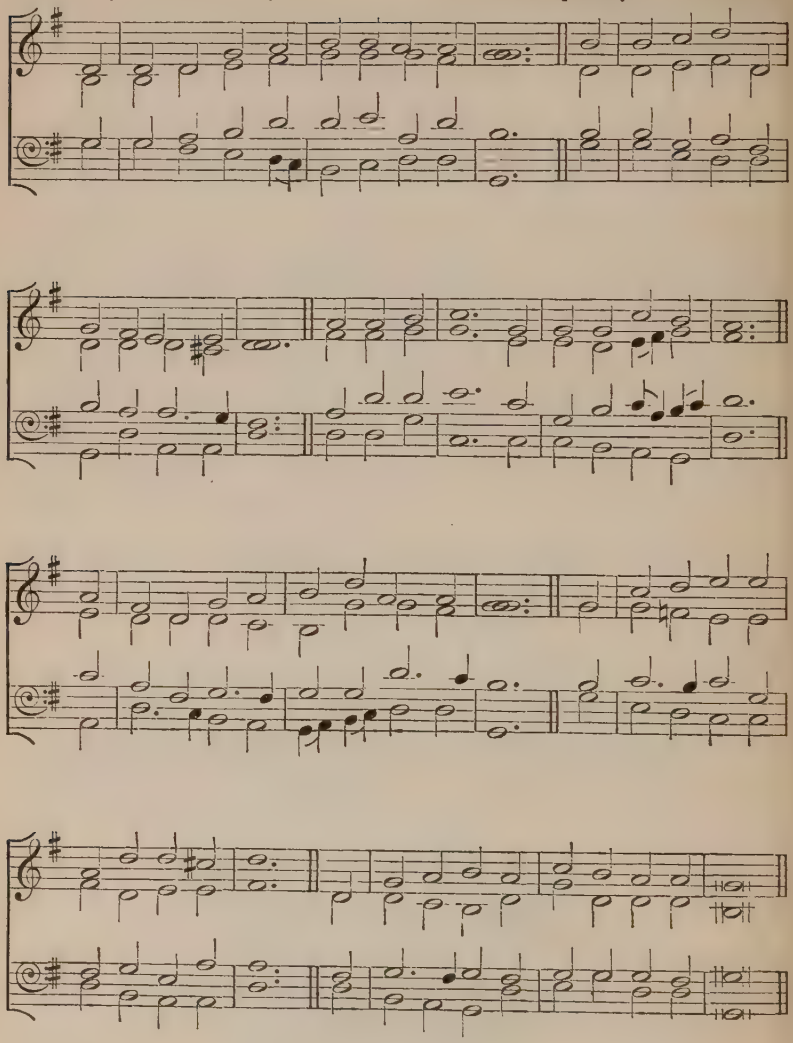
2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to slide;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

3 He at thy hand, arrayed in might,
His shield shall o'er thee spread;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favoured head.

4. Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
While he thy life defends,
Whose eyes thy every step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.

SONG 1. (10 10. 10 10. 10 10.)

O. GIBBONS. 1583–1625.
Mean parts by F. A. G. OUSELEY.



J. Quarles, 1624–65, *and H. F. Lyte*, 1793–1847.

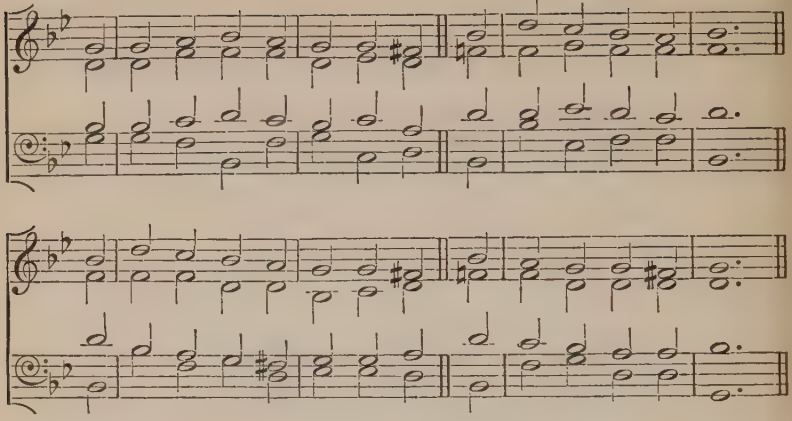
LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come:
With him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

2 The good I have is from his stores supplied,
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without him, though of all possest:
Changes may come, I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

3 Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines,
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And on his people's inward darkness shines:
All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

4. While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

WINDSOR. (C.M.) ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



J. H. Gurney, 1802–62.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be
And form our souls for Heaven.

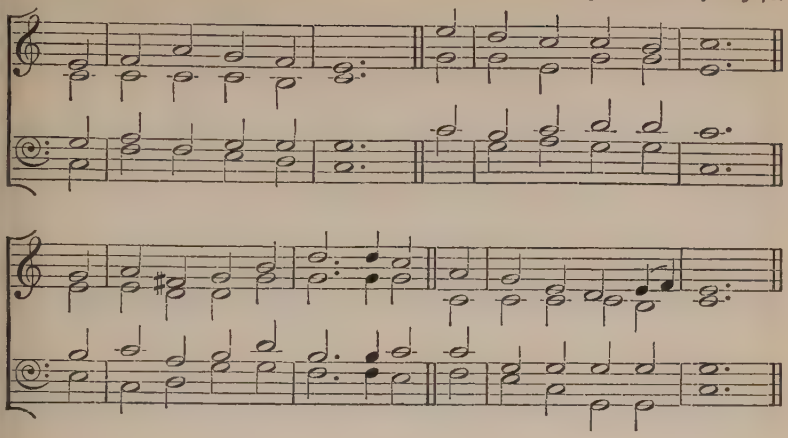
2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
'Father, thy will be done.'

5. Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to Heaven.

ST. GEORGE. (S.M.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

LORD God the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

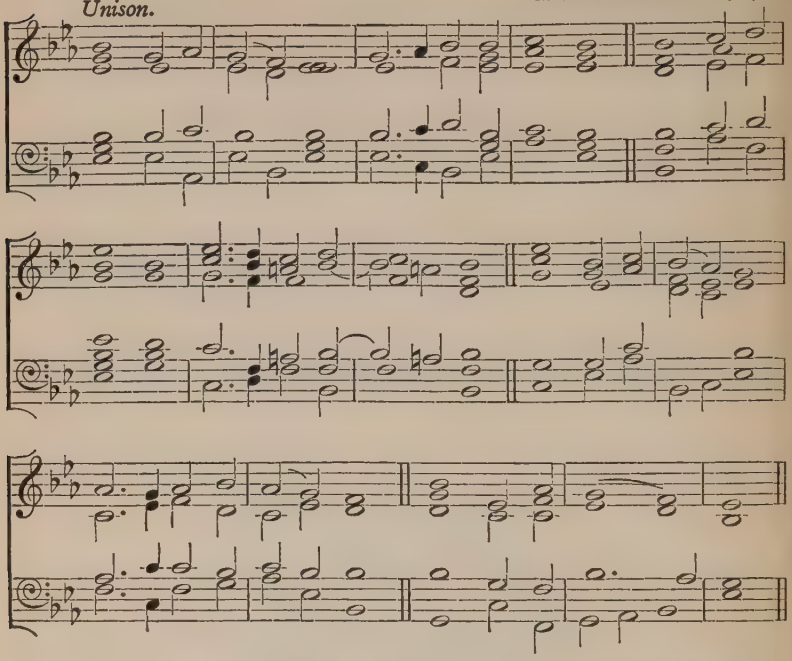
5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6. Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

CHRISTE SANCTORUM. (11 11. 11 5.)

Melody from LA FEILLÉE'S
Méthode du Plain-chant, 1782.

Unison.



M. A. von Löwenstern, 1594–1648. *Tr. by P. Pusey*, 1840.

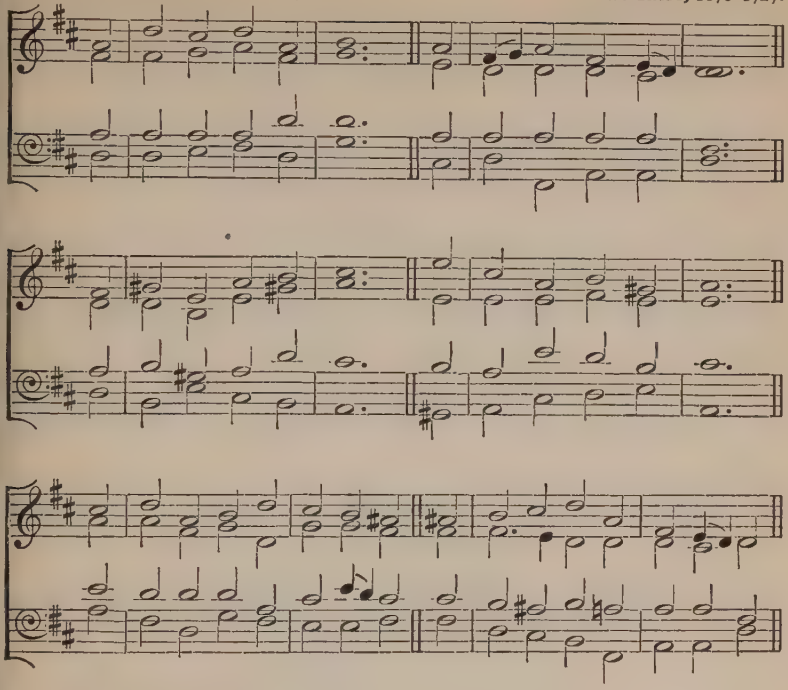
LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

4. Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy Heaven.

CROFT'S 136TH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



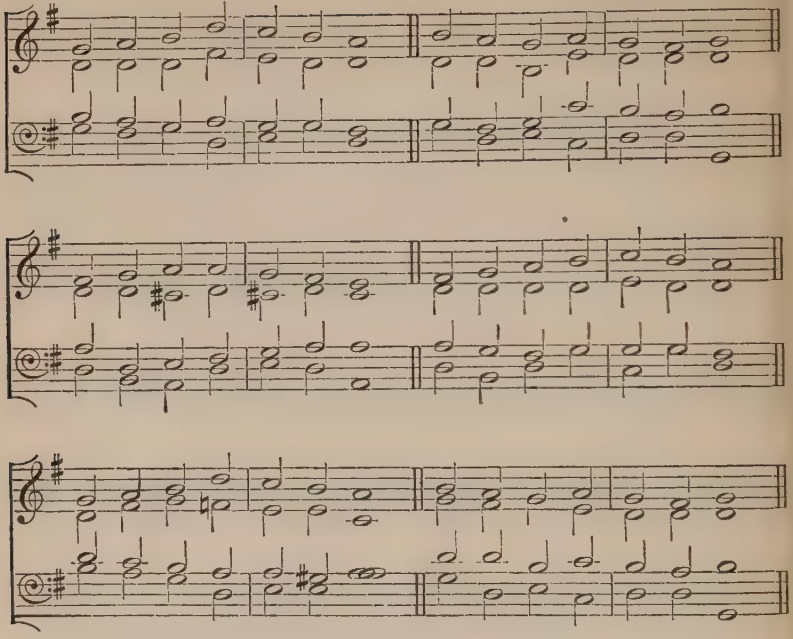
I. Watts, 1674–1748.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O blessèd those that pay
Their constant service there:
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3. They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

CASSEL. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) *Gnadauer Choralbuch*, 1784.



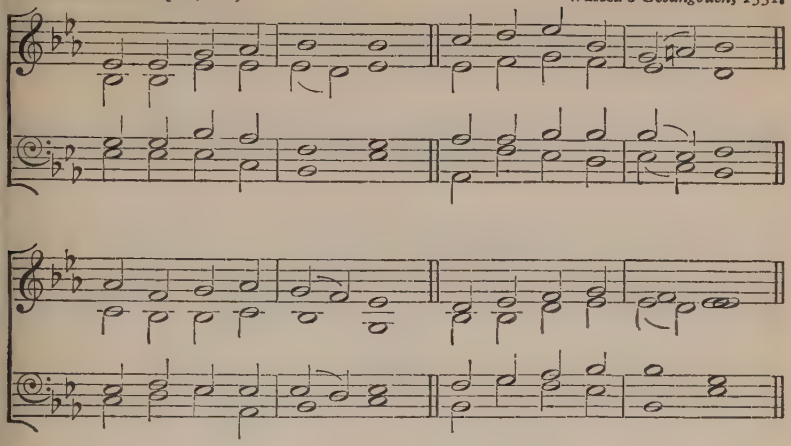
Bishop Walsham How, 1823–97.

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this dreary wilderness:
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony paths to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track:
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3. Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest:
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

RAVENSHAW. (6 6. 6 6.) WEISSE'S *Gesangbuch*, 1531.



Sir H. W. Baker, 1821–77.

LORD, thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

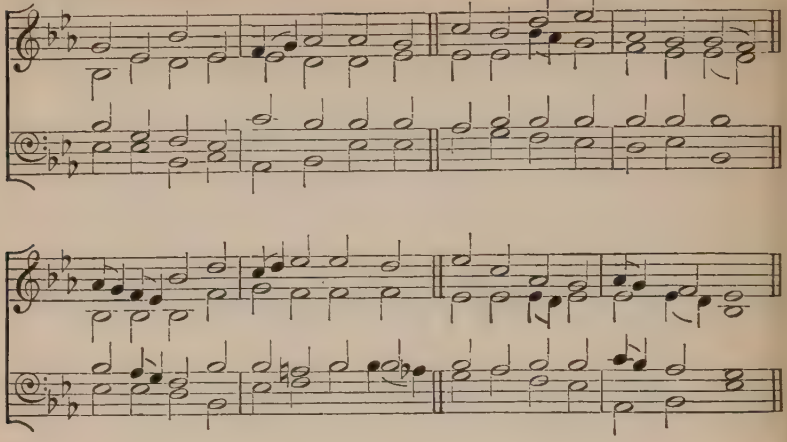
3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6. O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee.

HALTON HOLGATE. (8 7. 8 7.) WILLIAM BOYCE, 1710–79.



C. Wesley, 1707–88.

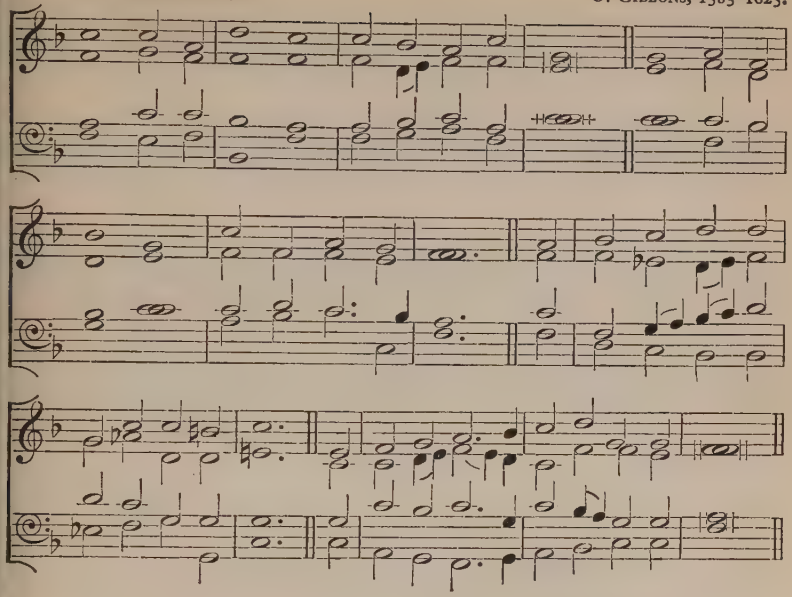
LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

4. Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy Hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

SONG 22. (10 10. 10 10.) O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.



12th cent. *Tr. Y. H.*

LOVE of the Father, love of God the Son,
From whom all came, in whom was all begun;
Who formest heavenly beauty out of strife,
Creation's whole desire and breath of life.

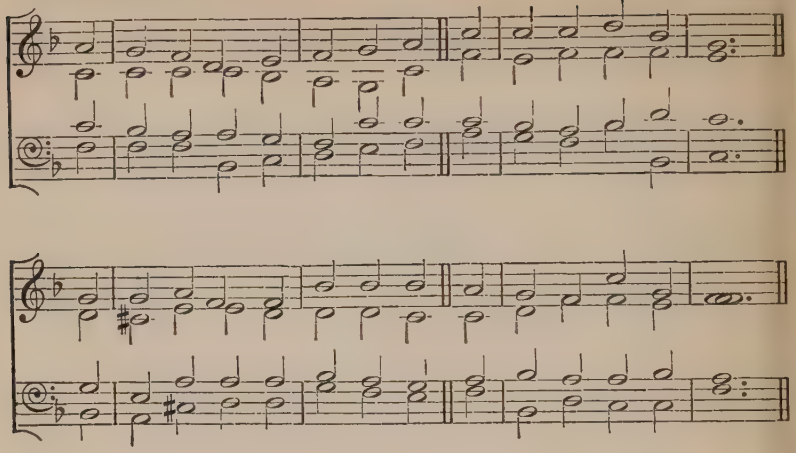
2 Thou the all-holy, thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, thy presence maketh right;
Thou with thy favour all things dost enfold,
With thine all-kindness free from harm wilt hold.

3 Hope of all comfort, splendour of all aid,
That dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid:
To all that cry thou dost all help accord,
The Angels' armour, and the Saints' reward.

4 Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in thy trust;
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring through Christ to him for whom are all.

5. Eternal glory, all men thee adore,
Who art and shalt be worshipped evermore:
Us whom thou madest, comfort with thy might,
And lead us to enjoy thy heavenly light.

PETENTIS PETITIO. (C.M.) E. T. SWEETING.



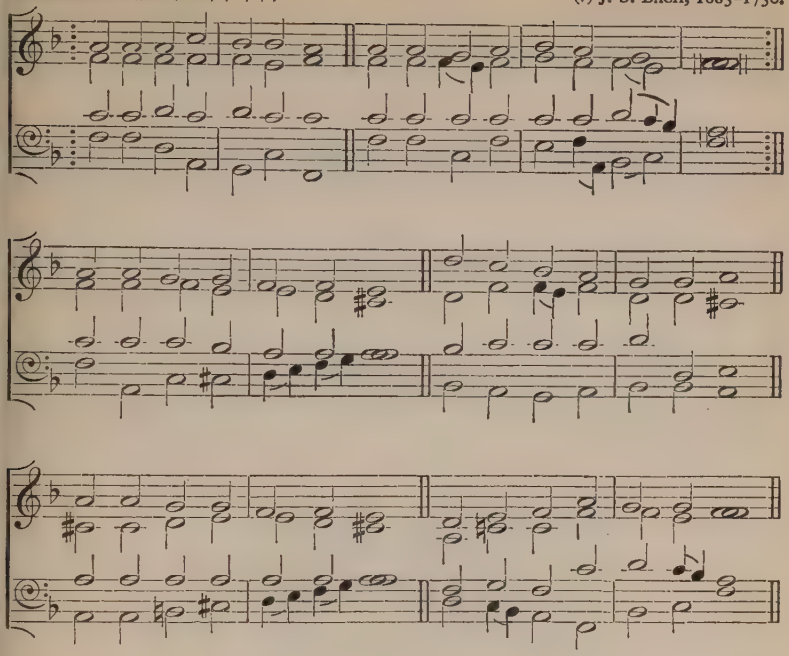
V. S. S. Coles.

MAKE what is true more true to me;
Let fuller light appear;
All that is evil take from me;
All that is doubtful clear.

2 Let no false confidence betray,
No foolish fears mislead;
But in the right and narrow way
Be thou my hope indeed.

3. Do more for me than I can know;
From self my will set free;
Thy perfect gift of love bestow,
That I thy child may be.

CHORALE. (7 8. 7 8. 7 7. 7 7.) (?) J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



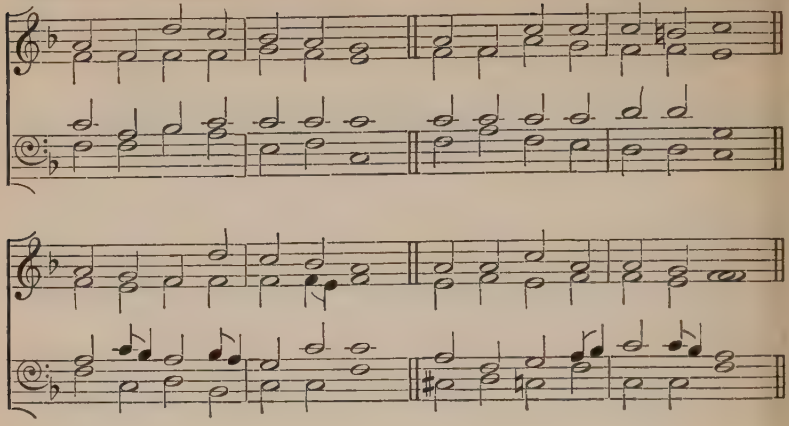
A. P. Stanley, 1815–81.

MAKER of the human heart,
Scorn not thou thine own creation;
Onward guide its nobler part,
Train it for its high vocation:
From the long infected grain
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain:
Kindle with a kindred fire
Every good and great desire.

2 When in ruin and in gloom
Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
Give us ample verge and room
For the measureless expansion:
Clear our clouded mental sight
To endure thy piercing light;
Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace thee as we ought.

3. When the shadows melt away,
And the eternal day is breaking,
Judge most just, be thou our stay
In that strange and solemn waking;
Thou, to whom the heart sincere
Is thy best of temples here,
May thy faithfulness and love
Be our long last home above.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. (7 7. 7 7.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.



H. Kirke White, 1785–1806.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

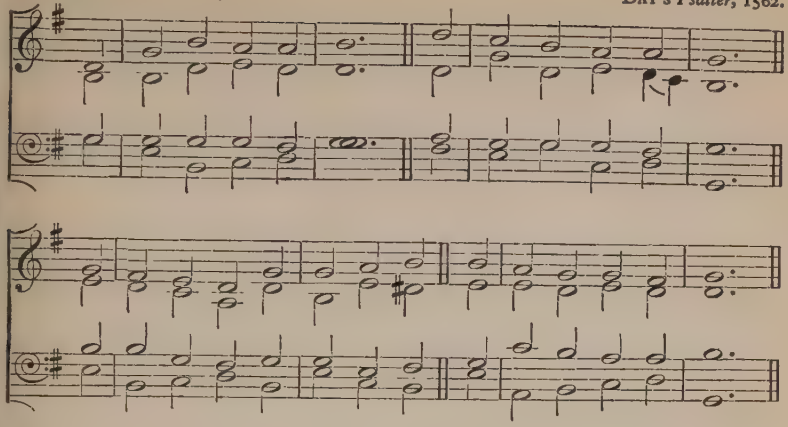
2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not, much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

5. Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

ST. MICHAEL. (S.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



I. Watts, 1674–1748, *from Ps.* ciii.

MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the Heav'ns are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

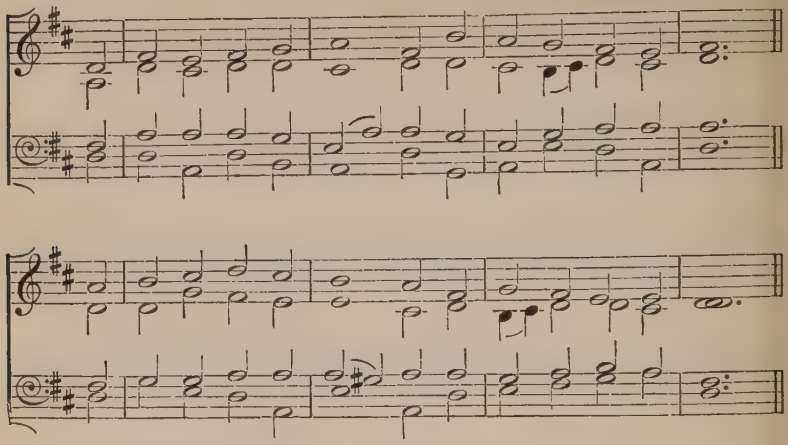
4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN. (7 6. 7 6.)

Melody by MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1560–1616.



Henry Vaughan, 1621–95.

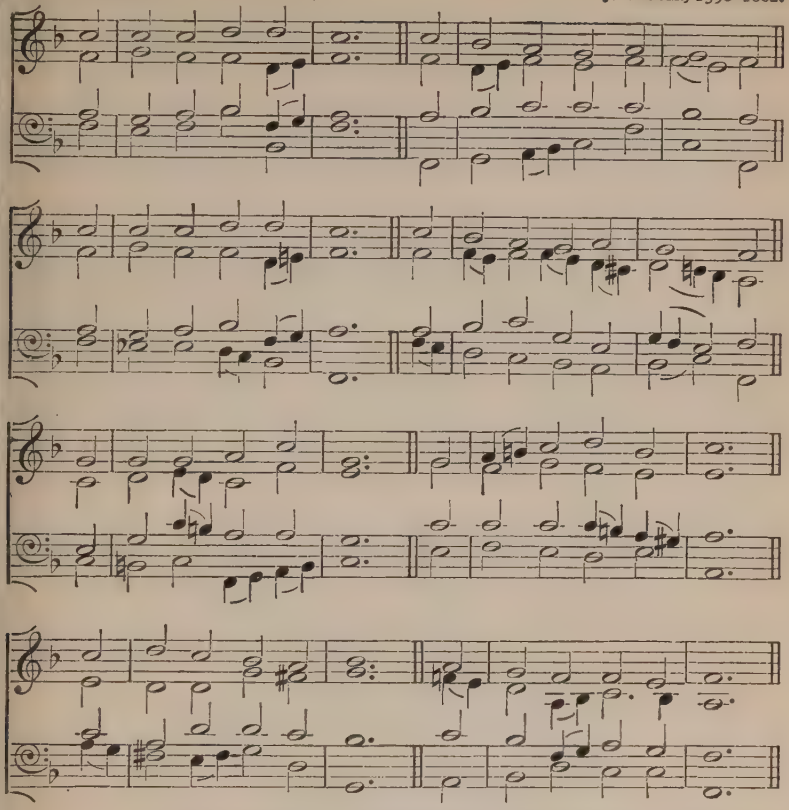
MY soul, there is a country
Far, far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars :

2 There above noise, and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

3 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

4. Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

NUN DANKET. (6 7. 6 7. 6 6 6 6.) J. CRÜGER, 1598–1662.



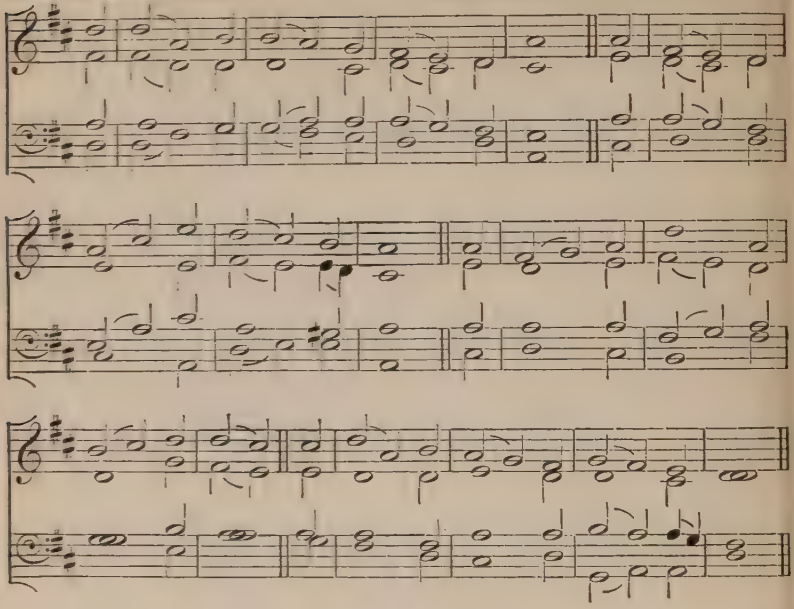
C. Winkworth, 1858. *From German of M. Rinkart*, 1586–1649.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest Heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MONTGOMERY. (L.M.) From CHAPMAN'S *Musical Companion*, 1772.



Ps. xcv, *Tate and Brady's New version*, 1698.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

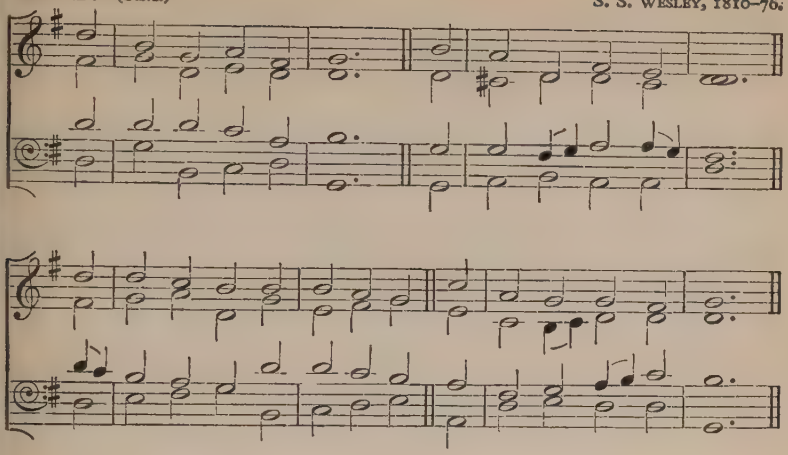
2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

4 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis moved by his Almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

5. O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

EBFORD. (S.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



H. Bonar, 1808–89.

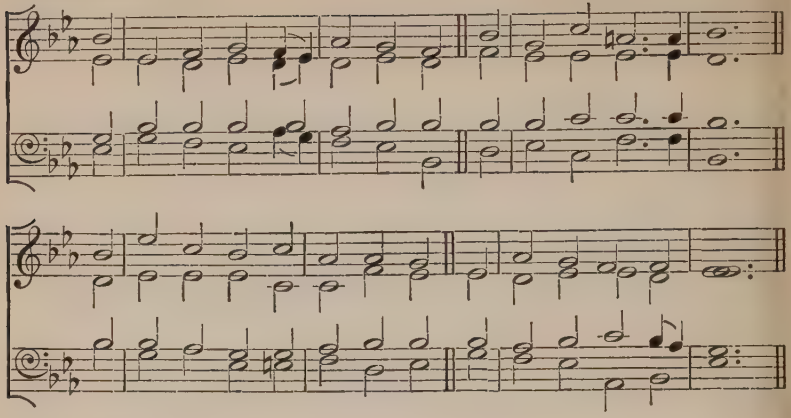
O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night,
In which creation lay.

2 O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,
Our Bliss, our Treasure, and our Wealth,
To thee our spirit clings.

3 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold us in the way;
Bring us, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

4 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

ST. BERNARD. (C.M.) J. RICHARDSON, 1816–79.



W. Cowper, 1731–1800.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

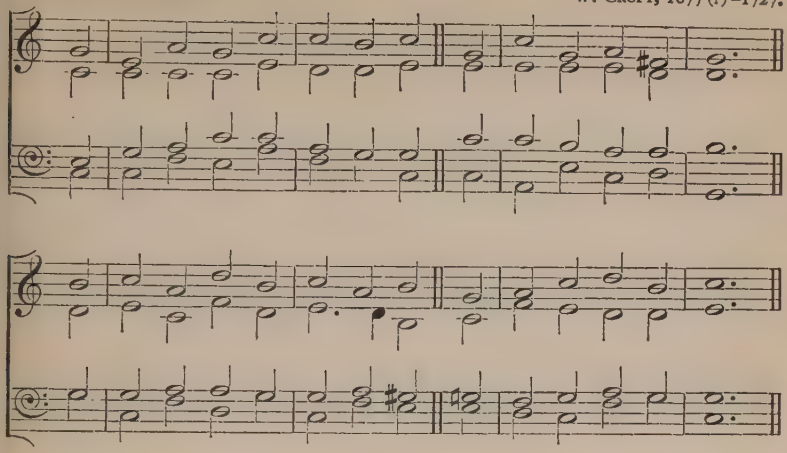
2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy Throne,
And worship only thee.

5. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) W. CROFT, 1677 (?) –1727.



Latin version of Ps. cxvii.

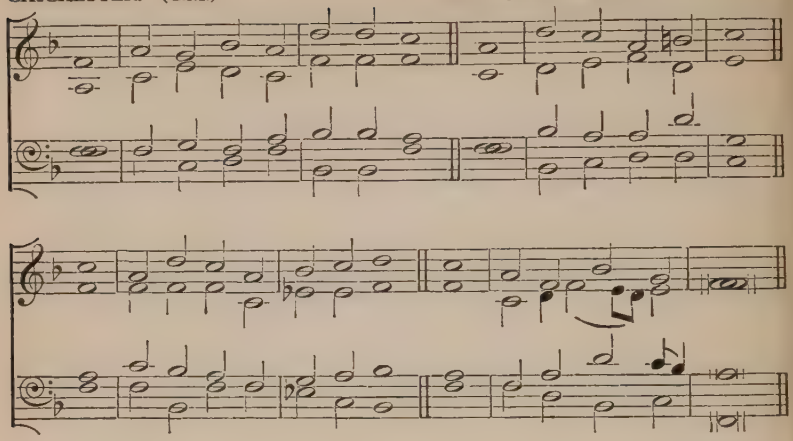
O GENTES omnes undique,
Laudate Dominum ;
Illum laudate, populi,
Per orbis ambitum.

2 Nam ingens est hominibus
Illius bonitas,
Et in aeterna saecula
Iehovae veritas.

3. Sit laus Triuni Domino,
Honor et gloria,
Ab universo populo,
Per cuncta saecula.

CHICHESTER. (C.M.)

T. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.
Harm. adapted from THOMAS RAVENSCROFT.



Thomas Sternhold, d. 1549.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity :

2 My God, my rock in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

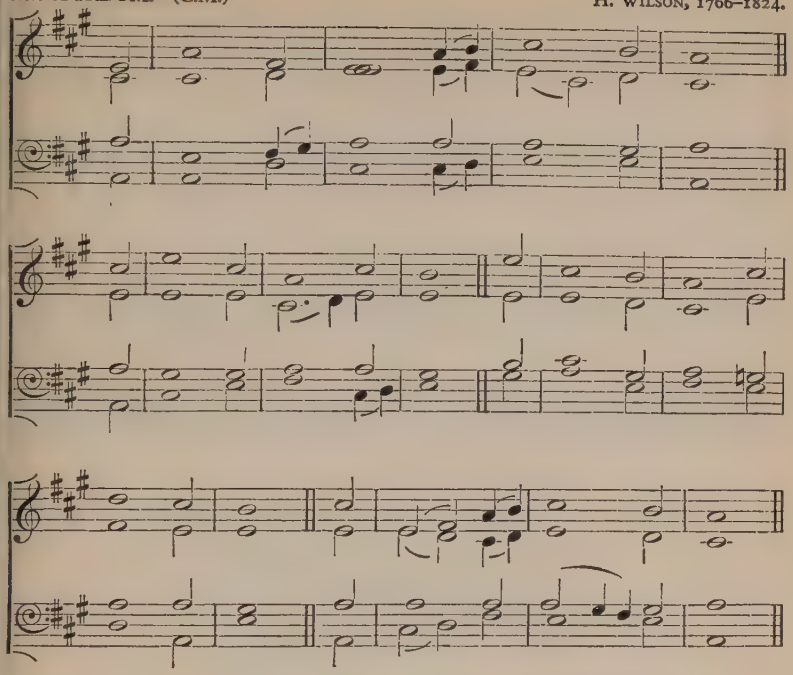
3 I when beset with pain and grief
Did pray to God for grace,
And he forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of his holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens on high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky ;

5 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

6. Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried ;
He is a sure defence to such
As in his faith abide.

MARTYRDOM. (C.M.) H. WILSON, 1766–1824.



P. Doddridge, 1702–51.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

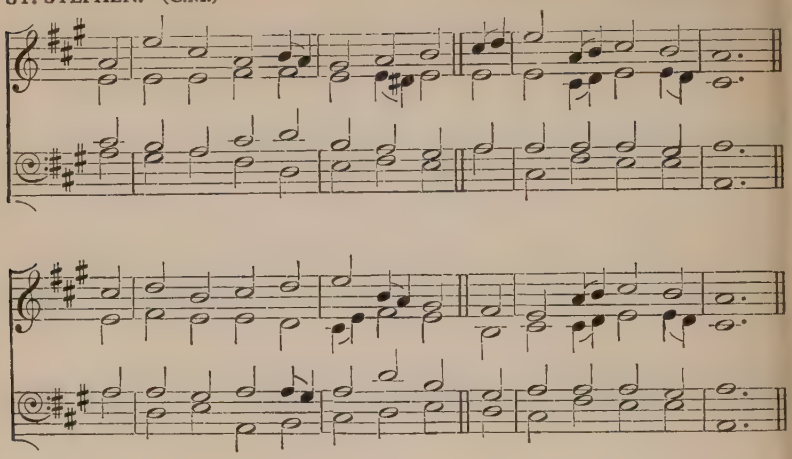
2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4. O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

(*This hymn may be sung to the tune* ST. STEPHEN, No. 198.)

ST. STEPHEN. (C.M.) W. JONES, 1726–1800.



T. Hughes, 1822–96.

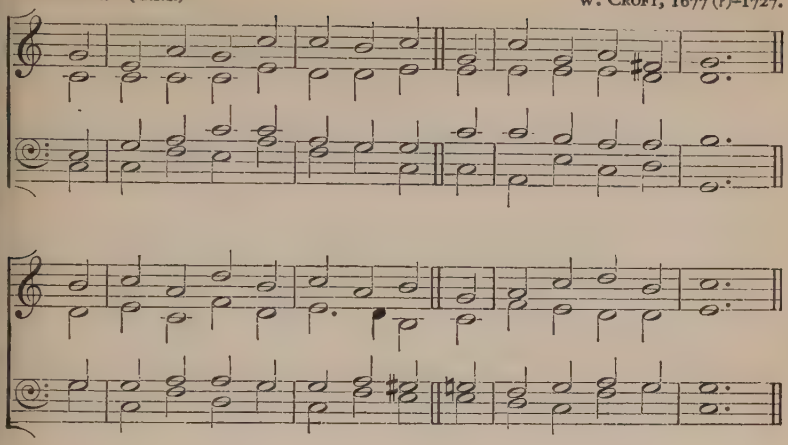
O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on thy created sons
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

3 O God of Truth, for whom we long,
O thou that hearest prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

4. So, tried by thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us thy perfect Truth may dwell,
And we may fight for thee.

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) W. CROFT, 1677 (?)–1727.



I. Watts, 1674–1748. *Altered by J. Wesley*, 1703–91.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

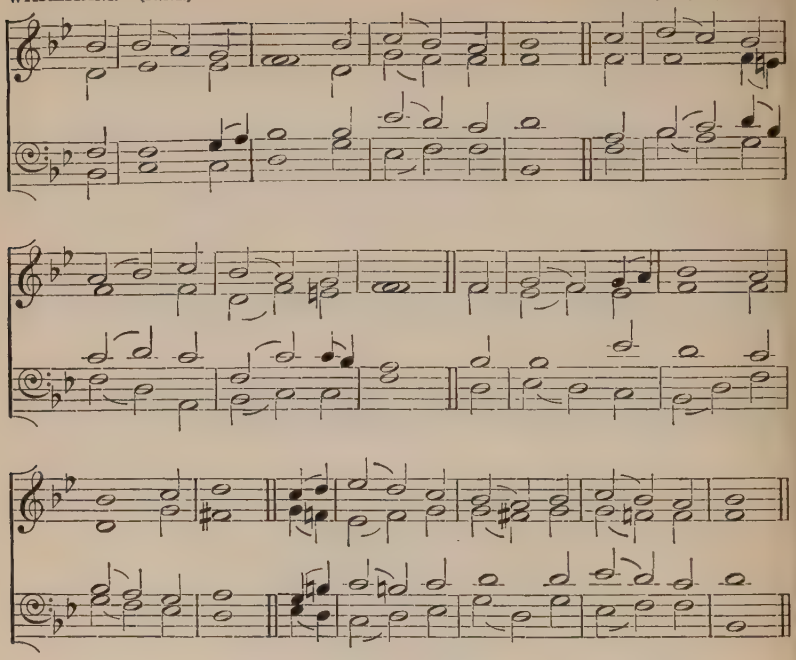
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone.
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

WAREHAM. (L.M.) W. KNAPP, 1698 (?)–1768.



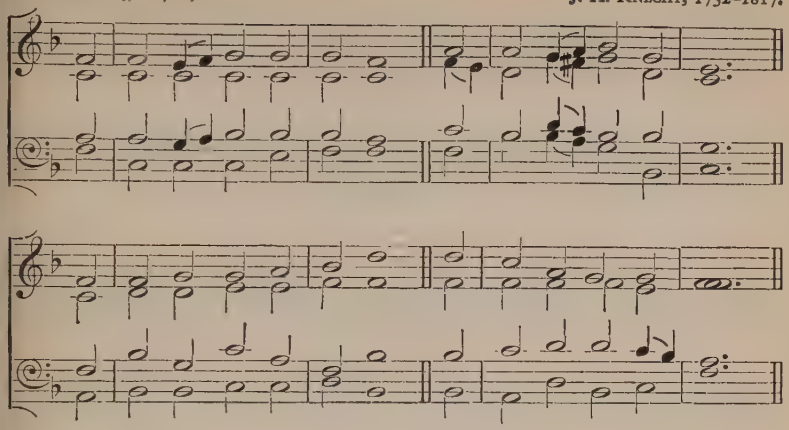
J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Thee in the watches of the night
Will I remember on my bed;
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3. Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in Heav'n above,
Or what on earth compared with thee?

KOCHER. (7 6. 7 6.) J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



J. M. Neale, 1818–66.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow
To Jesus as your head.

2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn:

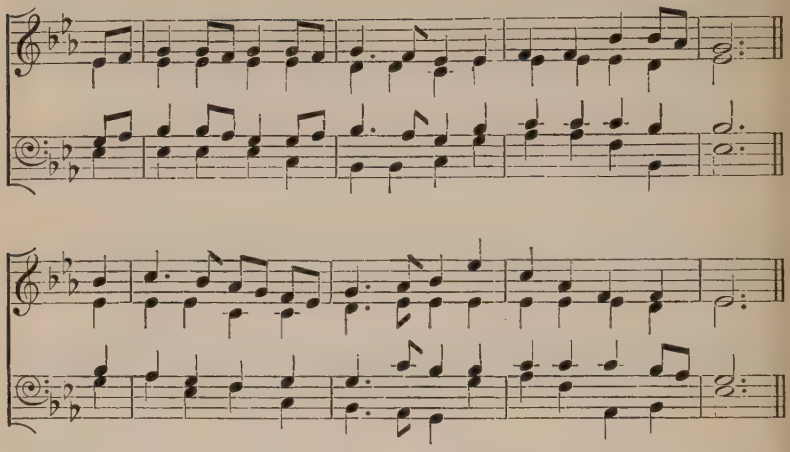
5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:

6 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth?

7. O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

CAPEL. (C.M.)

English Traditional Carol Melody.
(Noted by LUCY BROADWOOD.)



W. Walsham How, 1823–97.

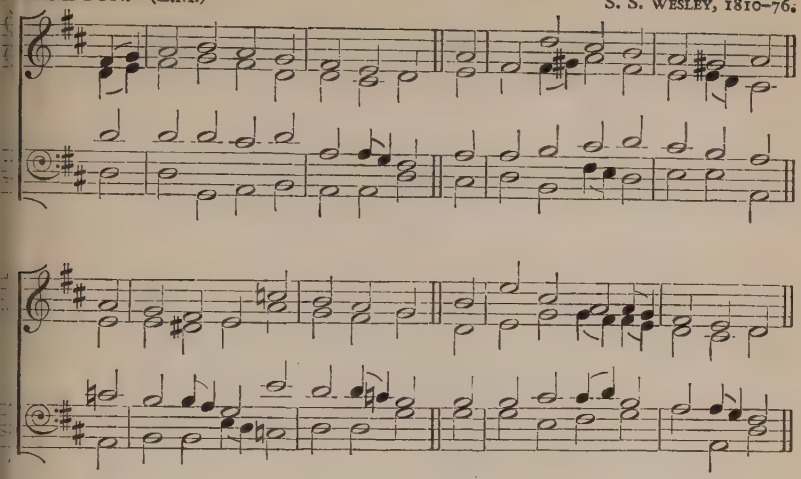
O JESU, strong and pure and true,
Before thy feet we bow;
The grace of earlier years renew,
And lead us onward now.

2 The joyous life that year by year
Within these walls is stored,
The golden hope, the gladsome cheer,
We bring to thee, O Lord.

3 Our faith endow with keener powers,
With warmer glow our love,
And draw these halting hearts of ours
From earth to heaven above.

4. In paths our bravest ones have trod
O make us brave to go,
That we may give our lives to God
In serving man below.

HAMPTON. (L.M.) S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



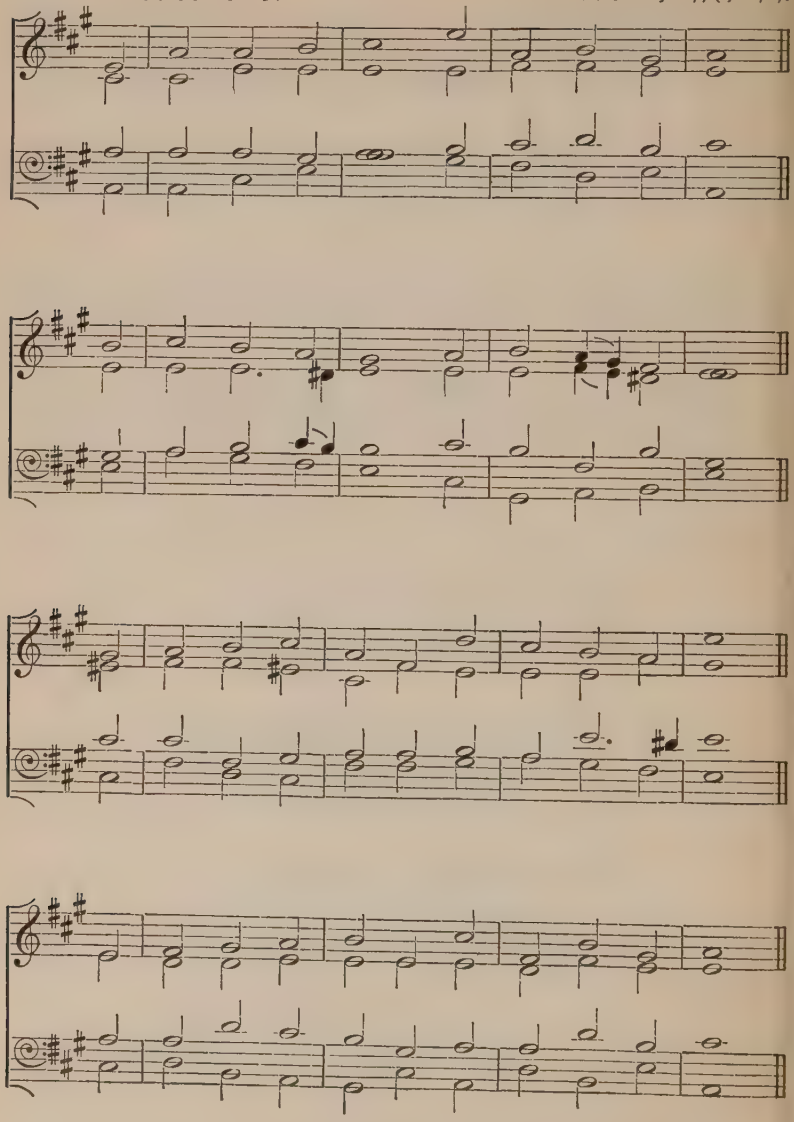
New version, Ps. xxxvi. 5, 6, 9.

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgements are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3. With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy Presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

HANOVER. (5 5. 5 5. 6 5. 6 5.) W. CROFT, 1677 (?)–1727.



Sir H. W. Baker, 1821–77.

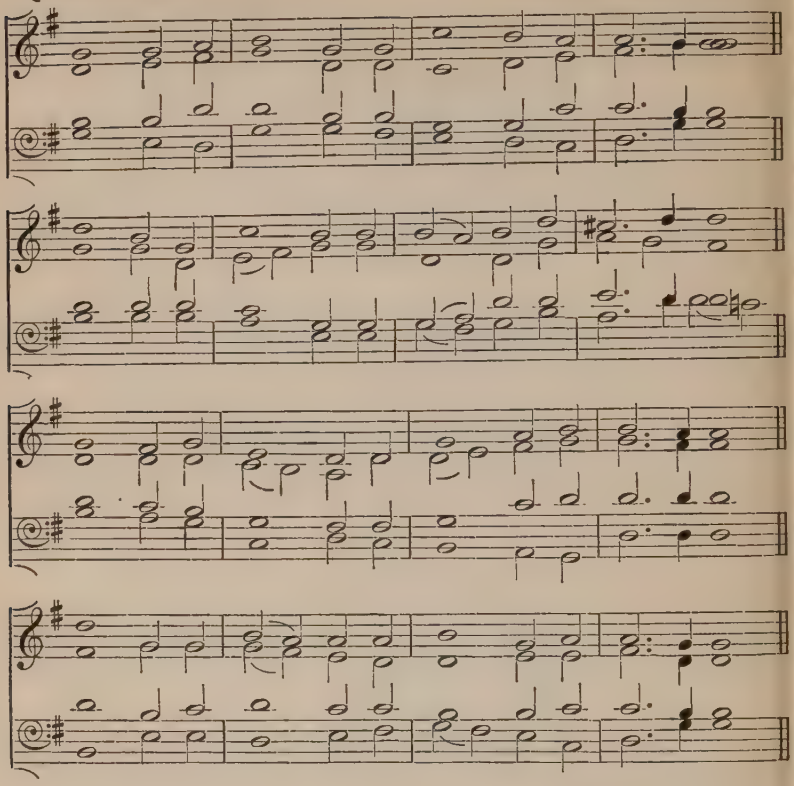
O PRAISE ye the Lord!
Praise him in the height;
Rejoice in his Word,
Ye Angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore him
By whom ye were made,
And worship before him,
In brightness arrayed.

2 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise him who hath taught you
To sing of his love.

3 O praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, his glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what he hath done.

4. O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
O praise ye the Lord!

O QUANTA QUALIA. (12 12. 12 12.) Melody from *Hymnal Noted*, 1856.



Peter Abelard, 1079–1142.

O QUANTA qualia sunt illa sabbata
Quae semper celebrat superna curia;
Quae fessis requies, quae merces fortibus,
Cum erit omnia Deus in omnibus!

2 Vere Ierusalem est illa civitas,
Cuius pax iugis est summa iucunditas,
Ubi non praevenit rem desiderium,
Nec desiderio minus est praemium.

3 Illic molestiis finitis omnibus,
Securi cantica Sion cantabimus;
Et iuges gratias de donis gratiae
Beata referet plebs Tibi, Domine.

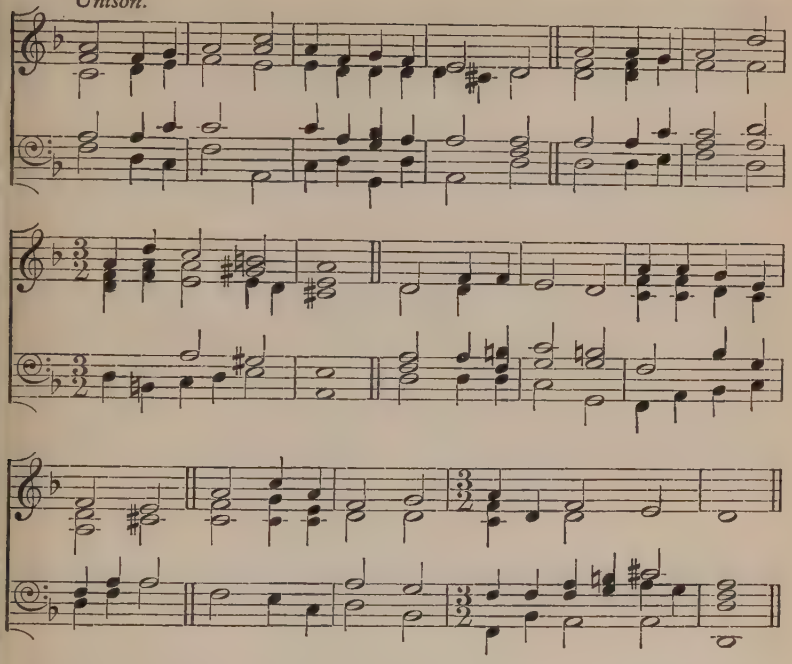
4 Illic ex sabbato succedit sabbatum:
Perpes laetitia sabbatizantium;
Nec ineffabiles cessabunt iubili,
Quos decantabimus et nos et Angeli.

5 Nostrum est interim mentes erigere,
Et totis patriam votis appetere,
Et ad Ierusalem a Babylonia
Post longa regredi tandem exilia.

6. Perenni Domino perpes sit gloria,
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt omnia:
Ex quo sunt, Pater est; per quem sunt, Filius;
In quo sunt, Patris et Filii Spiritus.

DONNE SECOURS. (11. 10. 11. 10.) Psalm xii. in the *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.

Unison.



Frank Fletcher.

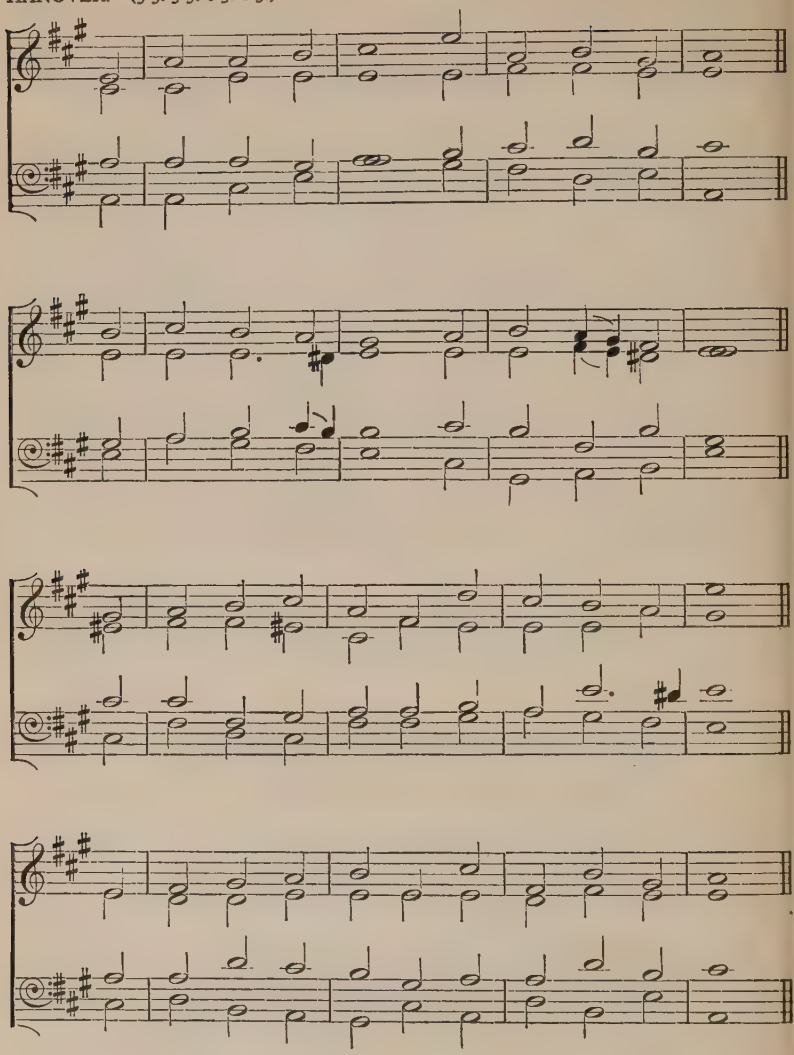
O SON of man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.

2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth.

3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

4. Not in our failures only and our sadness,
We seek thy presence, Comforter and Friend ;
O rich man's guest, be with us in our gladness !
O poor man's mate, our lowliest tasks attend !

HANOVER. (5 5. 5 5. 6 5. 6 5.) W. CROFT, 1677 (?)–1727.



Sir R. Grant, 1779–1838.

O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

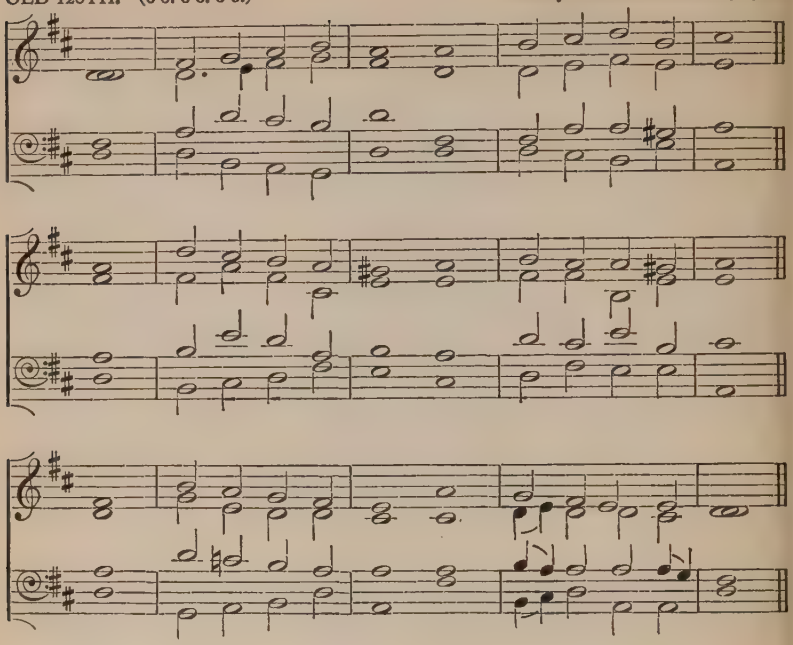
3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old:
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6. O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

OLD 120TH. (6 6. 6 6. 6 6.) Melody from ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97.

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forlorn
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up,
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful steps we go;
Where in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

5. Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his Name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

PRAISE, MY SOUL. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.)

mf *Unison.* J. Goss, 1800–80.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Hea - ven; To his feet thy

tri - bute bring; Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,

Who like me his praise should sing? *f* Praise him, Praise him,

Praise him, Praise him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

Harmony.

mf

2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers

mf

in dis - tress; Praise him still the same for ev - er,

f

Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Praise him, Praise him,

f

Praise him, Praise him, Glo-rious in his faith - ful - ness!

Trebles only.

mp

3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble

frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly bears us,

f

Res - cues us from all our foes: Praise him, Praise him,

f

Praise him, Praise him, Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.

Harmony.

p

4. Frail as sum-mer's flower we flou - rish, Blows the wind and

cres.

it is gone; But while mor - tals rise and per - ish,

f

God en - dures un - chang-ing on: Praise him, Praise him,

Praise him, Praise him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One!

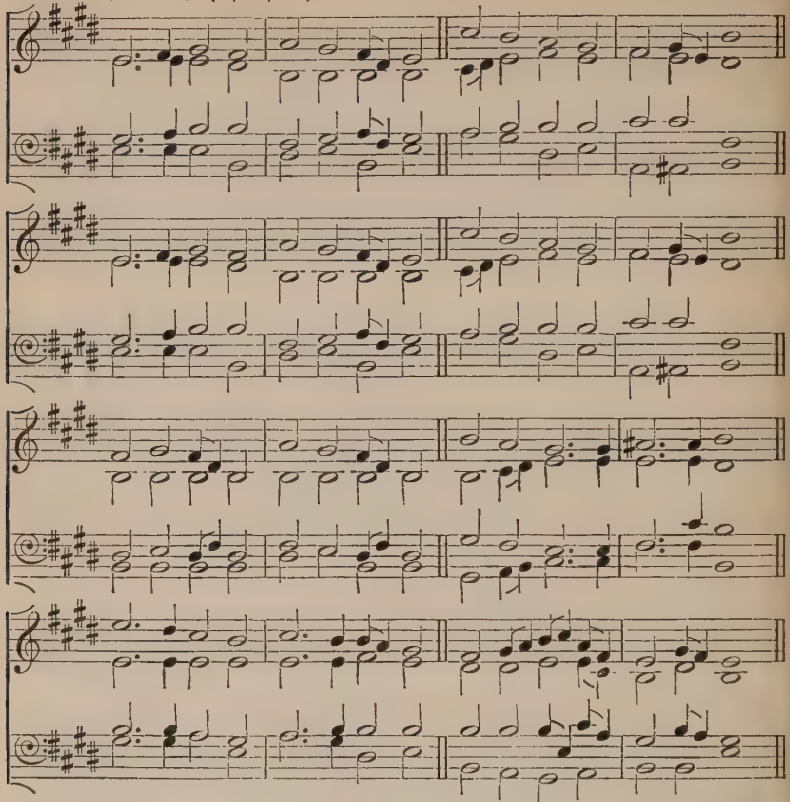
Unison.

mf

5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be - hold him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him; Dwell-ers all in time and space. *f* Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise with us the God of Grace.

H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847.

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (8 7. 8 7. D.) F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.



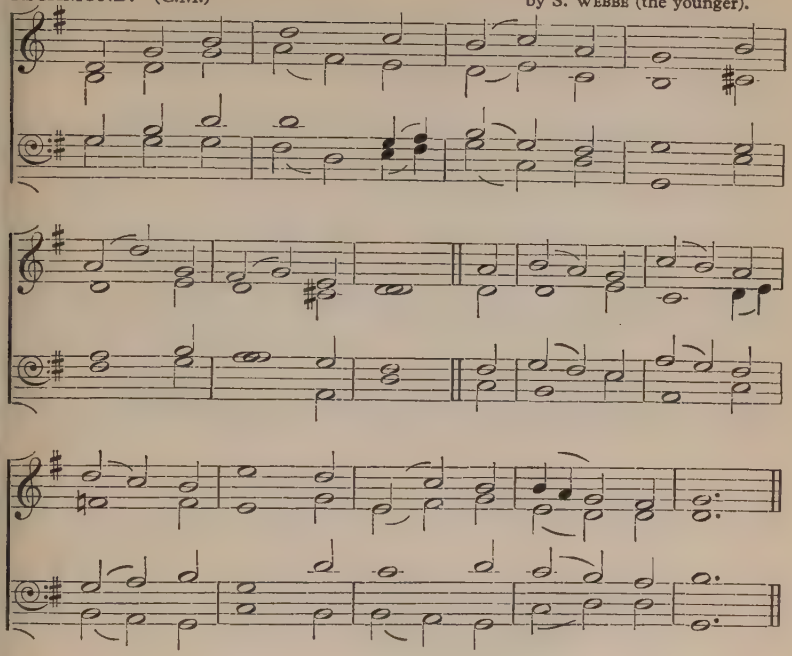
Ps. cxlviii. *Anon.*, 1796.

PRAISE the Lord! ye Heav'ns, adore him,
Praise him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his Name!

RICHMOND. (C.M.)

Adapted from T. HAWEIS, 1734–1820, by S. WEBBE (the younger).



Cardinal Newman, 1801–90.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

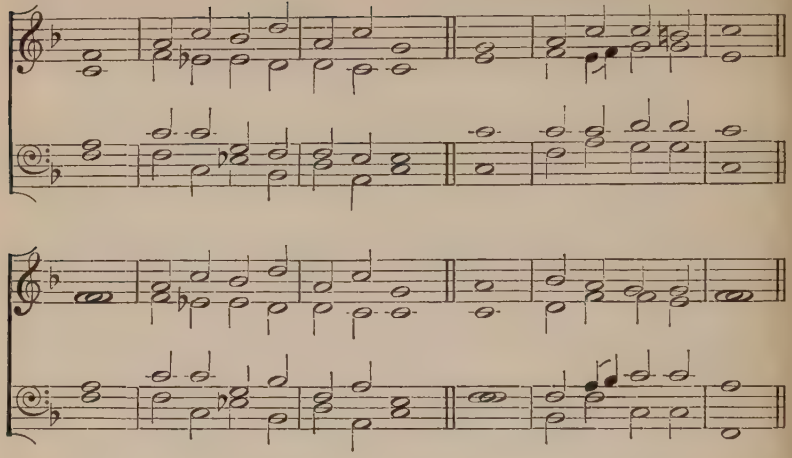
4 O generous love ! that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo ;

5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

6. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

YORK. (C.M.)

Melody from *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.
Harmony from J. MILTON, 1563 (?) – 1647.



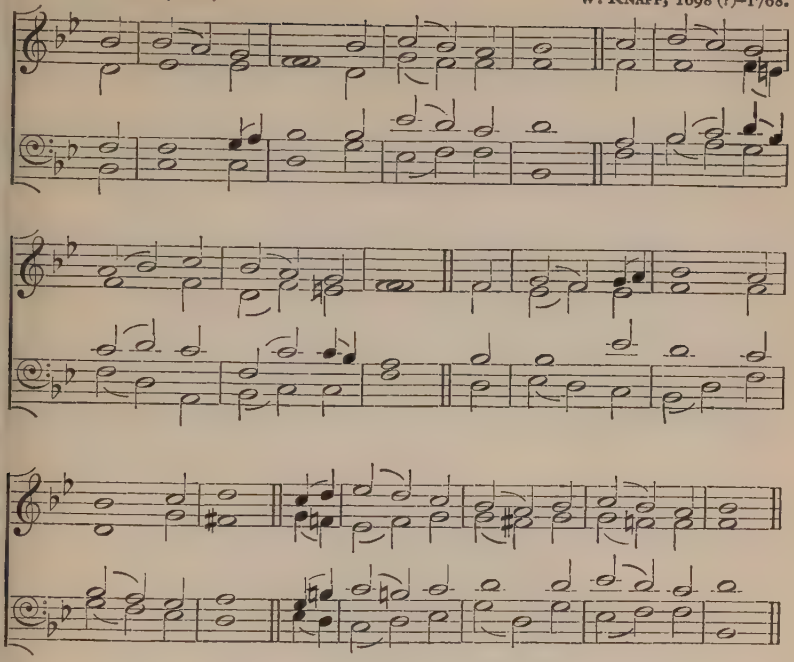
Ps. cxxii. *Scottish Psalter*, 1650.

PRAY that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

2 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

3. Now, for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say;
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good alway.

WAREHAM. (L.M.) W. KNAPP, 1698 (?)–1768.



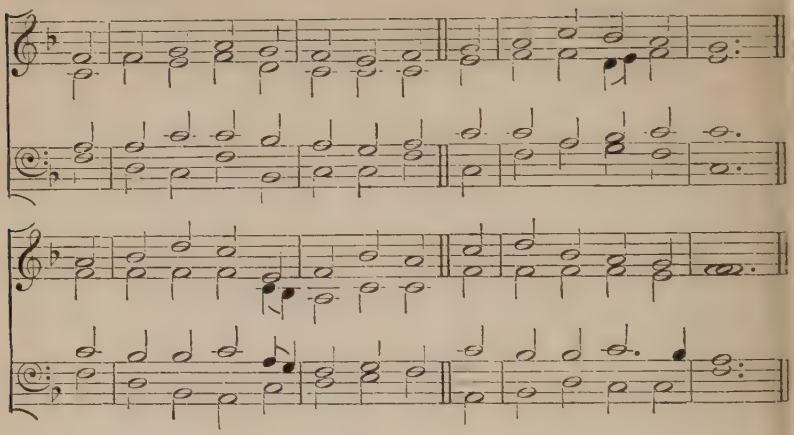
Y. H.

REJOICE, O land, in God thy might,
His will obey, him serve aright;
For thee the Saints uplift their voice:
Fear not, O land, in God rejoice.

2 Glad shalt thou be, with blessing crowned,
With joy and peace thou shalt abound;
Yea, love with thee shall make his home
Until thou see God's kingdom come.

3. He shall forgive thy sins untold:
Remember thou his love of old;
Walk in his way, his word adore,
And keep his truth for evermore.

ST. ETHELDREDA. (C.M.) T. TURTON, 1780–1864.



John, 1703–91, *or Charles*, 1707–88, *Wesley*.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

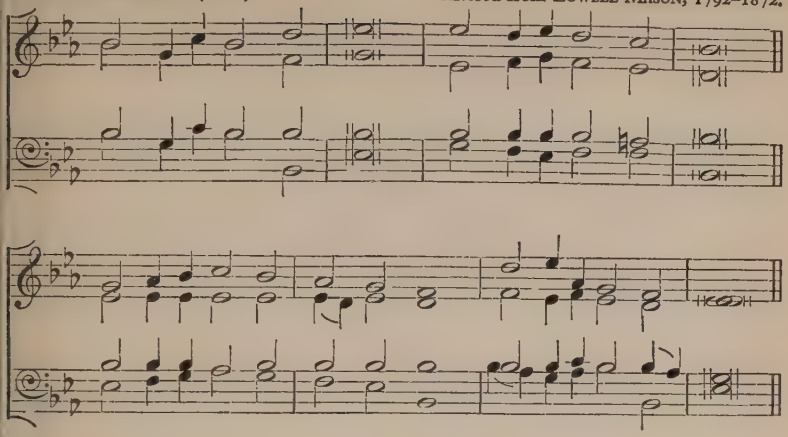
3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden Name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let thee go.'

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy Name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6. Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

HUDDERSFIELD. (S.M.) Altered from LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



C. Wesley, 1707–88.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his Eternal Son;

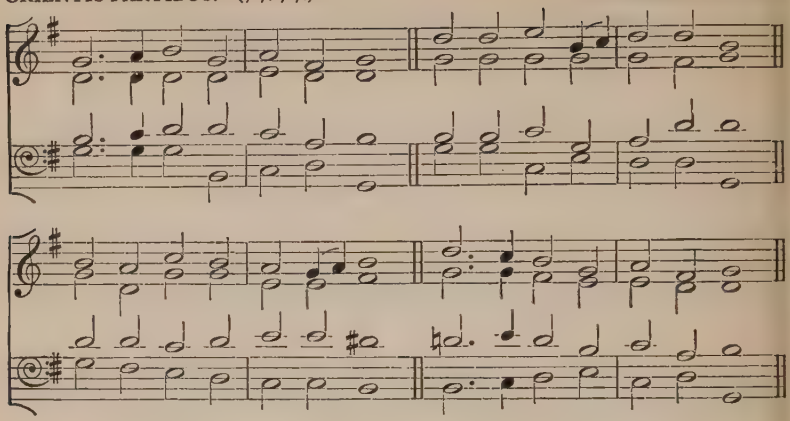
2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5. That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS. (7 7. 7 7.) R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



J. H. Clark, 1839–88. *Tr. from the Latin*, 18*th cent.*

SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

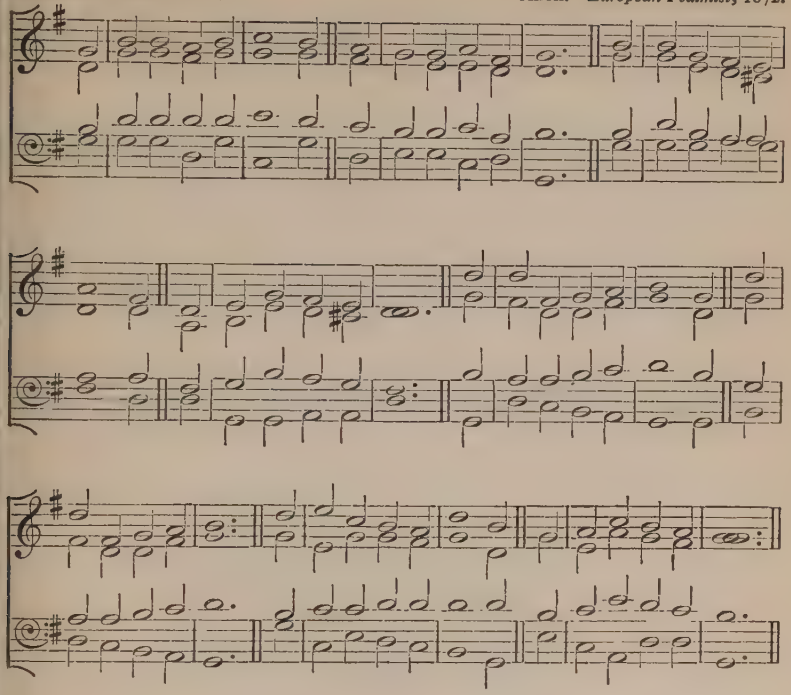
2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

3 For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heav'nly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

4 Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heav'nward lift thy soul's regard;
God himself is thy reward.

5. Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, thy Name we praise.

SCHWYZ. (7 6. 7 6. D.) Anon. *European Psalmist*, 1872.



W. Cowper, 1731–1800.

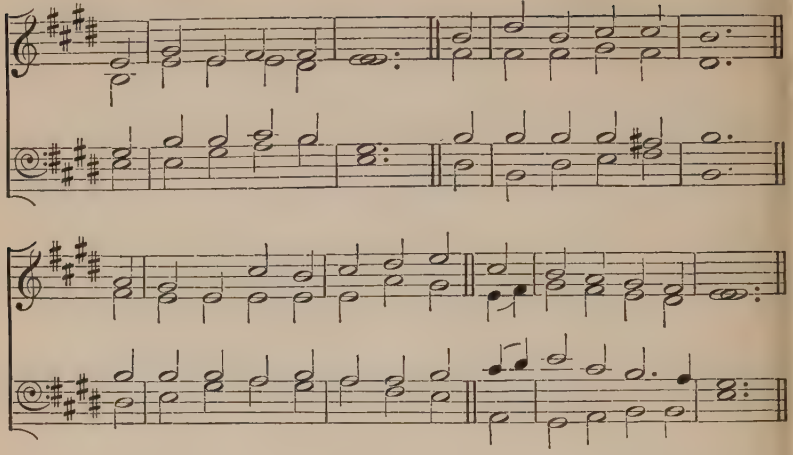
SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

ST. HELENA. (S.M.) Anon.



J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

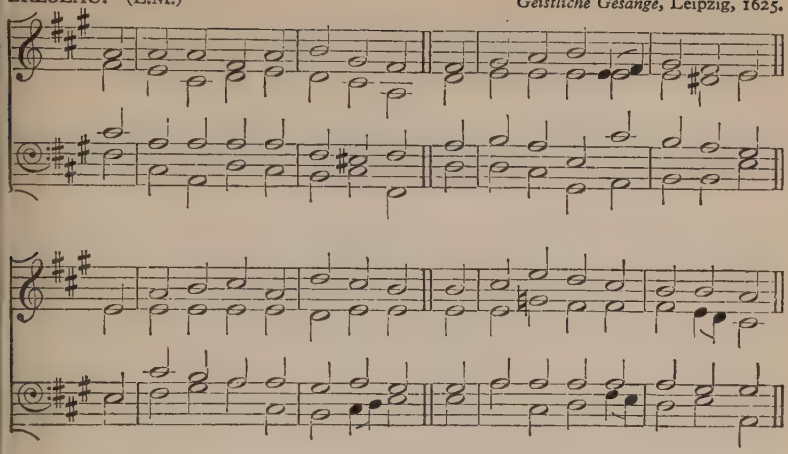
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own Altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heav'n our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5. Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

BRESLAU. (L.M.) *Geistliche Gesänge*, Leipzig, 1625.



C. W. Everest, 1814–77.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

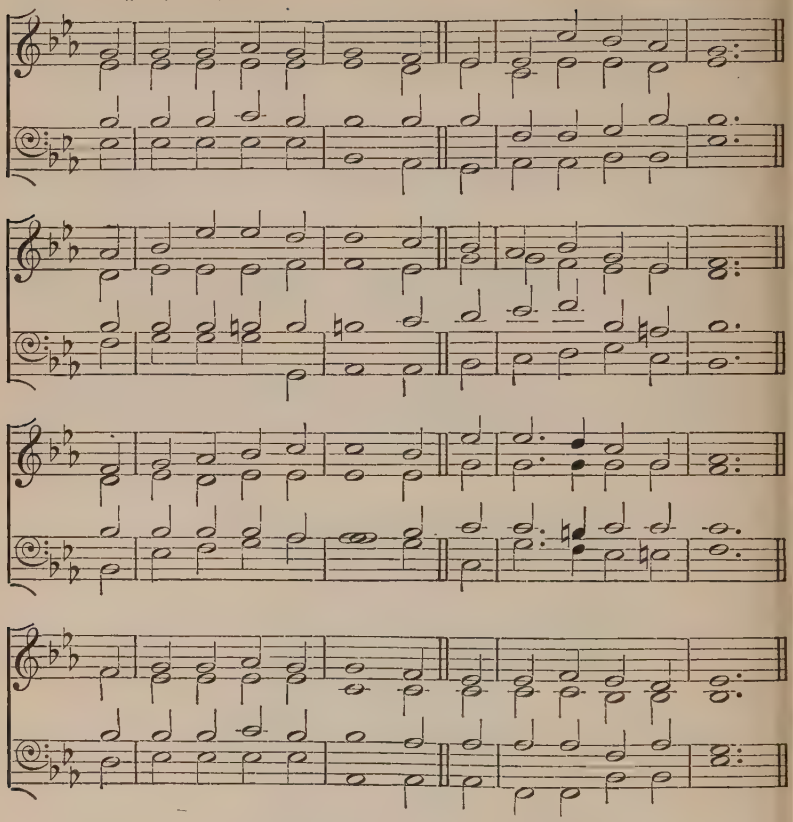
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

6. To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our home to see
The heav'nly life that knows no end.

AURELIA. (7 6. 7 6. D.) S. S. Wesley, 1810–76.



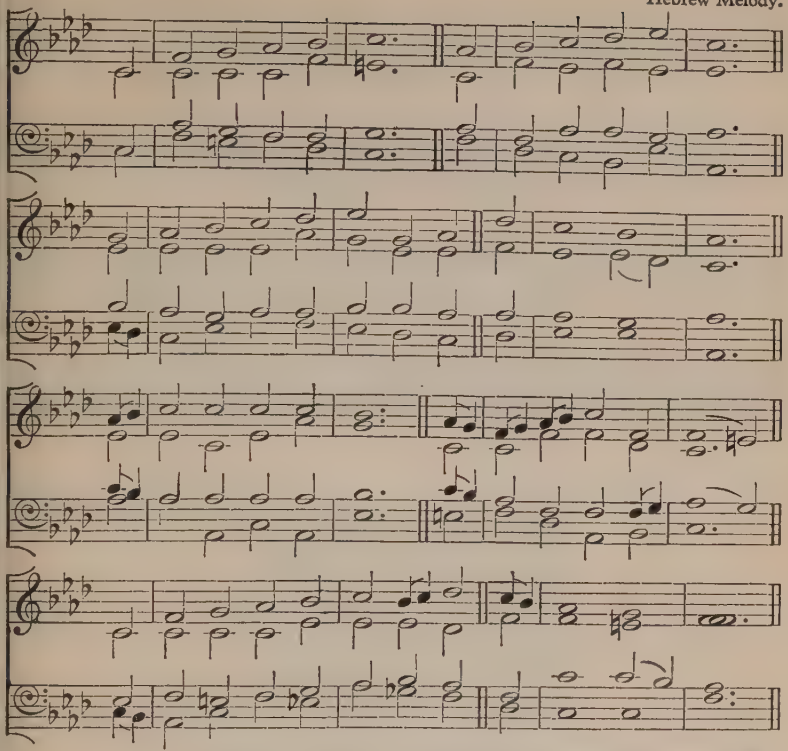
S. J. Stone, 1839–1900.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word:
From Heav'n he came and sought her
To be his holy Bride;
With his own Blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth:
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3. 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

LEONI. (6 6 8 4. D.) Hebrew Melody.



T. Olivers, 1725–99. Paraphrase of a medieval Hebrew Hymn.

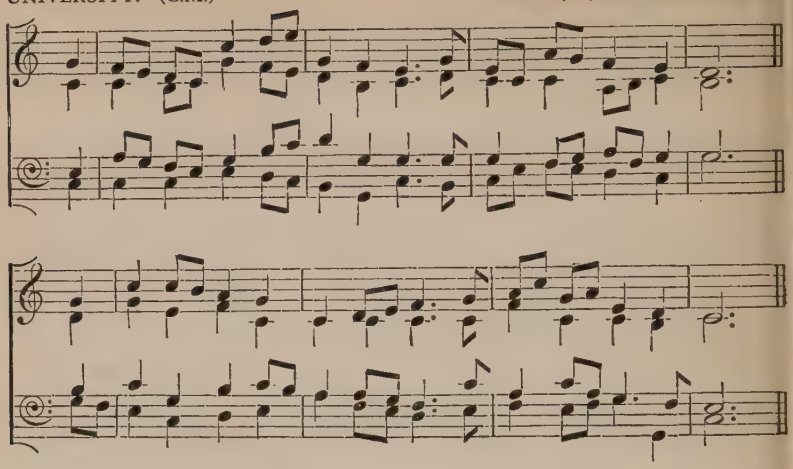
THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

2 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend:
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To Heav'n ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

4. The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine;
I join the heav'nly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

UNIVERSITY. (C.M.) Probably by J. RANDALL, 1715–99.



George Herbert, 1593–1632.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed;
While he is mine and I am his,
What can I want or need?

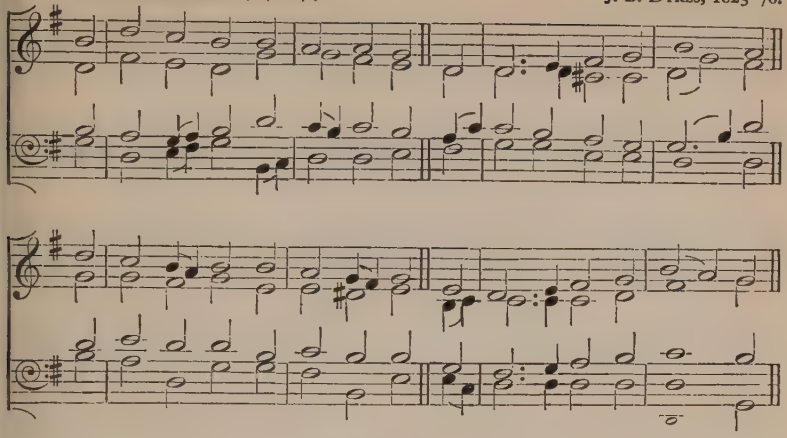
2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

3 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

5. Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. (8 7. 8 7.) J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.



Sir H. W. Baker, 1821–77.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

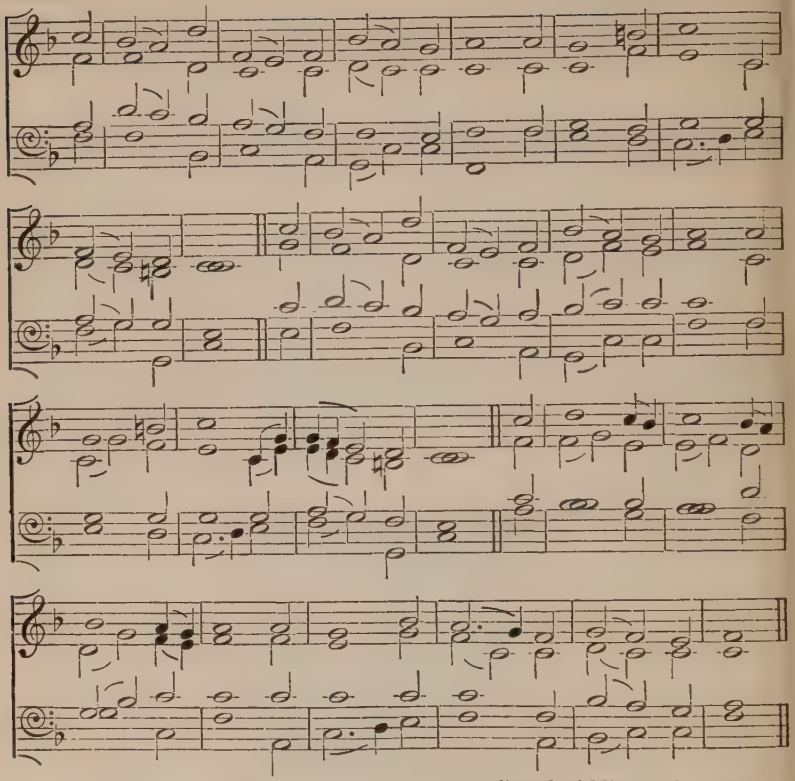
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure Chalice floweth!

6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy House for ever.

SURREY. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) H. CAREY, *c.* 1690–1743.



Joseph Addison, 1672–1719.

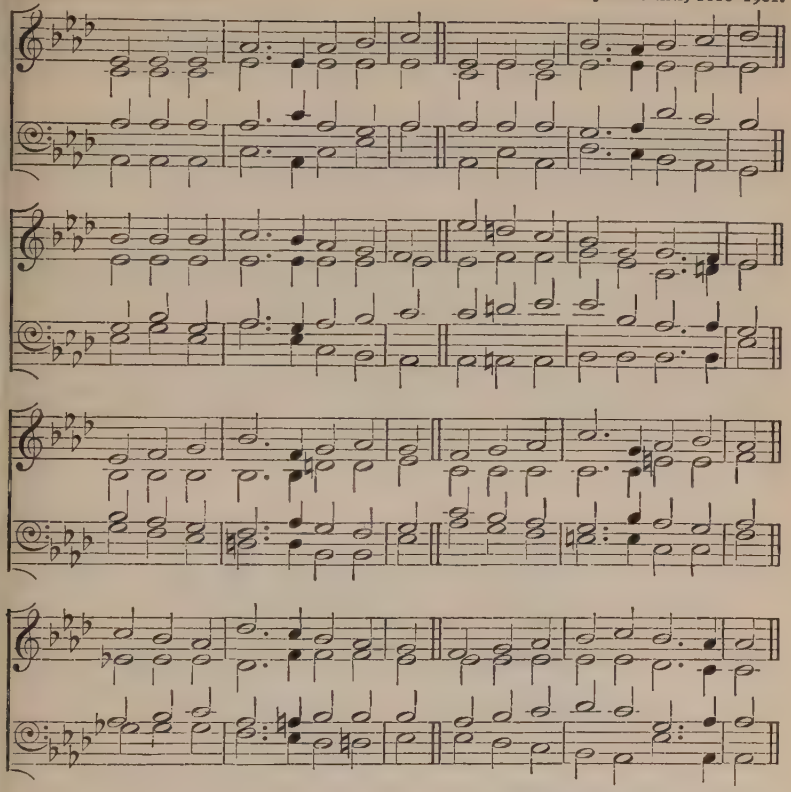
THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks shall he attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned, [around.
And streams shall murmur all

4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

CREATION. (D.L.M.) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818–1901.



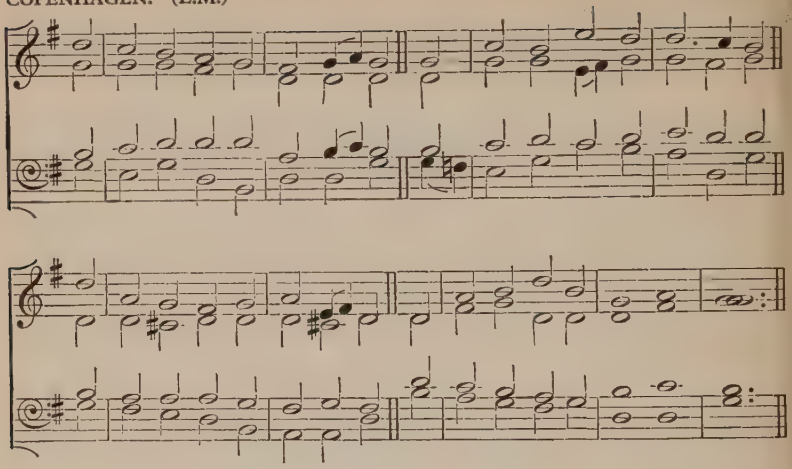
Joseph Addison, 1672–1719.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'

COPENHAGEN. (L.M.) E. HARTMANN.



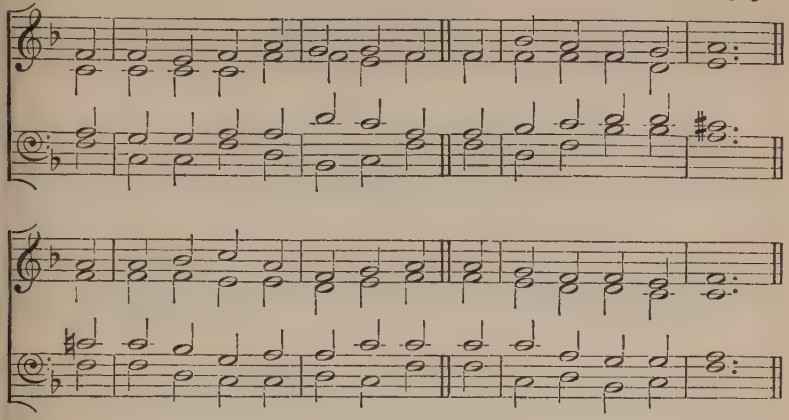
J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,
'There is no help in God for thee.'
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I made my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill:
At his command the waves rolled by,
He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3. I laid me down, I slept, I woke:
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain,
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

ST. FLAVIAN. (C.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



J. Keble, 1792–1866.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of Heav'n is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

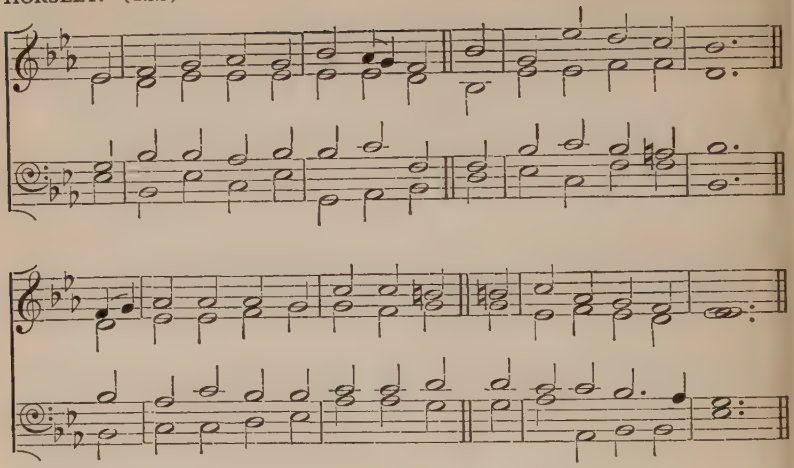
5 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.

6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

7 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heav'n and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

8. Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

HORSLEY. (C.M.) W. HORSLEY, 1774–1858.



Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823–95.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

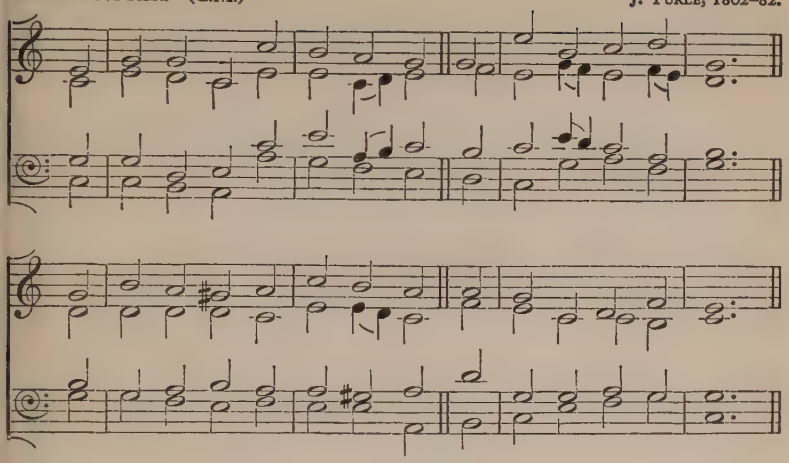
2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by his precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

5. O dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming Blood,
And try his works to do.

WESTMINSTER. (C.M.) J. TURLE, 1802–82.



I. Watts, 1674–1748.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

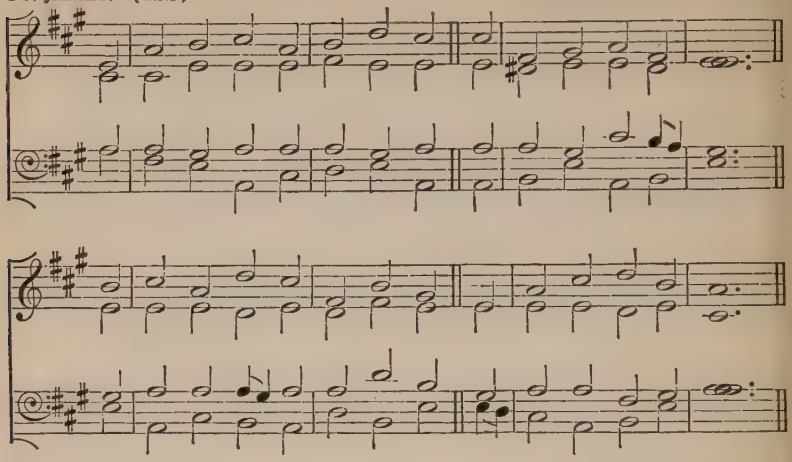
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we all our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes ;

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

ST. JAMES. (C.M.) R. COURTEVILLE, *c.* 1680–1772.



G. W. Doane, 1799–1859.

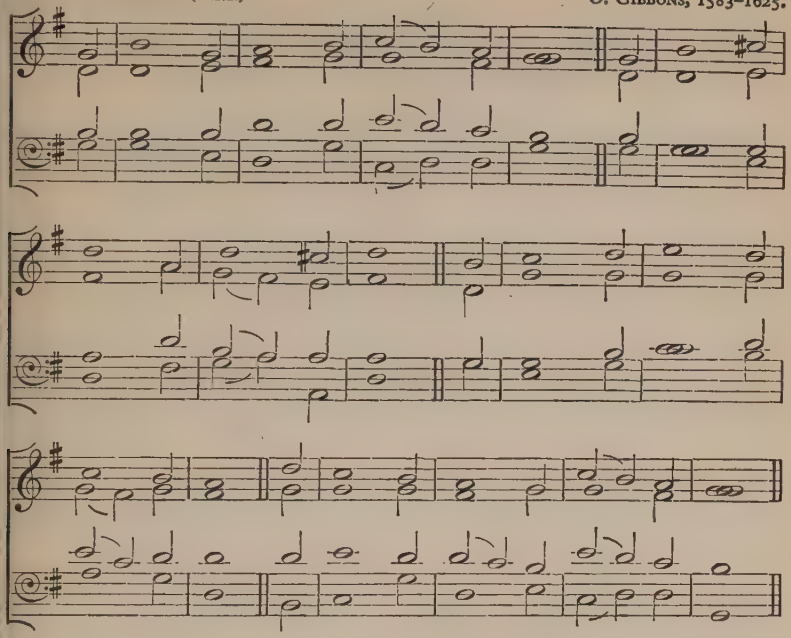
THOU art the Way; by thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

ANGELS' SONG. (L.M.) O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.



Ps. cxxxix, *Tate and Brady's New version*, 1698.

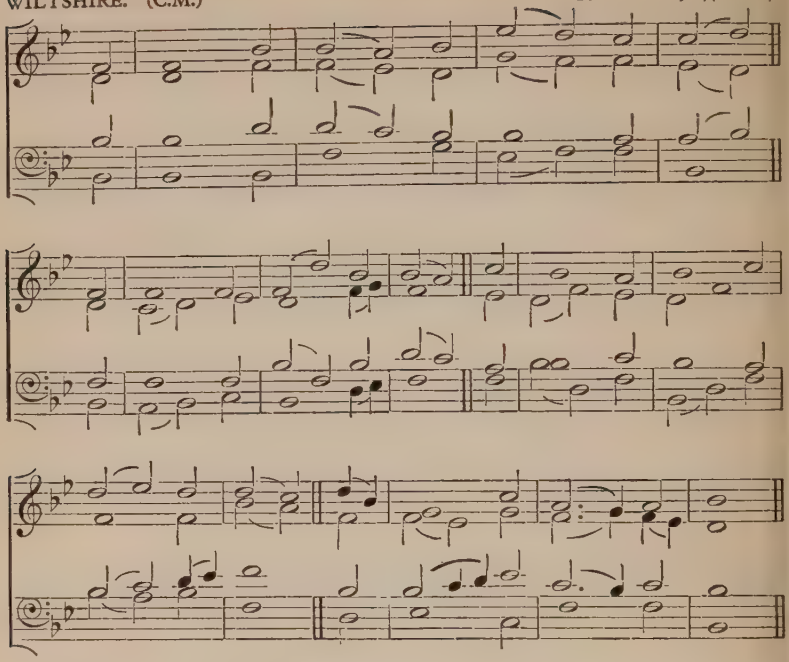
THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered word's intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4. Search, try, O God, my thought and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

WILTSHIRE. (C.M.) G. T. SMART, 1776–1867.



Ps. xxxiv, *Tate and Brady's New version*, 1698.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

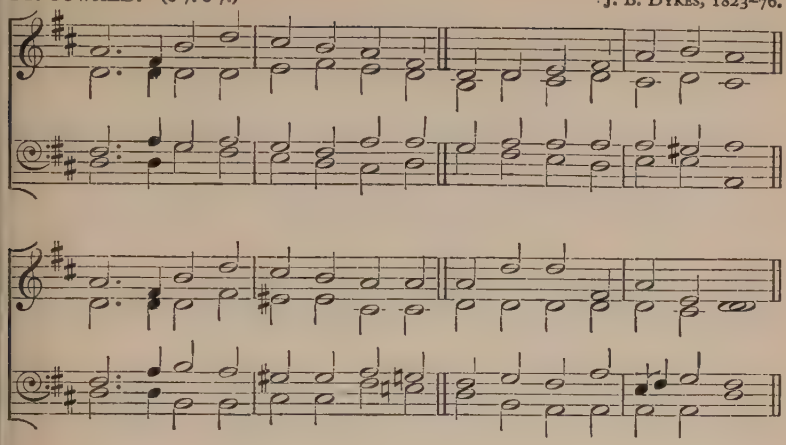
3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

6. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ST. OSWALD. (8 7. 8 7.) J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.



B. S. Ingemann, 1789–1862. *Tr. S. Baring-Gould*, 1867.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

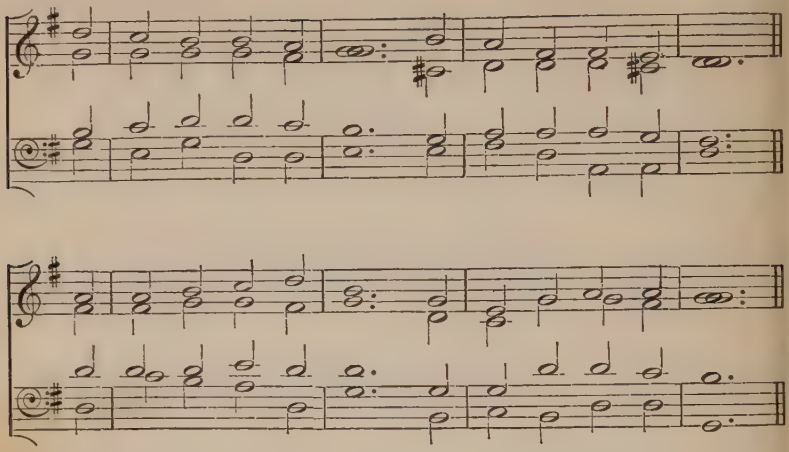
5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid;
Bear its shame and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

8. Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

ST. CECILIA. (6 6. 6 6.) L. G. HAYNE, 1836–83.



L. Hensley, 1827–1905.

THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

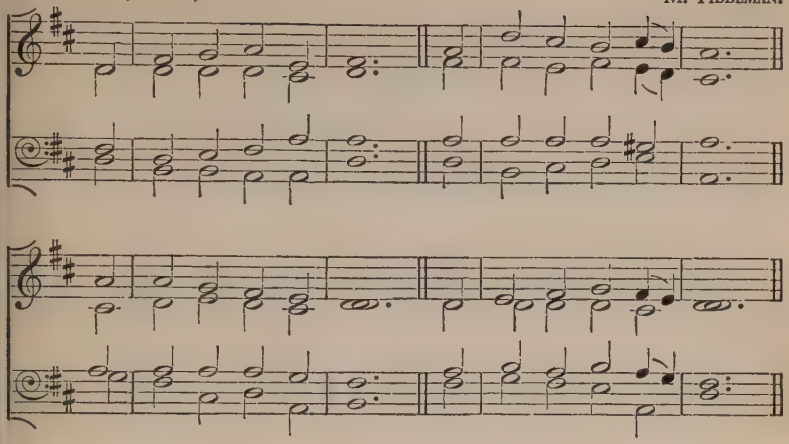
2 Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,—
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.

5. O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set!

IBSTONE. (6 6. 6 6.) M. TIDDEMAN.



H. Bonar, 1808–89.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

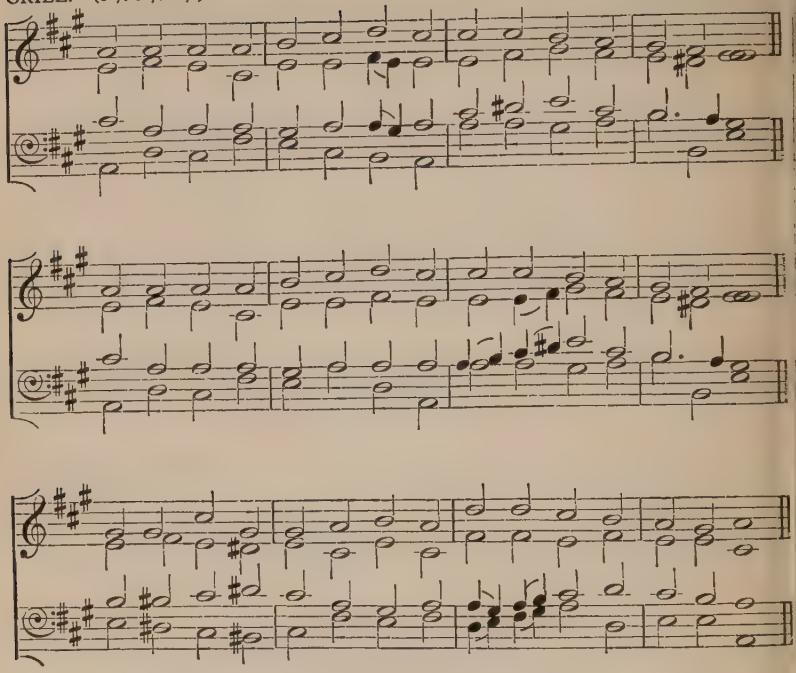
5 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

6 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

ORIEL. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.)

ETT, *Cantica Sacra*, 1840.
Arranged by W. H. MONK, 1823–89.



Altered from J. M. Neale's translation of Latin Hymn of 15th cent.

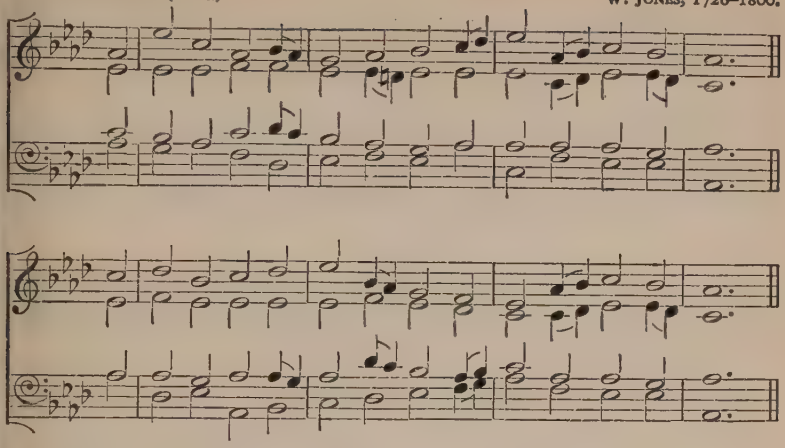
TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heav'nly joy possesseth here.

4. Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere,
Holy Jesu, thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heav'nward soaring
We may sing with Angels there.

ST. STEPHEN. (C.M.) W. JONES, 1726–1800.



J. Addison, 1672–1719.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

WILCOT. (Irregular.) J. PEARS, 1778–1854.

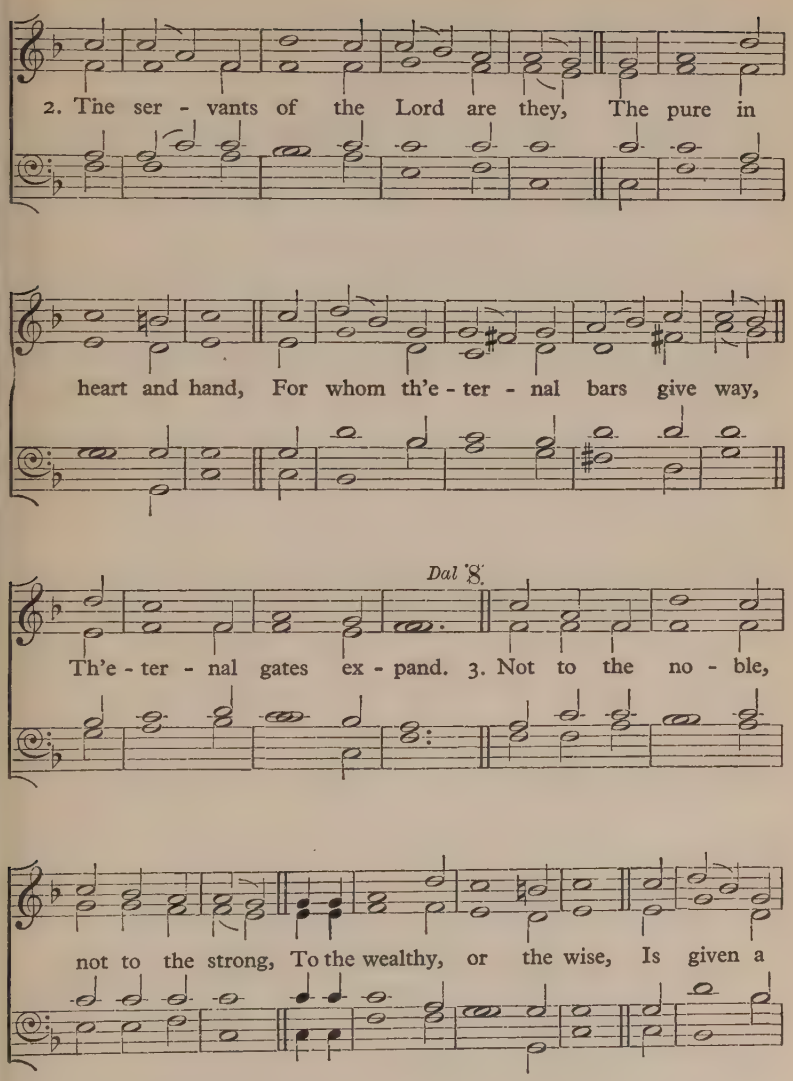
1. Who shall as - cend to the ho - ly place, And stand on the

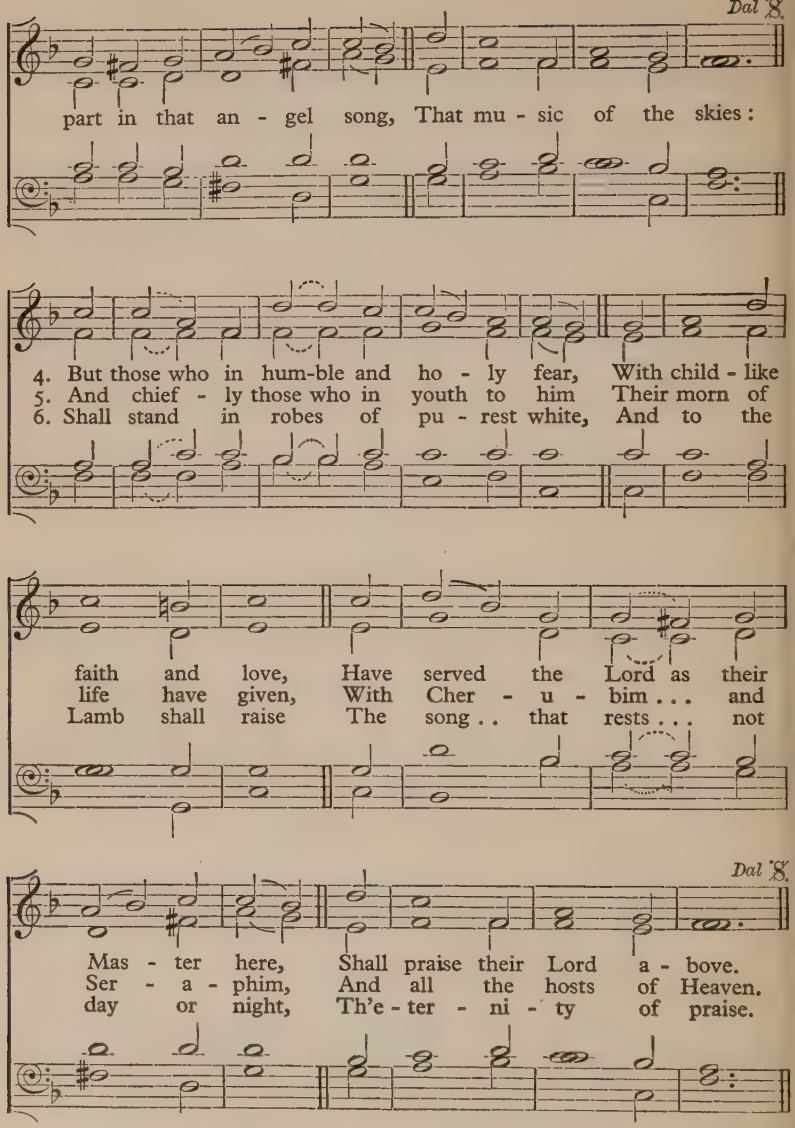
ho - ly hill? Who shall the bound-less realms of space

With shouts of rap - ture thrill? Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah!

Fine.

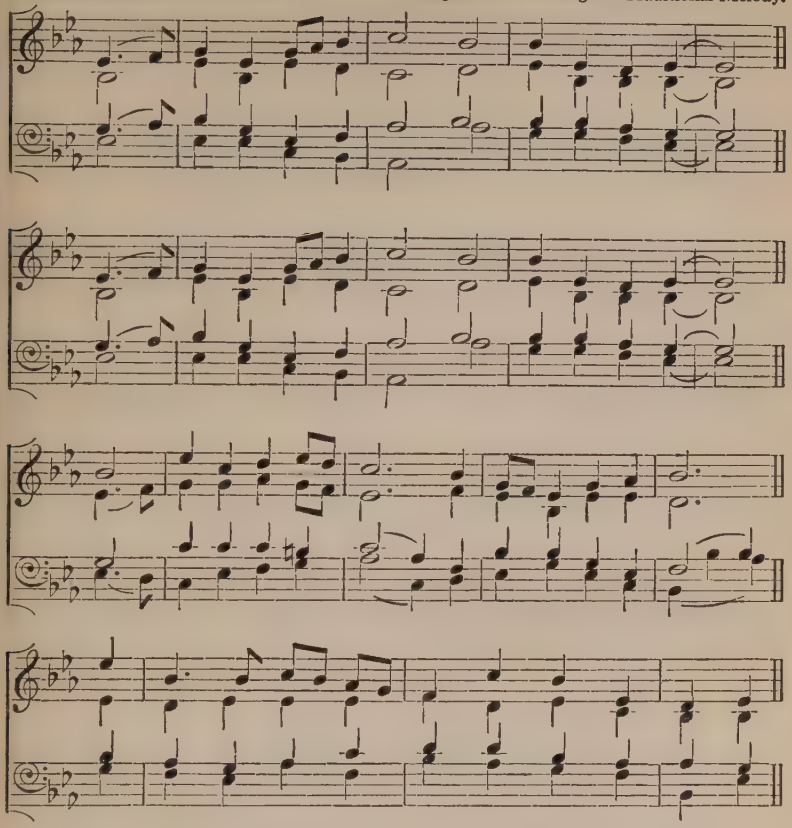
For the Lord God Om - ni - po-tent reign - eth!


2. The ser - vants of the Lord are they, The pure in
heart and hand, For whom th'e - ter - nal bars give way,
Dal 8
Th'e - ter - nal gates ex - pand. 3. Not to the no - ble,
not to the strong, To the wealthy, or the wise, Is given a



Ps. xv, *T. E. Hankinson*, 1804–43.

MONKS GATE. (11 11. 12 11.) Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.



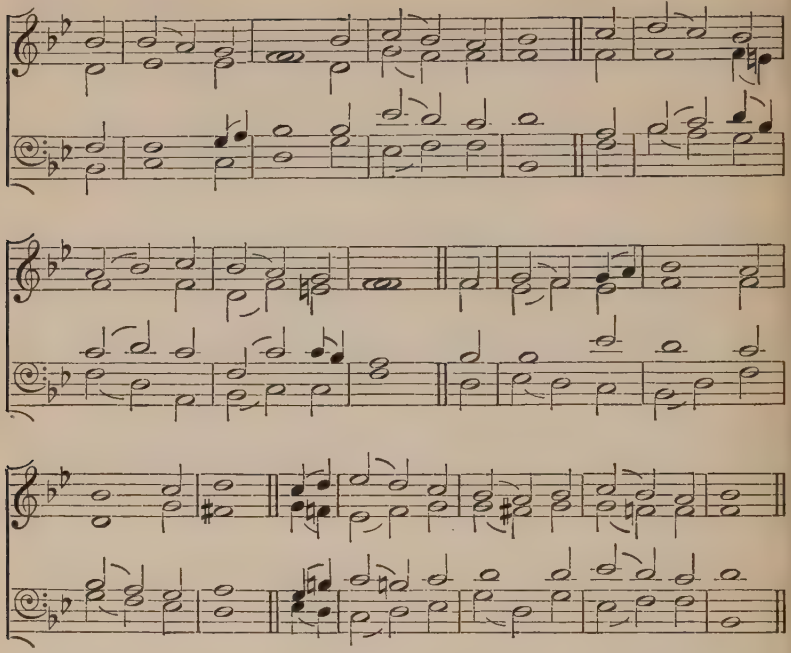
John Bunyan, 1628–88.

WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather ;
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

2 Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound ;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

3. Nor demon nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say ;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

WAREHAM. (L.M.) W. KNAPP, 1698 ?–1768.



Ps. xciii, *Tate and Brady's New version,* 1698.

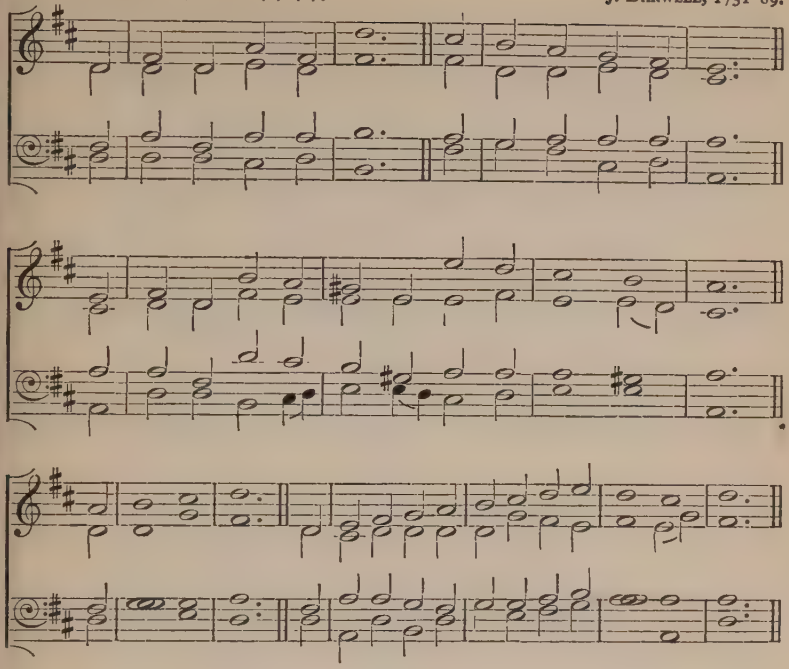
WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PORTSMOUTH. (6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.) J. DARWELL, 1731–89.



R. Baxter, 1615–91, *and J. H. Gurney*, 1802-62.

YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

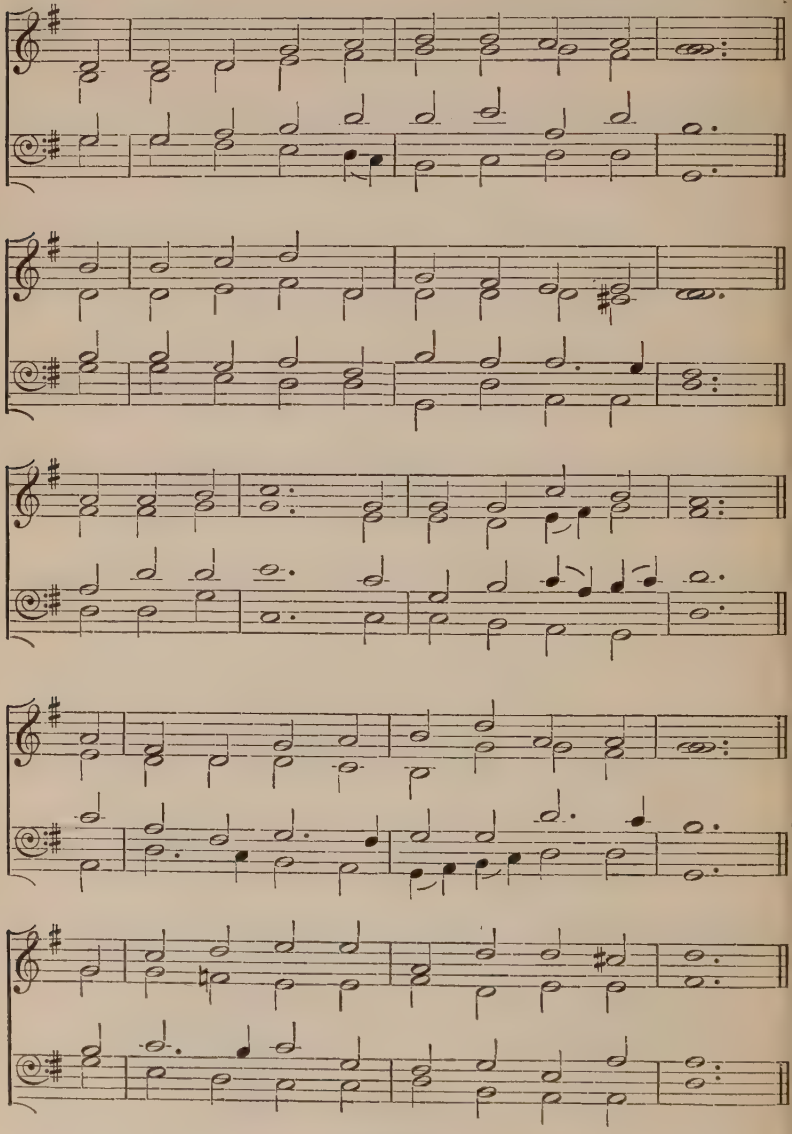
2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
As in his sight
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

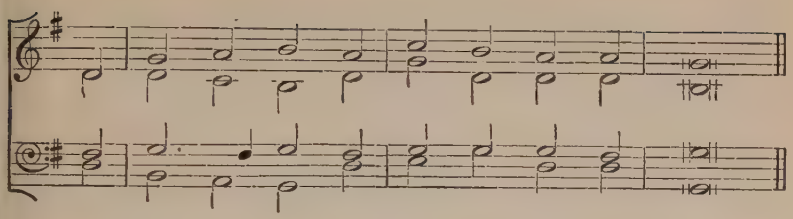
3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heav'nly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what he gives
And praise him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

4. My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tun'd heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise.

SONG 1. (10 10. 10 10. 10 10.)

O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.
Mean parts by F. A. G. OUSELEY.





W. Bright, 1824–1901.

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to thee
That only Offering perfect in thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

2 Look, Father, look on his anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in him;
Look not on our misusings of thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to thy mercy's breast,
O do thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear
And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4. And so we come; O draw us to thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with thee.

LAUDA SION. (Irregular.) ALAN GRAY.

mf

(*Trebles only.*)
1. Lau - da Si - on, Sal - va - to - rem, Lau - da Du - cem
(*Tenors and Basses.*)
2. Lau - dis the - ma spe - ci - a - lis, Pa - nis vi - vus

mf

et Pas - to - rem, In hym - nis et can - ti - cis;
et vi - ta - lis, Ho - di - e pro - po - ni - tur,

cres.

p *cres.*

Quan - tum po - tes, tan - tum au - de, Qui - a ma - ior
Quem in sa - crae men - sa ce - nae Tur - bae fra - trum

p

om - ni lau - de, Nec lau - da - re . . suf - fi - cis.
du - o - de - nae, Da - tum non am - bi - gi - tur.

f

p

3. Bo - ne Pas - tor, Pa - nis Ve - re, Ie - su, nos - tri

cres.

mi - se - re - re; Tu nos pas - ce, nos . tu - e - re,

f

Tu nos bo - na fac . . vi - de - re In ter - ra vi -

p

- ven - ti - um. 4. Tu, Qui cunc - ta scis et va - les,

cres. *mf*

Qui nos pas - cis hic mor - ta - les, Tu - os i - bi

com - men - sa - les, Co - he - re - des et so - da - les

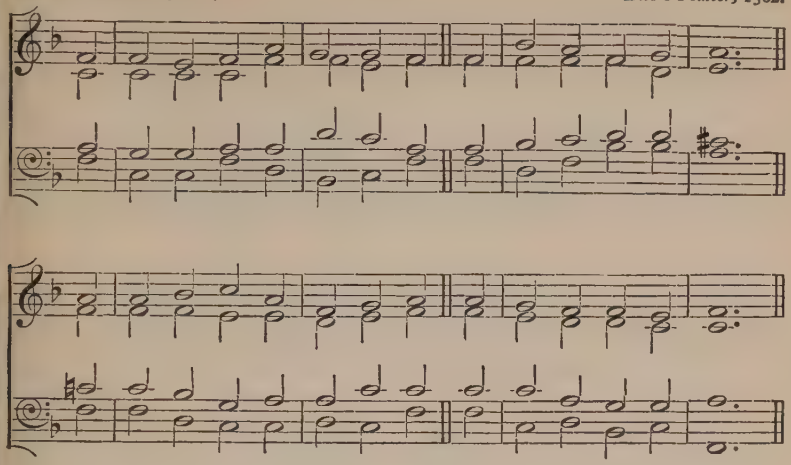
f

Fac sanc - to - rum ci - - vi - um.

Org. f

St. Thomas Aquinas, 1260.

ST. FLAVIAN. (C.M.) DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



E. Osler, 1798–1863.

O GOD unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And thus inspired by holy fear
Before thine Altar kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

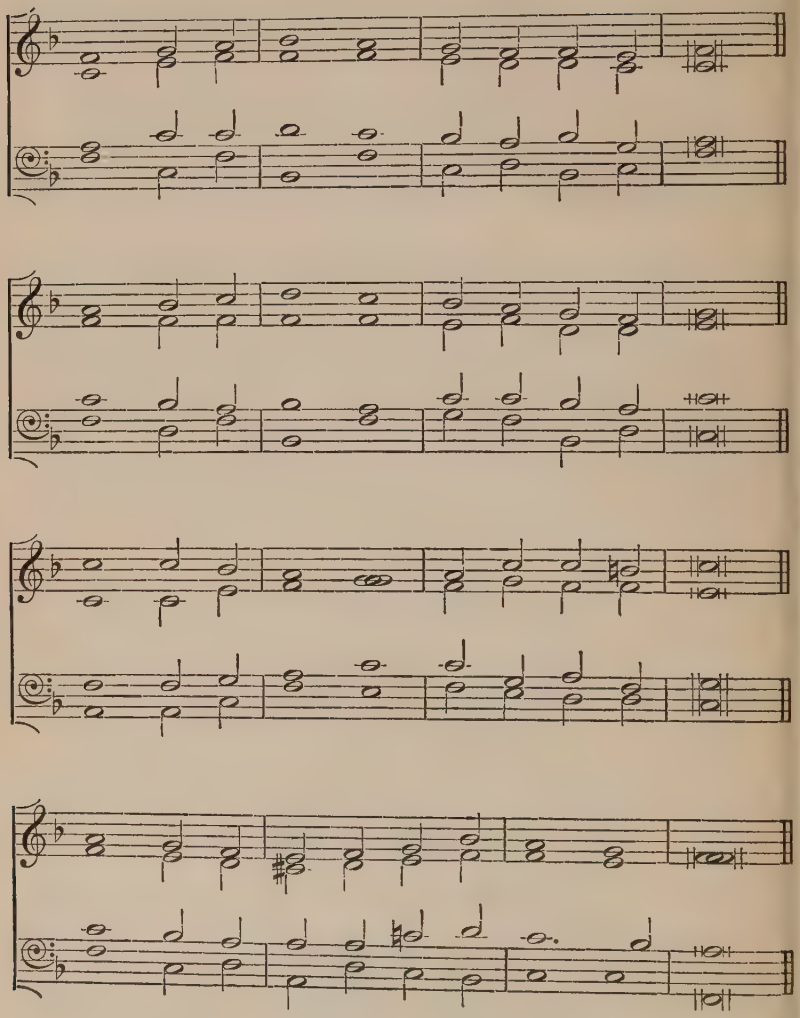
3 We come, obedient to thy Word,
To feast on Heav'nly Food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink his precious Blood.

4. Thus may we all thy Word obey,
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength Divine.

END OF TERM

OLD 124TH. (10 10. 10 10.)

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



C. A. Alington.

LORD, thou hast brought us to our journey's end :
Once more to thee our evening prayers ascend ;
Once more we stand to praise thee for the past ;
Grant prayer and praise be honest at the last !

2 For all the joys which thou hast deigned to share,
For all the pains which thou hast helped to bear,
For all our friends, in life and death the same,
We thank thee, Lord, and praise thy glorious name.

3 If from thy paths, by chastening undismayed,
If for thy gifts ungrateful, we have strayed,
If in thy house our prayers were faint and few,
Forgive, O Lord, and build our hearts anew.

4 If we have learnt to feel our neighbour's need,
To fight for truth in thought and word and deed,
If these be lessons which the years have taught,
Then stablish, Lord, what thou in us hast wrought.

5. So be our rest thy palaces most fair,
Not built with hands, whose stones thy praise declare :
Where war is not, and all thy sons are free,
Where thou art known, and all is known in thee !

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No.	First line of Hymn	Author (or Translator)
119	A MIGHTY Saviour, Lord, art thou	M. Luther, 1483–1546. Tr. C. Adams
15	Abide with me: fast falls the eventide	H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847
53	Adeste fideles	Anon. Tr. Canon Oakeley, 1852
120	All creatures of our God and King	St. Francis of Assisi. Tr. W. H. Draper
121	All glory be to God on high	J. J. Schütz, 1640–90. Tr. A. T. Russell, 1848
73	All glory, laud, and honour	From the Latin of St. Theodulph of Orleans
50	All my heart this night rejoices	P. Gerhardt, 1607–76. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1855
122	All people that on earth do dwell	Ps. c, *Old version*, 1560
16	All praise to thee, my God, this night	Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711
108	And did those feet in ancient time	W. Blake, 1757–1827
242	And now, O Father, mindful of the love	W. Bright, 1824–1901
17	And now the wants are told that brought	W. Bright, 1824–1901
18	As now the sun's declining rays	C. Coffin, 1676–1749. Tr. J. Chandler, 1837
123	As pants the hart for cooling streams	Ps. xlii, *New version*, 1696
57	As with gladness men of old	W. C. Dix, 1837–98
19	At even ere the sun was set	H. Twells, 1823–1900
83	At the Lamb's high feast we sing	? St. Ambrose, 340–97. Tr. R. Campbell, 1850
124	At the Name of Jesus	C. M. Noel, 1817–77
1	At thy feet, O Christ, we lay	W. Bright, 1824–1901
2	Awake, my soul, and with the sun	Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711
125	BE thou my Guardian and my Guide	I. Williams, 1802–65
126	Before Jehovah's awful throne	I. Watts, 1674–1748
32	Before the ending of the day	Anon. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1818–66
3	Behold, the morning sun	I. Watts, 1674–1748
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128	Brief life is here our portion	Bernard of Cluny, 1145. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851
129	Bright the vision that delighted	R. Mant, 1776–1848
58	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	R. Heber, 1783–1826
4	CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies	C. Wesley, 1707–88
130	City of God, how broad and far	S. Johnson, 1822–82
131	Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	I. Watts, 1674–1748
132	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	S. Browne, 1680–1732
100	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	J. Cosin, 1594–1672
134	Come, labour on	J. Borthwick, 1813–97
84	Come, let us join our cheerful songs	I. Watts, 1674–1748
109	Come, let us join our friends above	C. Wesley, 1707–88
133	Come, let us to the Lord our God	J. Morison, 1749–98
5	Come, my soul, thou must be waking	F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654–99. Tr. H. J. Buckoll
135	Come, O thou Traveller unknown	C. Wesley, 1707–88
39	Come, thou Saviour long expected	C. Wesley, 1707–88
136	Commit thou all thy griefs	P. Gerhardt, 1607–76. Tr. J. Wesley
6	DAYSPRING of eternity	C. K. von Rosenroth, 1636–89. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1855
41	Dies irae, dies illa	Thomas of Celano, 1208–75
111	Disposer supreme and Judge of the earth	J. B. de Santeuil, 1630–97. Tr. I. Williams, 1802–65
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51	Ecce quem vates vetustis	Prudentius, 348–*c.* 413
137	Eternal Father, strong to save	W. Whiting, 1825–78

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No.	First line of Hymn	Author (or Translator)
138	FATHER, hear the prayer we offer	L. M. Willis, 1864
139	Father of Heav'n, whose love profound	E. Cooper, 1770–1833
140	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	A. M. Toplady, 1740–78
141	Fight the good fight with all thy might	J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–75
82	Finita iam sunt proelia	Anon. 12th cent.
112	For all the saints who from their labours rest	W. W. How, 1823–97
142	For thee, O dear, dear country	Bernard of Cluny. Tr. J. M. Neale
7	Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	C. Wesley, 1707–88
143	From all who dwell below the skies	I. Watts, 1674–1748
144	GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken	J. Newton, 1725–1807
145	God moves in a mysterious way	W. Cowper, 1731–1800
8	God of the morning, at whose voice	I. Watts, 1674–1748
20	God that madest earth and heaven	v. 1, R. Heber, 1783–1826; v. 2, R. Whately, 1787–1863
98	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	C. Wordsworth, 1807–85
40	Great God, what do I see and hear?	Anon., W. B. Collyer, and T. Cotterill
146	Great Mover of all hearts, whose hand	C. Coffin, 1676–1749. Tr. I. Williams
22	HAIL, gladdening Light, of his pure glory pour'd	Greek hymn. Tr. J. Keble, 1834
92	Hail the day that sees him rise	C. Wesley, 1707–88
60	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	J. Montgomery, 1771–1854
42	Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	Anon. Tr. E. Caswall, 1849
147	Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	W. Cowper, 1731–1800
43	Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	P. Doddridge, 1702–51
52	Hark! the herald-angels sing	C. Wesley, 1707–88

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
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L.M.	Hampton	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	General	139
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10 10. 10 4	Sine Nomine / Engelberg	R. Vaughan Williams / C. V. Stanford, 1852–1924	Saints' Days	112
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886. 886.	Chapel Royal	W. Boyce, 1710–79	General	146
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77. 77. 77. 77. 77	Festgesang	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809–47	Christmas	52

No.	First line of Hymn	Author (or Translator)
21	Holy Father, cheer our way	R. H. Robinson, 1842–92
148	Holy, holy, holy, Lord	J. Montgomery, 1771–1854
105	Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty	R. Heber, 1783–1826
149	How are thy servants blest, O Lord	J. Addison, 1672–1719
110	How bright these glorious spirits shine !	I. Watts, 1674–1748
150	How happy is he born and taught	H. Wotton, 1568–1639
151	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	J. Newton, 1725–1807
152	I HEARD the voice of Jesus say	H. Bonar, 1808–89
153	I praised the earth, in beauty seen	R. Heber, 1783–1826
113	I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above	C. Spring-Rice, 1859–1918
9	Iam lucis orto sidere	Ancient, possibly 5th cent.
160	Iesu dulcis memoria	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
155	Immortal, invisible, God only wise	W. Chalmers Smith, 1824–1908
154	In thee is gladness	T. Lindemann, 1580–1630. Tr. C. Winkworth
156	JERUSALEM, my happy home	F. B. P., 16th cent.
159	Jerusalem the golden	Bernard of Cluny. Tr. J. M. Neale
161	Jesu, Lover of my soul	C. Wesley, 1707–88
162	Jesu, thou Joy of loving hearts !	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. R. Palmer
163	Jesus calls us ; o'er the tumult	C. F. Alexander, 1823–95
85	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	From Latin of 14th cent.
86	Jesus lives ! no longer now	C. F. Gellert, 1715–69. Tr. F. E. Cox, 1864
164	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	I. Watts, 1674–1748
165	Jesus, still lead on	N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1700–60. Tr. J. Borthwick
166	Jesus, where'er thy people meet	W. Cowper, 1731–1800
167	Judge eternal, throned in splendour	H. Scott Holland, 1847–1918

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
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No.	First line of Hymn	Author (or Translator)
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168	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	J. H. Newman, 1801–90
169	Lead us, heav'nly Father, lead us	J. Edmeston, 1791–1867
170	Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	W. H. Burleigh, 1812–71
171	Let all the world in every corner sing	G. Herbert, 1593–1632
114	Let our choir new anthems raise	St. John the Hymnographer, *d.* 883. Tr. J. M. Neale
172	Let saints on earth in concert sing	C. Wesley, 1707–88
173	Let thy various realms, O Earth	Ps. cxvii
174	Let us, with a gladsome mind	Ps. cxxxvi. J. Milton, 1608–74
23	Light of gladness, Beam divine	Anon. (3rd cent.). Tr. W. Bright
175	Light's abode, celestial Salem	Thomas à Kempis, 1380–1471. Tr. J. M. Neale
44	Lo ! from the desert homes	C. Coffin, 1676–1749. Tr. I. Williams, 1839
176	Lo, from the hills my help descends	Ps. cxxi, *New version*, 1698
45	Lo ! he comes with clouds descending	C. Wesley, 1707–88
177	Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest	J. Quarles, 1624–65, and H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847
178	Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	J. H. Gurney, 1802–62
10	Lord God of morning and of night	F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97
179	Lord God the Holy Ghost	J. Montgomery, 1771–1854
64	Lord, in this thy mercy's day	J. Williams, 1802–65
91	Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead	J. Keble, 1792–1866
65	Lord Jesus, think on me	Bp. Synesius, 375–430. Tr. A. W. Chatfield
74	Lord Jesus, when we stand afar	Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97
66	Lord of mercy and of might	R. Heber, 1783–1876
180	Lord of our life and God of our salvation	M. A. von Löwenstern, 1594–1648. Tr. P. Pusey
181	Lord of the worlds above	I. Watts, 1674–1748
245	Lord, thou hast brought us to our journey's end	C. A. Alington

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
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182	Lord, thy children guide and keep	W. How, 1823–97
183	Lord, thy Word abideth	H. W. Baker, 1821–77
67	Lord, when we bend before thy Throne	J. D. Carlyle, 1758–1804
184	Love Divine, all loves excelling	C. Wesley, 1707–88
185	Love of the Father, love of God the Son	Anon. Tr. *Y. H.*
186	MAKE what is true more true to me	V. S. S. Coles
187	Maker of the human heart	A. P. Stanley, 1815–81
188	Much in sorrow, oft in woe	H. Kirke White, 1785–1806
11	My Father, for another night	H. W. Baker, 1821–77
189	My soul, repeat his praise	Ps. ciii. I. Watts, 1674–1748
190	My soul, there is a country	H. Vaughan, 1621–95
12	NEW every morning is the sun	J. Keble, 1792–1866
24	Now God be with us, for the night is closing	P. Herbert, *d.* 1571. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1855
191	Now thank we all our God	C. Winkworth, 1858, from German of M. Rinkart, 1586–1649
25	Now the day is over	S. Baring-Gould, 1834–1924
53	O COME, all ye faithful	Anon. Tr. Canon Oakeley, 1852
192	O come, loud anthems let us sing	Ps. xcv, *New version*, 1698
46	O come, O come, Emmanuel	Anon. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1852
193	O everlasting light	H. Bonar, 1808–89
194	O for a closer walk with God	W. Cowper, 1731–1800
195	O Gentes omnes undique	Ps. cxvii
196	O God, my strength and fortitude	T. Sternhold, *d.* 1549
197	O God of Bethel, by whose hand	P. Doddridge, 1702–51

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S.M.	Ebford	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	General	193
C.M.	St. Bernard	J. Richardson, 1816–79	General	194
C.M.	St. Anne	W. Croft, 1677 (?)–1727	General	195
C.M.	Chichester	T. Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621	General	196
C.M.	Martyrdom	H. Wilson, 1764–1824	General	197

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
198	O God of Truth, whose living Word	T. Hughes, 1822–96
199	O God, our help in ages past	I. Watts, 1674–1748, altd. by J. Wesley, 1703–91
200	O God, thou art my God alone	J. Montgomery, 1771–1854
244	O God unseen yet ever near	E. Osler, 1798–1863
201	O happy band of pilgrims	J. M. Neale, 1818–66
68	O help us, Lord, each hour of need	H. H. Milman, 1791–1868
75	O Jesu, crucified for man	Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97
202	O Jesu, strong and pure and true	Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97
93	O Jesus, Saviour from on high	P. Speratus, 1484–1551. Tr. T. E. Brown
54	O little town of Bethlehem	Bishop P. Brooks, 1835–93
203	O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope	Ps. xxxvi, *New version*
204	O praise ye the Lord	H. W. Baker, 1821–77
205	O quanta qualia sunt ista sabbata	P. Abelard, 1079–1142
47	O quickly come, dread Judge of all	L. Tuttiett, 1825–97
76	O sacred Head, surrounded	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. H. W. Baker
206	O Son of man, our hero strong and tender	F. Fletcher
81	O sons and daughters of the King	Anon. Tr. J. M. Neale
26	O Strength and Stay upholding all creation	Ascr. to St. Ambrose, 340–97
208	O thou not made with hands	F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97
115	O valiant hearts, who to your glory came	J. S. Arkwright
207	O worship the King	R. Grant, 1779–1838
48	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	C. Coffin, 1676–1749. Tr. J. Chandler, 1836
87	On the Resurrection morning	S. Baring-Gould, 1834–1924
101	Our Blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	H. Auber, 1773–1862
69	Out of the depths I cry to thee	Ps. cxxx. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1855

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
C.M.	St. Stephen	W. Jones, 1726–1800	General	198
C.M.	St. Anne	W. Croft, 1677 (?)–1727	General	199
L.M.	Wareham	W. Knapp, 1698 (?)–1768	General	200
C.M.	St. Flavian	Day's *Psalter*, 1562	Holy Communion	244
7 6. 7 6	Kocher	J. H. Knecht, 1752–1817	General	201
C.M.	Bedford	W. Weale, *d.* 1727	Lent	68
L.M.	Supplication	Anon.	Passiontide	75
C.M.	Capel	English Traditional Carol Melody	General	202
8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8	Er ist das Heil	Printed at Wittenberg, 1524	Ascensiontide	93
D.C.M. Irreg.	Forest Green	English Traditional Melody	Christmas	54
L.M.	Hampton	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	General	203
5 5. 5 5. 6 5. 6 5	Hanover	W. Croft, 1677 (?)–1727	General	204
12 12. 12 12	O quanta qualia	Melody from *Hymnal Noted*, 1856	General	205
8 8. 8 8. 8 8	Vater unser	? M. Luther, 1483–1546	Advent	47
7 6. 7 6. D.	Passion Chorale	H. L. Hassler, 1564–1612	Passiontide	76
11 10. 11 10	Donne Secours	Ps. xii. *Genevan Psalter*, 1551	General	206
8 8 8. 4	O filii et filiae	Old French Melody	Easter	81
11 10. 11 10	Strength and Stay	J. B. Dykes, 1823–76	Evening	26
6 6. 6 6. 6 6	Old 120th	Melody from Este's *Psalter*, 1592	General	208
10 10. 10 10	Winton	G. Dyson	Saints' Days	115
5 5. 5 5. 6 5. 6 5	Hanover	W. Croft, 1677 (?)–1727	General	207
L.M.	Winchester New	From Crasselius, 1667–1724	Advent	48
8 7. 8 3	Mansfield	E. H. Turpin, 1835–1907	Easter	87
8 6. 8 4	St. Cuthbert	J. B. Dykes, 1823–76	Whitsuntide	101
8 7. 8 7. 8 8. 7	Chorale	*Geistliches Gesangbüchlein*, 1524	Lent	69

No.	First line of Hymn	Author (or Translator)
209	PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven	H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847
210	Praise the Lord ! ye Heav'ns, adore him	J. Kempthorne
211	Praise to the Holiest in the height	Cardinal Newman, 1801–90
212	Pray that Jerusalem may have	Ps. cxxii. *Scottish Psalter*, 1650
158	QUITE through the streets, with silver sound	F. B. P., 16th cent.
213	REJOICE, O land, in God thy might	*Yattendon Hymnal*
88	Rejoice, the Lord is King	C. Wesley, 1807–88
77	Ride on ! ride on in majesty !	H. H. Milman, 1791–1868
70	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	A. M. Toplady, 1740–78
27	Round me falls the night	W. Romains, 1824–99
28	SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise	J. Ellerton, 1826–93
214	Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	John, 1703–91, *or* Charles, 1707–88, Wesley
215	Soldiers of Christ, arise	C. Wesley, 1707–88
216	Soldiers, who are Christ's below	J. H. Clark, 1839–88
217	Sometimes a light surprises	W. Cowper, 1731–1800
102	Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	Anon.
61	Splendor Paternae gloriae	St. Ambrose, 340–97
218	Stand up, and bless the Lord	J. Montgomery, 1771–1854
30	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	J. Keble, 1792–1866
29	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	F. W. Faber, 1814–63
219	TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said	C. W. Everest, 1814–77
71	Te de profundis, summe Rex	Ps. cxxx.

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
8 7. 8 7. 8 7	Praise, my Soul	J. Goss, 1800–80	General	209
8 7. 8 7. D.	Austrian Hymn	F. J. Haydn, 1732–1809	General	210
C.M.	Richmond	Adapted from T. Haweis, 1734–1820	General	211
C.M.	York	Melody from *Scottish Psalter*, 1615	General	212
C.M.	Song 67	O. Gibbons, 1583–1625	General	158
L.M.	Wareham	W. Knapp, 1698 (?)–1768	General	213
6 6. 6 6. 8 8	Gopsal	G. F. Handel, 1685–1759	Easter	88
L.M.	Winchester New	From Crasselius, 1667–1724	Passiontide	77
7 7. 7 7. 7 7	Petra	R. Redhead, 1820–1901	Lent	70
5 5. 8 8. 5 5	Rochelle	A. Drese, 1620–1701. Arr. by S. S. Wesley	Evening	27
10 10. 10 10	Magda	R. Vaughan Williams	Evening	28
C.M.	St. Etheldreda	T. Turton, 1780–1864	General	214
S.M.	Huddersfield	Altd. from Lowell Mason, 1792–1872	General	215
7 7. 7 7	Orientis Partibus	R. Redhead, 1820–1901	General	216
7 6. 7 6. D.	Schwyz	*European Psalmist*, 1872	General	217
L.M.	Melcombe	S. Webbe, 1740–1816	Whitsuntide	102
L.M.	Eisenach	J. H. Schein, 1586–1630. Harm. by J. S. Bach	Epiphany	61
S.M.	St. Helena	Anon.	General	218
L.M.	Winscott	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	Evening	30
8 8. 8 8. 8 8	Lucerne	*Würtemberger Gesangbuch*	Evening	29
L.M.	Breslau	*Geistliche Gesänge*, Leipzig, 1625	General	219
L.M.	Bishop	J. Bishop, 1665–1737	Lent	71

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
32	Te lucis ante terminum	Before 8th cent.
220	The Church's one foundation	S. J. Stone, 1839–1900
31	The day is past and over	Anatolius, 8th cent.? Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862
89	The Day of Resurrection	St. John Damascene, *c.* 750. Tr. J. M. Neale
33	The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended	J. Ellerton, 1826–93
34	The duteous day now closeth	P. Gerhardt, 1607–76
94	The eternal gates lift up their heads	C. F. Alexander, 1823–95
35	The fiery sun is gone	St. Ambrose, 340–97. Tr. W. J. Copeland
221	The God of Abraham praise	T. Olivers, 1725–99
222	The God of love my Shepherd is	G. Herbert, 1593–1632
95	The Head that once was crowned with thorns	T. Kelly, 1769–1854
223	The King of love my Shepherd is	H. W. Baker, 1821–77
96	The Lord ascendeth up on high	A. T. Russell, 1806–74, and W. W. How, 1823–97
224	The Lord my pasture shall prepare	J. Addison, 1672–1719
62	The race, that long in darkness pined	J. Morison, 1749–98
36	The radiant morn hath pass'd away	G. Thring, 1823–1903
116	The Son of God goes forth to war	R. Heber, 1783–1826
225	The spacious firmament on high	J. Addison, 1672–1719
37	The sun is sinking fast	Anon. Tr. E. Caswall, 1858
226	The tempter to my soul hath said	J. Montgomery, 1771–1854
227	There is a book, who runs may read	J. Keble, 1792–1866
228	There is a green hill far away	C. F. Alexander, 1823–95
229	There is a land of pure delight	I. Watts, 1674–1748
97	Thou art gone up on high	E. Toke, 1812–78
230	Thou art the Way; by thee alone	G. D. Doane, 1799–1859
231	Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	Ps. cxxxix, *New version*, 1698

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
L.M.	Deus tuorum militum	Grenoble Church Melody	Evening	32
7 6. 7 6. D.	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	General	220
7 6. 7 6. 8 8	St. Anatolius	A. H. Brown, 1830–1926	Evening	31
7 6. 7 6. D.	Ellacombe	*Mainz Gesangbuch*, 1833	Easter	89
9 8. 9 8	Les commandemens de Dieu	L. Bourgeois, 1543	Evening	33
7 7 6. 7 7 8	Nun ruhen alle Wälder	H. Isaac, *c.* 1490. Harm. by J. S. Bach	Evening	34
C.M.	St. Fulbert	H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–76	Ascension-tide	94
S.M.	Ebford	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	Evening	35
6 6. 8 4. D.	Leoni	Hebrew Melody	General	221
C.M.	University	Prob. by J. Randall, 1715–99	General	222
C.M.	St. Magnus	J. Clark, 1669–1707	Ascension-tide	95
8 7. 8 7	Dominus regit me	J. B. Dykes, 1823–76	General	223
8 8 7. 8 8 7	Chorale	J. G. Schicht, 1753–1823	Ascension-tide	96
8 8. 8 8. 8 8	Surrey	H. Carey, *c.* 1690–1743	General	224
C.M.	Dundee	*Scottish Psalter*	Epiphany	62
8 8. 8 4	St. Gabriel	F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825–89	Evening	36
C.M.	St. Anne	W. Croft, 1678–1727	Saints' Days	116
D.L.M.	Creation	E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901	General	225
6 4. 6 6	St. Columba	H. S. Irons, 1834–1905	Evening	37
L.M.	Copenhagen	E. Hartmann	General	226
C.M.	St. Flavian	Day's *Psalter*, 1562	General	227
C.M.	Horsley	W. Horsley, 1774–1858	General	228
C.M.	Westminster	J. Turle, 1802–82	General	229
D.S.M.	Old 25th	Day's *Psalter*, 1563	Ascension-tide	97
C.M.	St. James	R. Courteville, *c.* 1680–1772	General	230
L.M.	Angels' Song	O. Gibbons, 1583–1625	General	231

No.	First line of Hymn	Author (or Translator)
106	Thou whose Almighty Word	J. Marriott, 1780–1825
72	Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness	F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97
107	Three in One, and One in Three	G. Rorison, 1821–69
232	Through all the changing scenes of life	Ps. xxxiv, *New version*, 1698
38	Through the day thy love hath spared us	T. Kelly, 1769–1854
233	Through the night of doubt and sorrow	B. S. Ingemann, 1789–1862. Tr. by S. Baring-Gould
234	Thy kingdom come, O God	L. Hensley, 1827–1905
157	Thy Saints are crowned with glory great	F. B. P., 16th cent.
235	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	H. Bonar, 1808–89
236	To the Name of our Salvation	Altd. from J. M. Neale's trans.
99	VENI, Creator Spiritus	Anon.
103	Veni, Sancte Spiritus	? Pope Innocent III
78	Vexilla regis prodeunt	V. H. C. Fortunatus, *c.* 530–609
13	WAKE and lift up thyself, my heart	Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711
55	Wake, O wake ! with tidings thrilling	P. Nicolai, 1556–1608. Tr. F. C. B.
79	We sing the praise of him who died	T. Kelly, 1769–1854
237	When all thy mercies, O my God	J. Addison, 1672–1719
104	When God of old came down from Heaven	J. Keble, 1792–1866
80	When I survey the wondrous Cross	I. Watts, 1674–1748
56	While shepherds watched their flocks by night	N. Tate, 1652–1715
117	Who are these like stars appearing	H. T. Schenk, 1656–1727. Tr. F. E. Cox, 1864
238	Who shall ascend to the holy place	Ps. xv. T. E. Hankinson, 1804–43

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
6 6 4. 6 6 6 4	Moscow	F. Giardini, 1716–96	Trinity	106
8 7. 8 7. 8 8	Shawfield	W. S. Bambridge, 1842–1923	Lent	72
7 7 7. 5	Capetown	F. Filitz, 1804–76	Trinity	107
C.M.	Wiltshire	G. T. Smart, 1776–1867	General	232
8 7. 8 7. 7 7	St. Thomas	S. Webbe, 1740–1816	Evening	38
8 7. 8 7	St. Oswald	J. B. Dykes, 1823–76	General	233
6 6. 6 6	St. Cecilia	L. G. Hayne, 1836–83	General	234
C.M.	Ely	Adapted from Ravenscroft, 1621	General	157
6 6. 6 6	Ibstone	M. Tiddeman	General	235
8 7. 8 7. 8 7	Oriel	Ett, *Cantica Sacra*, 1840	General	236
L.M.	Veni Creator	Mechlin, Mode viii	Whitsuntide	99
7 7 7. 7 7 7	Veni Sancte Spiritus	S. Webbe, 1740–1816	Whitsuntide	103
8 8. 8 8	Sarum. Mode i	Set by B. Harwood	Passiontide	78
L.M.	Morning	S. S. Wesley, 1810–76	Morning	13
8 9 8. 8 9 8. 6 6 4. 8 8	Wachet auf	P. Nicholai, 1556–1608. Harm. by J. S. Bach	Christmas	55
L.M.	Breslau	*Geistliche Gesänge*, 1625	Passiontide	79
C.M.	St. Stephen	W. Jones, 1726–1800	General	237
C.M.	Winchester Old	Este's *Psalter*, 1592. Harm. from T. Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621	Whitsuntide	104
L.M.	Rockingham	E. Miller, 1731–1807	Passiontide	80
C.M.	Winchester Old	Este's *Psalter*, 1529	Christmas	56
8 7. 8 7. 7 7	All Saints	*Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1678	Saints' Days	117
Irregular	Wilcot	J. Pears, 1778–1854	General	238

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
239	Who would true valour see	J. Bunyan, 1628–88
240	With glory clad, with strength arrayed	Ps. xciii, *New version*, 1698
90	YE choirs of new Jerusalem	St. Fulbert of Chartres, *d.* 1028. Tr. R. Campbell
241	Ye holy Angels bright	R. Baxter, 1651–91, and J. H. Gurney, 1802–62
49	Ye servants of the Lord	P. Doddridge, 1702–51
14	Ye that have spent the silent night	G. Gascoigne, *c.* 1525–77
118	Ye watchers and ye holy ones	A. R.
63	ZION'S King shall reign victorious	T. Kelly, 1769–1854

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
11 11. 12 11	Monks Gate	Adapted from an English Traditional Melody	General	239
L.M.	Wareham	W. Knapp, 1698 (?)–1768	General	240
C.M.	St. Fulbert	H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–76	Easter	90
6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4	Portsmouth	J. Darwell, 1731–89	General	241
S.M.	Narenza	W. H. Havergal, 1793–1870	Advent	49
D.C.M.	Old 44th	*Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1556	Morning	14
88. 44. 88 and Alleluias	Lasst uns erfreuen	*Geistliche Kirchengesäng* (Cöln, 1623)	Saints' Days	118
8 7. 8 7	Sonning	W. Gregory	Epiphany	63